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**HOCHELAGA**



**ENGLAND OR  
IN THE NEW WORLD**

**EDITED BY**

**ELIOT Warburton.**

# NOVELS AND TALES

OF

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bt., M.P.

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# HOCHELAGA:

OR,

ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD

BY  
GEORGE WARBURTON



EDITED BY ELIOT WARBURTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS,"

"REGINALD HASTINGS," ETC. ETC.

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## PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

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CIVILIZATION in its progress has ever followed the direction of light; it arose far Eastward; gradually it shone over Greece, then Rome; it culminates over Western Europe; and even now, its morning light is upon America, while the world it first enlightened is sinking into darkness.

There seems to have been always an instinct in the minds of imaginative men, that far away in the West there existed a great Continent; a New World, ready to receive the overflow of the burden of humanity that pressed upon the Old. "Atlantis" long ago expressed a consciousness of such a want, and a belief that it would be supplied. Strange to say, this prophetic feeling was responded to by the inhabitants of those unknown regions: among the wild and stern Mic-Macs of the North, and the refined and gentle Yncas of the South, a presentiment of their coming fate was felt. They believed that a powerful race of men were to come "from the rising sun," to conquer their nations and possess their lands.

The theories of old Greece and Roman Spain became legends; legends became tradition; tradition became faith, and Columbus assumed his mission: in him the old "Westerling" instinct amounted to an inspiration; he burst his way through the Known to the Unknown; he revealed to us a world abounding in capabilities, deficient only in mankind.

Then the necessity of the Old World found relief; Europe rushed forth to colonize—each nation according to its character—leaving for ever the stamp of that character impressed upon its colony. Spaniards, led to the New World by the lust of gold, soon sacrificed *their* America to slavery English-

men led thither by the love of liberty, consecrated *their* new soil to Freedom. ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD was England still; striving, earnest, honest, and successful. A mistake in policy changed Englishmen into Yankees, but British blood, and, for the most part, British principles, remained.

These we bequeathed to our revolted colony: retiring Northward, we were content to rest our Western Empire on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the modern Canada,—the ancient HOCHELAGA.

It is not only where our banners wave, where our laws protect, where our national faith assures, that we are to look for "England in the New World." In the minds of our brethren in the United States, in their institutions, in their actions, in their motives—there—everywhere that our language is spoken—we can trace our own.

And such is the object of this work: its Author speaks of Canada with almost affection—of the United States with cordiality—but his chief interest throughout, is the relation that these countries bear to his own; the influence that the latter exercises upon them.

Let not the reader suppose, however, that this volume contains mere political essays; the Author has rightly judged that the picture of a people is best given by sketches of daily life, of the humour, the poetry, and the passions that characterize them.

It is not the province of an Editor to criticise, as it is not his privilege to praise, but he may be generously excused for saying a few words in behalf of an adopted work, that has had none of the advantages of paternal care.

The Author is far away, in the lands of which these volumes treat; but every page will tell that his heart is still at home. The name of England, her prosperity, and, above all, her character for honour and righteous dealing, are dear to the lonely traveller as his own. Here, in the calm shelter of our English homes, this lover-like feeling may seem dormant; there is nothing to strike the fire from the flint: but, *in other lands*, among the jealous strictures of rival nations,

the feeling is ever predominant: let the Author be forgiven if he has indulged it too far. His nationality has at least never betrayed him into an ungenerous remark upon Americans; he acknowledges their virtues, he rejoices in their prosperity, he confesses their power; but he fearlessly laughs at their foibles, and denounces their crimes.

One word more, and the Editor leaves Hochelaga to be judged on its own merits. This work—whatever else it may be—is work: it contains no hastily-written, crude impressions, but the deeply-tested convictions of an earnestly-inquiring mind. The first few chapters may not seem to prove this; but in books, as in conversations, our national habit of reserve seems to exercise its influence: on first introduction to the reader, a light and general tone will often be found in English writings, that only deepens into earnestness and confidence as the work advances: we create, or hope to create, sympathies, and on these we lean more confidently as we trust that they increase.

The Editor would fain be permitted one word of apology for the office he has undertaken. He is far from presuming on the kind reception he has himself gratefully experienced from the public, by supposing that his name would be a recommendation to this volume. But it seemed essential that an anonymous work, so full of assertions and statements, should have some name, however humble, to be responsible for their tone and truth. That responsibility the Editor undertook for his friend with confidence, even before he had perused his pages; he now maintains it with pride.

E. W.





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# HOCHELAGA ;

OR,

## ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE VOYAGE.

ABOUT the middle of July 1844, I found myself suddenly obliged to embark from Chatham, for Canada, on board an uncomfortable ship, a very unwilling passenger. In a middle-aged man, of quiet bachelor habits, such a voyage, to a strange country, at a few hours' notice, was a most disagreeable necessity. I soon, however, made up my mind and my packages, and, before the afternoon was much advanced, started from London.

It was dark when I arrived at Chatham, and went on board ; there was a whistling wind and a drizzling rain ; the decks, between the heaps of luggage and merchandize, were wet, dirty, and slippery ; and reflected dismally the light of the consumptive-looking lamps, carried about by the condemned spirits of this floating purgatory. There was evidently a great number of passengers on board, of all sorts of conditions of men and women. Perched on a pile of baggage, were a number of soldiers, going out to join their regiments in Canada, with their wives, hard-favoured, and insufficiently clad ; despite, however, the coarse and travel-worn dress and rude appearance of the poor women, I saw in them during the voyage many traits of good and tender feeling ; the most anxious care of their little ones, whom they were rearing so fondly to their doom of poverty and toil ; their kindness to each other, and the sharing of their scanty covering and scantier meals : the wretched can feel for the wretched, the poor are rich in the heart to give.

My cabin had lately been repaired, and looked very miserable ; the seams of the deck were filled with new pitch, which

stuck pertinaciously to my boots. The den had evidently just been washed, and was still damp enough to charm a hydro-pathist; the port-hole window was open to air it. Threats, bribes, and entreaties, in course of time procured me the necessary portions of my luggage; soon after, half undressed, and wholly wretched, I crept into my berth: here, being too wise to remain awake under such very unpleasant circumstances, I adopted the alternative in a very few minutes.

The crowing of an early-rising cock awoke me next morning. From that time there was no hope of sleep; it seemed the signal to let Bedlam loose: every conceivable description of clatter followed; scouring decks, lugging boxes, rattling chains, sailors swearing, and soldiers quarrelling.

It was scarcely dawn when I looked out of my little window; through the grey twilight the shadowy forms of steeples and houses by degrees became distinct and solid. The sun, not to take us by surprise with his pleasant visit, reddened up the gilt weathercock of the church spire, then reflected himself back cheerfully from the windows, and at length, with lavish hand, spread bright young morning over the country around. In a little time, a soft breeze carried away the early mist in the direction we had to travel.

The main cabin was in the same damp uncomfortable state as our sleeping apartments; in the corners, boxes and baskets containing our sea stock were heaped up in such height and breadth as to make the strait between them and the table so narrow that there was barely room for me to squeeze my portly person through. An irregular sort of breakfast was on the table; round it were seated the greater number of the cabin passengers; all, evidently, between the mouthfuls of toast and butter, examining each other with great attention, and setting down in their minds the result of their scrutiny, in prejudices for and against their neighbours.

There was a tall, thin, good-looking clergyman, who, having been ordained in England, was going to enter on his duties in Canada; and a very shrewd-faced Irish attorney, for Newfoundland, where we were to touch on the way: this part of the cargo was, however, neutralized by an honest, open-hearted merchant and his good-humoured wife, from the same country, and with the same destination. Two gentlemen for Quebec; for Montreal, a Jew, whose face was like the reflection of a handsome countenance in a convex mirror; a thoughtful-looking, well-bred captain; a rattling, mischievous youth, his lieutenant; a quiet, handsome young ensign; and a Scotch doctor, belonging to the detachment of soldiers; these, with a middle-aged widow and her only child, a sickly boy of ten or twelve years of age, both in

deepest mourning, formed the remainder of the party. The story of this family was a sad one. The lady was a Canadian who had married a civil officer in her own country; after some years, he was unfortunately promoted to a valuable appointment in China; set out immediately for the place of his new employment, and, on his arrival, wrote for his wife and child. They sailed, full of hope and happiness, thinking nothing of their voyage half round the world, for the sake of the fond and anxious one who awaited them at its end. Nearly six months passed before their arrival. The march of the deadly pestilence was not so slow: they found but a new-made grave where they had expected a happy home; so the widow and orphan turned wearily to seek again the land of their birth, thousands of miles away.

This pale boy was all in all to her. Hers was a love of faith and hope; she never doubted that in fulness of time he would grow to be great and good, and pay her back the debt of tenderness and care. She was the only person who did not see that the shadow of death was upon him.

I speedily became acquainted with every body on board. Perhaps it was owing to my sleek and comfortable appearance that they concluded I was the fittest person to undertake the caterer's department for the cabin; it turned out that I had one qualification for the duty in which all the rest were deficient—that of being weak enough to undertake it. Every one knows the weight of obloquy that falls upon the man in office, when there is no fat on the sirloin, or the legs of the fowl have the favour and consistency of guitar strings. It is impossible to divest people of the idea that, by some inexplicable ingenuity, and for some inscrutable object of his own, he has purposely caused these imperfections.

My prime minister was a black cook; my kingdom, animal and vegetable; my subjects, three or four gaunt sheep in the launch, and, under the forecastle, a couple of pigs, whose appearance and habits of living justified our Israelitish friend's anxiety that there should be more solidity than usual in the side dishes when a chine of pork was at the head of the table.

On the poop were several rows of coops, a sort of charitable institution for superannuated geese and ducks; and, in the list of sea stock furnished by the eminent outfitter at the west-end, was the item, six dozen chickens. These were represented by a grave assemblage of patriarchal cocks and venerable hens; among the former I speedily recognised, by his voice, the bird whose morning note, like fire to a train, had set going the din so fatal to my slumbers. I promptly ordered his execution; he, however, amply revenged himself on those who tried to eat him the next day.



While I was thus entering on my official duties, the crew were not neglectful of their part of the business. The sails were shaken out, the anchor weighed, and the voyage commenced by running foul of a merchant ship moored a little ahead of us. On this occasion I made a philological observation, which subsequent experience has only tended to strengthen—that the language used by sailors, under difficulties, is more remarkable for terseness and vigour than for elegance or propriety.

With a fair and gentle breeze we floated lazily down the river; our principle objects of interest being the splendid ships of war, now lying dismasted and harmless, but ready, when the Lords of the Admiralty play their Frankenstein and breathe on them the breath of life, for any mission of destruction.

We pass Sheerness, roll in the Downs, enter the Channel, think and say every thing that people usually think and say on leaving England, and go to bed.

The description of one day in the voyage suits for all. At seven o'clock breakfast opened the proceedings; at eight, a very small trumpeter sounded for the soldiers' parade; a couple of hour's vigorous walking on the deck preceded luncheon; then, as twelve approached, we all assembled on the poop, while the master took his observations; then, great coats and cloaks turned the coops into sofas, and reading and sunshine kept us quiet till three, when dinner—the hour of my trial, and the delight of grumblers—interrupted our literary pursuits. We established a community of books; and, before the voyage was half over, Robinson Crusoe and Paul and Virginia were as much thumbed as if they had been fashionable novels in a country circulating library.

The next re-union was of a select few on the fore-castle, with cigars and pipes; a chat with the sailors, and a sharp look-out for porpoise, whale, or strange ship, or any other monster of the deep. In the latter character, our friend, the noisy lieutenant, used always to appear at this period of the day. He had a strong nautical inclination, and indulged it by arraying himself in a suit of sailor's garments, which would have been invaluable to Mr. T. P. Cooke: a red flannel shirt, trousers and jacket of blue pilot cloth, an oilskin hat, with a clay pipe stuck in the band: nor was a clasp knife tied round his waist with a lanyard, forgotten, to complete his costume. Some of the others played at shuffleboard, fenced, wrestled, or exercised themselves laboriously on gymnastic poles.

It is soon time for tea, the widow doing the honours; after that, the hot water and lemons, with little bright glass bottles, and a snappish argument between the Irish attorney

and the Montreal Jew; a quiet talk with the clergyman and the captain, a rubber of whist, a chess-board, and words of courtesy and kindness to the widow.

Sometimes, when the evening was very fine, we went on deck, and listened to wonderful narratives of the soldiers and sailors, and quaint ditties with overgrown choruses. One of the topmen had a splendid voice; he was the *beau idéal* of an English seaman—active, good-tempered, handsome, and full of fun—a favourite with all.

There was among the passengers a family of three brothers and a sister, from the north of Ireland, about to settle in Canada; they were hardy, serious, respectable people, having some little capital in money and goods, and their own strong arms and honest hearts, to depend upon; the class of people of all others the most useful in a colony. They, too, used to sing for us at times; they knew but one kind of music, and that best suited to their powerful, but harsh and untrained voices. Many a cunning stage arrangement might have failed to give the deep effect which lay in their solemn, stern, Presbyterian hymns.

Later in the evening there came another pipe, seasoned with discussion on what passed for events in the day, a little moralizing, and always a rigid examination of the conduct of that constant offender, the weather; and then we slept.

One night, when we were off the coast of Ireland, the wind freshened up, and the clouds thickened ominously. The next morning dawned upon a gale of wind; the sea had risen a good deal, and the ship rolled sufficiently to account for a very small party at breakfast. The storm was against us, blowing with increasing violence that day and night, and the next day. Nearly all the passengers were sick, and the sailors were doing their work in a quiet, steady way, that showed they were in earnest.

At about five in the afternoon, the clouds seemed to have been all blown up together into one dense mass of dark and threatening gloom, and, as if for miles around the wind had focussed to one spot, it burst upon the ship. The masts bent slowly down as she rose upon the wave, and the spray foamed up among the spars. They must shorten sail; it seems madness to ascend the straining ropes, but no one hesitates; there is a moment's lull in the trough of the sea: some of the sailors are up already; our favourite, the topman, is first, busy with the reef of the maintopsail. The ship rises on the swell, and the storm roars again through the shrouds; the sheets snap like thread; light as a cloud the canvas flies to leeward; the topman is entangled in its ropes, borne away upon the wind; the mist closes over him—he is seen no more.

The tempest soon afterwards subsided, without further

mischief. When the weather cleared, we found ourselves close to the headland we had seen two days before; we had been travelling backwards and forwards, ten miles an hour, ever since. At the climax of the gale the noise had been so great, that many of those in their berths below thought we were assuredly lost. This conviction had very different effects upon different individuals: some pulled the bed-clothes over their heads, and lay in shivering inactivity; others were so dreadfully ill, that death itself scarcely appeared a change for the worse. Not so our nautically inclined lieutenant; he could no longer remain in doubt; so, determined to know the worst, he emerged from the hatchway in full pirate costume, as he had lain down at the beginning of the storm. Sprawling on the deck, he looked out upon the sea: just at this moment a gigantic green wave, with a crest of foam, stood right over the ship; with a shout of terror, and an expression of face in which fright had overcome starvation and sea-sickness, he rushed across the deck, grasping at the stanchion under the poop as the first support he could lay hold of, and twining his arms and legs round it with a force no persuasions could relax; there he remained for two hours, a figure of fun never to be forgotten. The ship was soon put to rights, not having sustained any serious injury, and we went our way.

A whale was always an object of sufficient interest to collect us upon deck, and unmask a battery of telescopes. Our nearest view of one was under circumstances as advantageous to us as disagreeable to himself. The ship was going through the water about four knots an hour when the monster overtook us: as we were travelling in the same direction, there was ample opportunity for observing the state of his affairs. He was attacked by three threshers, (formidable-looking fellows, about eight feet long,) and had evidently much the worst of it, though he flourished his tail tremendously, flogging his track into a bloody foam. His enemies were most systematic in their attack; each in his turn threw himself out of the water, and fell with full weight on the whale's head; thus, while it was above the surface, keeping up a continual hammering thereon. It is said, but I am not pledged to the fact, that a sword-fish is always in league with these pursuers, poking the whale underneath with his sword, when sinking to avoid his allies; so that the poor victim is much in the situation of a member of the Church of England of the present day—as he swims in the sea of controversy, a blow from the Evangelical pulpit strikes him down, and a thrust from the "Tracts for the Times" drives him up again; the only difference is, that amongst his assailants there is no bond of unity.

*It is said that, in a chase of this kind, the quarry never*

escapes: the fish in question were far too busy to attend to us; they soon left us behind, and may, for all I know, be worrying each other still with true polemic pertinacity.

That night was unusually mild and clear; and the young clergyman and I remained on deck long after the others had gone below; our talk was grave, but cheerful. There is something in the view of the material heavens at such a time, which always elevates the tone of feeling, and speaks to the heart of its highest hopes, sending you to rest with holy, happy thoughts: so it was with us. A few minutes before we parted, the bright full moon passed from behind a cloud, and straightway, from us to the far-off horizon, spread a track of pure and tremulous light over the calm sea. "This is not for us alone," said my companion; "every waking wanderer over the great deep sees this path of glory too. So for each earnest heart upraised to heaven, a light from God himself beams upon the narrow way across the waste of life."

The wind seemed to blow for ever from the west: the only variety in our voyage was from one tack to the other. But we had a good ship, she was well handled, and her master never threw away a chance; so, in spite of all difficulties, we found ourselves within a short distance of land twenty-four days after sailing. It is almost unnecessary to add that there was a fog, and that so thick that we could scarcely see the bowsprit. An observation had, however, been taken at mid-day, and, having great confidence in the knowledge of our exact position, we kept boldly on, till we distinctly heard breakers in front of us; by the time sail was shortened, we could hear this sound on either side. We were evidently in an indentation of the coast, quite near enough to the rocks to be unpleasant. Guns were fired for a pilot, and to give notice of our approach, and a report from the shore returned a ready answer. At the same time the fog began to rise, first showing the long line of surf on three sides of us, then the abrupt and rugged cliffs. At length, the great curtain folded itself up for another occasion, and the scene upon the stage was, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The mind must be either above or below the usual motive influences of humanity, which does not feel a deep and stirring interest in the first view of the New World: though it be but a dim, faint shadow of what Plato's informant, or Prince Madoc, or Columbus, experienced, when the sight of these vast lands, and simple, yet mysterious people, rewarded their almost superhuman venture.

"The splendour and the havoc of the East" are said to fill the mind of the beholder with sad and solemn meditation on the glories and wonders of countries, whose degradation

of to-day seems but the deeper from the relics of their former greatness: the cities and temples, of an extent and magnificence ever since unrivalled, crumbled into shapeless ruin, leaving scarce a trace of what they were; the sunny hills and pleasant valleys, once exuberant with luxurious plenty, now withered into deserts; the land where the wise men dwelt, and mighty captains governed, ruled over by craven, sensual slaves; the birthplace of an Eternal Hope, now but the grave of a departed glory. Over this page in the great chronicle of the world, is written the memory of the Past.

Then comes our Europe, with its populous towns, excellent gas-lamps, highly-efficient police, comfortable churches, with good stoves and ventilation; with its express trains, and well-regulated post-office, improved steam-boats, electric telegraphs, and electric agriculture, liberal education, and respectable governments. In all these we feel, and hear, and see, the reality of the Present.

Now, we turn to the West. Over its boundless tracts of rich and virgin soil is spreading a branch of the most vigorous among the European families, bearing with them every means and appliance which the accumulated ingenuity of ages can supply, and working them with quenchless energy. Steamers thrust themselves up unknown rivers; and lo! with the rapidity of a scenic change, the primeval forest yields to the bustling settlement. In the tangled wilderness, where they can scarcely struggle through, the surveyors trace out the lines of cities, which, to-morrow, are to play the part of the Babylon of yesterday, and the London of to-day. They grow great, rich, and intelligent, not with the slow and steady step of older nations, but with a hurried stride; sometimes, perhaps, wandering a little from the straight path, but, guided by their destiny, still hastening on.

Imagination runs mad in picturing what they have yet to be. In their unacted history we read, plain as the handwriting at Belshazzar's feast, the promise of the Future.

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## CHAPTER II.

### NEWFOUNDLAND—THE ST. LAWRENCE.

So excellent was the land-fall we had made, that, when the fog cleared away, we found the bowsprit of the vessel pointing directly into the harbour of St. John's. The entrance is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and very difficult of access in bad weather, or with unfavourable winds: it is

walled in by rugged cliffs and barren-looking hills. The defences are respectable, but not formidable, works:—one of them faces you as you approach, with watchful cannon pointing up the harbour. There is no bar or shoal, but some dangerous rocks embarrass the entrance: within, there is safe and commodious anchorage for any amount of shipping.

In trying to describe St. John's, there is some difficulty in applying to it an adjective sufficiently distinctive and appropriate. We find other cities coupled with epithets, which at once give their predominant characteristic:—London the richest, Paris the gayest, St. Petersburg the coldest. In one respect the chief town of Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival: we may, therefore, call it the "fishiest" of modern capitals. Round a great part of the harbour are sheds, acres in extent, roofed with cod split in half, laid on like slates, drying in the sun, or rather the air, for there is not much of the former to depend upon. Those ships, bearing nearly every flag in the world, are laden with cod; those stout weatherly boats crowding up to the wharves, have just now returned from fishing for cod; those few scant fields of cultivation, with lean crops coaxed out of the barren soil, are manured with cod; those trim, snug-looking wooden houses, their handsome furniture, the piano, and the musical skill of the young lady who plays it, the satin gown of the mother, the gold chain of the father, are all paid for in cod; the breezes from the shore, soft and warm on this bright August day, are rich, not with the odours of a thousand flowers, but of a thousand cod. Earth, sea, and air, are alike pervaded with this wonderful fish. There is only one place which appears to be kept sacred from its intrusion, and, strange to say, that is the dinner table; an observation made on its absence from that apparently appropriate position, excited as much astonishment, as if I had made a remark to a Northumberland squire that he had not a head-dish of Newcastle coals.

The town is irregular and dirty, built chiefly of wood; the dampness of the climate rendering stone unsuitable. The heavy rains plough the streets into water-courses. Thousands of lean dogs stalk about, quarrelling with each other for the offal of fish, which lies plentifully scattered in all direction: this is their recreation; their business is to draw go-carts. There are also great numbers of cats, which, on account of the hostile relations existing between them and their canine neighbours, generally reside on the tops of the houses. A large fish-oil factory in the centre of the town, fills it with most obnoxious odours.

There are many neat and comfortable houses in the vicinity, where the air, though a little foggy, is fresh and



healthful. There are two Church of England churches, one Wesleyan, and one Roman Catholic chapel. A large Roman Catholic cathedral is also being built. The Churches of England and of Rome have each Bishops of Newfoundland.

The population of the island is upwards of one hundred thousand; one half are Roman Catholics, principally of Irish descent, or emigrants; the remainder of English race, and various creeds.

The trade of St. John's is very considerable, and is rapidly increasing; it exports fish and oil, and receives in return nearly all the luxuries and necessities of life. They get direct from Portugal, in exchange for their dried fish, port wine; with due deference to our English wine merchants, the best I have ever met.

The seal fisheries employ, in the North Seas, numbers of active and experienced sailors from this port; their life is one of almost incredible hardship and danger, and subjects them to great alternations of abundance and distress.

Snow usually falls in the beginning of December, and continues to the end of April; but there are frequent thaws in the mean time. Through the winter there is a constant succession of storms, the lakes and many of the bays and rivers are frozen over, and all internal communication is by sleighs.

The colony is under the authority of a governor, who is assisted by a Legislative and Executive council of nine members. There is also a House of Representatives, elected by almost universal suffrage, consisting of fifteen delegates, not always selected for very high qualities. Indeed, some people are illiberal enough to imagine that the affairs of the country would not materially suffer if honourable members for such important constituencies as those of Quiddy Viddy Cove, or Starvation Creek, were to direct their attention to cod-fishing instead of legislation.

The most thriving settlements besides the capital, are Carbonear, Harbours Grace, and Petit Harbour, all towns on the sea coast.

If St. John's be the fishiest, it is also one of the friendliest places in the world; no cold, formal, letter-of-introduction dinners, but hearty, cordial, and agreeable hospitality. The society is, of course, very limited in extent, consisting of the clergy, the civil and military officers, and the principal merchants. Some of the latter have attained to considerable affluence, and are men whose kindness, intelligence, and practical views, render them agreeable and instructive associates. Among the younger members of their families, accomplishments and the graces of life receive due attention,

not a few of them have had European education. The reunions of St. John's possess so much charm, that many officers of the army and navy who have participated in them, have also carried away living vouchers for their attractions.

We could scarce have left Newfoundland without having seen a specimen of the codfishing. One of our acquaintances kindly offered to drive us for the purpose to Portugal Cove, a distance of ten miles. The captain, the ensign, and myself, with our friend driving, formed the party. The conveyance was a light, spider-like, double-seated carriage, drawn by a wiry, strong, brown horse; he had a splendid shoulder and arm, a ewe neck, a cunning back look, like a hare, and an uneasy tail; just the sort of animal which instantly suggests running reins and kicking straps. He started at a fair trotting pace; but our driver, by twisting the reins round each hand, and by setting his feet against the dash-board, showed that he expected work. All went on very smoothly, however, till we got within a couple of miles of our journey's end, when, unfortunately, the conversation turned upon American trotters.

"This horse is one," said our friend, "he can do the mile in two minutes and fifty seconds."

"Indeed," said I. Now, "indeed," must have been pronounced in some very expressive manner, and conveyed the extraordinary delusion that I wished to see it done, for our friend instantly made some sort of freemason sign, and away went the diabolical brute, up and down hill, in a sort of shambling, shuffling pace, at a rate which nearly took the breath out of my body. As soon as I could speak, I begged to assure his owner that I had not the least doubt of his powers, and implored of him to pull up. By the time I was informed that it was quite impossible, the animal stopped of his own accord at the inn at Portugal Cove.

This establishment is a small wooden building, prettily situated on the banks of a turbulent little stream, which gets up a waterfall in view of the windows. It is a favourite spot for passing the first part of the honeymoon; and is, perhaps, judiciously chosen, for there is nothing whatever of luxury, convenience, or amusement, to divert the thoughts of the happy couple from each other.

A straggling village of log houses lies along the shore, with a boat pier of the same material; a fleet of fishing-boats lay moored to it. We embarked in one, a rough, clumsy concern: and, with a wild unshaven fellow to guide us, put to sea. The bay is about the size of that of Tenby; a large flat island, with steep sides, protects the opening, looking as if it had been snapped off the main-land, and

floated out to where it now stands ; like all the rest of the sea-board, it is covered with scrubby, stunted forest. At the eastern end of the island is a very curious rock, standing about two hundred yards clear of it, and of about the same height, looking, in the distance, like one of the round towers of Ireland. Our boatman, speaking in a Cork brogue, slightly overlaid with a Yankee twang, said that, "No one, barring the birds, had ever got to the top of it." The Captain gravely observed that, "unless the inducements to get there were very much increased, probably none ever would."

We soon arrived at our fishery, and cast our lines of strong cord, with a heavy leaden sink, and three or four hooks baited with slices of fish. In a minute or two there was a chorus of "I've got him ;" and, as we pulled, the prizes plunged, dived, and twisted, filling the dark green water with pale, distorted ghosts of sea monsters, which, as they neared the surface and became exhausted, condensed into the sober realities of resigned and unresisting codfish. Our myrmidon immediately put an end to their sufferings, by striking them on the head with a short bludgeon he called "the priest." He then cut off a piece of the tail of one of them, to furnish fresh bait. By thus encouraging their cannibal propensities, we soon caught so many that we were heartily tired of the sport. To give us an idea of the innumerable multitudes of fish, the boatman cast a line, with a heavy weight at the end, and half a dozen hooks attached, full length into the water, till it had nearly reached the bottom, and then jerked it along, pulling it towards him ; it seldom came up without a victim writhing on one of the barbs. Fully contented with this specimen of the truly national sport of Newfoundland, I reluctantly trusted myself to the mercy of the high trotting horse again, and he soon whirled us home.

The road was not without beauty, but of a sad and desolate character, which the few miserable patches of cultivation and the wretched log huts by the road side, did not tend to enliven. Windsor Lake, or, "Twenty-mile pond," as the people prefer calling it, is a large picturesque sheet of water, with some pretty, lonely-looking islands ; but its shores are shapeless hills, and its forests stunted brushwood.

From the top of the last eminence before descending to St. John's, the view is very striking. The finely-situated town spreads along the shore, the massive government-house in the foreground, relieved by cheerful ornamental villas round it, the roadstead filled with shipping and small boats, the bold, barren coast beyond, softening down, to the right, into green fields and gardens ; while opposite, on the left, grim-looking Signal hill, with the union jack floating over the fog on the

top, protects the entrance of the harbour. And far away, filling up the background of the picture, with its hard, dark line against the summer's sky, lies calm, deep, and treacherous—the great Atlantic.

In the spring of the year 1497, a small squadron of ships sailed from Bristol, in search of a passage to India by the north-west. Two men of Venetian origin, John Cabot and his son Sebastian, a youth of twenty years of age, undertook their guidance. After a toilsome voyage of many weeks, they entered a region of vast banks, fogs, and mists, but continued on with unshaken hardihood. About three o'clock on the morning of the 24th of June, they reached a land hitherto unnoted in any map or record; sterile, and uncultivated, abounding in great white bears and elks. The discoverers called this country by a name signifying 'rich in fish,' from the numbers which swarmed in the rivers and along the sea coast. The inhabitants were wild and unfriendly, clothed with the skins of beasts, and painted with a reddish clay.

The Cabots returned to England that year, and it does not appear that any further notice was taken of this country, which the English called Newfoundland, till 1534; when the brave Jacques Cartier, with only sixty men, sailed from St. Malo in two small vessels, under the French flag, and nearly circumnavigated the island. He found it to be a great triangle, of irregular shape, and about nine hundred miles round, with deep indentures and numerous harbours, but with a soil everywhere unfruitful.

Two Englishmen, named Elliott and Thorn, traded there for some years under the protection of Henry VIII., obtaining rich furs from the natives. At length these unhappy men, with a body of their dependents, made a settlement, and determined to remain there the winter. They knew not what they had to meet; their provisions failed, none of them survived, and tradition says they ate each other.

The most remarkable among the adventurers who visited these bleak shores, for many years afterwards, was Sir Humphry Gilbert. He took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth, but was lost on his return to England: his good brave words in the storm, however, are left us still, "Courage, friends! we are as near Heaven here as on the land."

From the beginning of the seventeenth century the French had a settlement at Placentia, on the south coast. In the year 1622, George Calvert landed from England, having with him seeds, grain, and cattle. His settlers were successful, and some of their descendants founded, in a commodious harbour, the capital, St. John's.

At the treaty of Utrecht, Louis XIV. of France gave up

his claim to the island, which probably he did not care much about, as his subjects retained the right of fishing. It has ever since remained an English colony, and is at present garrisoned by three companies of infantry. The barren soil and ungenial climate defy the skill and industry of the husbandman: wheat does not grow, the scanty crops of barley and oats rarely ripen; from sheltered places near the towns a moderate supply of potatoes and garden vegetables is forced from the unwilling earth. There are a few cattle, the grasses being plentiful and nutritious. All else, for the use of man, comes from over sea. During the summer, some of the lakes and bays are rich in short-lived beauty. Few have penetrated into the interior, for any distance; the hills, as you advance, rise into mountains, the shrubs into trees: there is an idea that the centre of the island is a great valley, filled with numerous lakes and impassable morasses; none of the rivers are navigable far up the country, and there seems but little to tempt the explorer.

The natives met with in the first discovery were Esquimaux; fierce men of stalwart frame and intractable disposition, their complexion was a dark red, they were bold hunters and fishers, and of great courage in battle. From the first, they and the white men were deadly foes. The Mic-Mac Indians of Nova Scotia, and these red men, carried on a war of extermination against each other for centuries; each landing, with destructive swoop, on the other's coast, scalping the men and carrying the women into slavery. The Esquimaux warriors were more frequently victorious, till, in an evil hour, they provoked the wrath of the pale-faces: the rifle and bayonet soon broke their spirit; abandoning the coasts and the hunting-grounds of their fathers, they fled into the dreary forests of the interior; sometimes, in the long winter nights, they crept out from their wild fastnesses, and visited some lonely hamlet with a terrible vengeance. The settlers, in return, hunted them down like wolves, and, in the course of years, their life of misery reduced their numbers, and weakened their frames so much, that they never ventured to appear; it was known that some few still lingered, but they were almost forgotten.

The winter of 1830 was unusually severe in this country, and prolonged beyond those of former years. Towards its close, a settler was hewing down trees at some distance from one of the remote villages, when two gaunt figures crept out from the neighbouring "bush:" with sad cries and imploring gestures, they tried to express their prayer for help; the white man, terrified by their uncouth and haggard looks, seized his gun, which unhappily lay at hand, and shot the foremost; the other tossed his lean arms wildly

into the air—the woods rang with his despairing shrieks as he rushed away. Since then, none of the fallen race have been seen. The emaciated frame of the dead man showed how dire had been their necessity. There is no doubt that the last of the Redmen perished in that bitter winter.

The blue Peter summoned us on board; the wind had suddenly become favourable, leaving but little time for farewells; but ours were not the less warm and grateful for their being hurriedly spoken. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from the shore—an answering cheer from the ship—and we are on our way again.

For the first day we kept within sight of land; the character of the coast was everywhere the same—bluff headlands, deep bays, and monotonous hills covered with dwarf firs. On the fourth morning we passed close under the Bird islands; strange, hermit rocks, not more than a few acres in extent, without a shred of vegetation, standing alone in the unfathomable waters, far out of sight of land. Millions of white sea fowl circle round them, screaming overhead, or diving and splashing in the water below.

One day more and we skirt the dangerous, desolate shores of Anticosti, rich in wrecks, accursed in human suffering. This hideous wilderness has been the grave of hundreds; by the slowest and ghastliest of deaths they died—starvation. Washed ashore from maimed and sinking ships—saved to destruction—they drag their chilled and battered limbs up the rough rocks; for a moment, warm with hope, they look around, with eager, straining eyes, for aid and shelter—and there are none; the failing sight darkens on hill and forest, forest and hill, and black despair. Hours and days waste out the lamp of life, until at length the withered skeletons have only strength to die. These terrible and frequent disasters have at length caused steps to be taken to prevent their recurrence; there are now stations on the island, with stores of clothing and provisions, which have already preserved many lives. At Sable island, off Nova Scotia, the same system is adopted; here are also a considerable number of wild horses on the sandy hills, dwindled descendants of some shipwrecked ancestors:—in cases of emergency these stock the larder.

It was quite a relief when we found ourselves clear of this dismal neighbourhood, as with fair wind and crowding sail we entered the waters of the St. LAWRENCE. From the Point of Gaspé to the Labrador coast, is one hundred and twenty miles; and, through this ample channel, half the fresh water of the world has its outlet to the sea, spreading back its blue winding path for more than two thousand



miles, through still reach, foaming rapid, ocean lake, and mighty cataract, to the trackless desert of the west.

We are near the left bank; there is no trace of man's hand; such as God made it, there it is. From the pebbly shore to the craggy mountain top—east and west countless miles—away to the frozen north, where everlasting winter chains the sap of life—one dark forest, lone and silent from all past time.

For two days more there was nothing to attract the attention but the shoals of white porpoises: we were welcomed by several; they rolled and frolicked round the ship, rushing along very fast, stopping to look at us, passing and repassing for half-an-hour at a time, then going off to pay their compliments to some other strangers. The pilot came quietly on board during the night, and seemed as much at home the next day as if he had been one of the crew.

By degrees the great river narrowed to twenty miles, and we could see the shore on both sides, with the row of white specks of houses all along the water's edge, which at length seemed to close into a continuous street. Every here and there was a church, with clusters of dwellings round it, and little silver streams, wandering through narrow strips of clearing, behind them. We got near the shore once; there was but little wind: we fancied it bore us the smell of new-mown hay, and the widow thought she heard church-bells; but the ripple of the water, gentle as it was, treated the tender voice too roughly, and it could not reach us. Several ships were in sight; some travelling our road, wayworn and weary; others standing boldly out to meet the waves and storms we had just passed through. Rows of little many-coloured flags ran up to their mizen peaks, fluttered out what they had to say, and came down again when they had got their answer.

The nights were very cold; but, had they been far more so, we must have lingered on deck to see the Northern Lights. They had it all to themselves, not a cloud to stop their running wild over the sky. Starting from behind the mountains, they raced up through the blue fields of heaven, and vanished: again they reappeared, where we least expected them; spreading over all space one moment, shrinking into a quivering streak the next, quicker than the tardy eye could trace.

There is a dark shade for many miles below where the Saguenay pours its gloomy flood into the pure waters of the St. Lawrence. Two degrees to the westward lies a circular sheet of water called Lake St. John, forty miles wide, fed by numerous small rivers. Here is the birth-place of the

great tributary; its separate existence ends at Tadousac. Its course lies from west to east, half-way through a rich country, with a comparatively mild climate, where only a few wandering Indians hunt and fish, exchanging their furs with English traders at Chicoutimi; here this rude commerce has grouped together a number of houses, round a church built by the Jesuits two centuries ago. Great Bay is twelve miles lower down; thence to the river's mouth the cliffs rise straight out of the water, sometimes to fifteen hundred feet in height, in some places two or three miles apart. There is a great depth between, far greater than that of the St. Lawrence at the confluence, and large ships can go up so far. About three thousand white people are scattered about these districts; they have saw-mills, and ply their laborious industry in the bush, felling the tall pine-trees.

Off the entrance to the gloomy Saguenay, lies Red Island. The shore is rocky and perilous; as we passed, the morning sun shone brightly upon it and the still waters; but when the November mists hang round, and the north-east wind sweeps up the river, many a brave ship ends her voyage there. To the south-east is seen a gentler sister—the Green Isle.

It would be wearisome to tell of all the woody solitudes that deck the bosom of the St. Lawrence, or of the white, cheerful settlements along its banks, some of them growing up to towns as we advance, their background swelling into mountains. It is a scene of wonderful beauty, often heightened by one of the strangest, loveliest freaks of lavish nature. The mirage lifts up little rocky tufted islands, into the air, and ships, with their taper masts turned downwards, glide past them; the tops of high and distant hills sink down to the water's edge, and long streets of trim, demure-looking houses, rest their foundations in the sky.

We are now at Grosse Isle; the pilot points out the quarantine station, the church, the hospital, and, in the distance, the fair and fertile island of Orleans. Bold Cape Tourment is at length past; it has wearied our sight for two days, like a long straight road. It grows very dark, and the evening air is keen; we must go below.

About midnight I awoke. There was the splash, and heavy rattling sound of the falling anchor; the ship swung slowly round with the tide, and was still; we had reached QUEBEC.

I looked out of the window of my cabin; we lay in deep shade, under a high headland which shut out half the sky. There were still a few scattered lights, far and wide

over the steep shore, and among the numerous shipping around us.

Our voyage was rather a tedious one; without doubt you think so too.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### QUEBEC—HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CANADA.

TAKE mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest—group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create, arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and, lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lightest haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose—you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning.

The river St. Charles, winding through low rich grounds, empties itself into a wide basin, closed in, to the north-east by the island of Orleans. In the angle it makes with the St. Lawrence is a lofty promontory; there stands the city, walled and bastioned round. On an undulating slope, rising gradually from the margin of the smaller stream to the foot of the battlements, lie the suburbs of St. Roch and St. Valiér; St. John's spreads up the shoulder of the height, along the land face of the defences; St. Louis is the continuation; thence, to the river St. Lawrence, is open ground. On the highest point of the promontory, and the most advanced into the stream, is Cape Diamond, the strongest citadel in the New World. On the river side, a hundred yards of perpendicular rock forbid the foot of man; another face is fenced off from the town by a massive fortification and broad glacis; the third side of the grim triangle looks out upon the plains of Abraham, in a line of armed ramparts.

The lower town is built upon a narrow strip of land, saved from the water, under the lofty cliffs of the promontory, stretching from the suburb of St. Roch to where the citadel overhangs. Busy wharves, with numerous ships alongside, extend all round the town and for three miles up the great river.

From Quebec to the opposite shore is but three quarters of a mile, but the basin just below is five times as wide, and large and deep enough to hold the English Navy. Through

the strait the tides flow with great rapidity, rising and falling twenty feet, as the flood or ebb of the sea dams up or draws away the waters of the stream. There are many and dangerous currents; very few ever rise again who sink for a moment in their treacherous embrace; even strong swimmers have gone down like lead.

The pretty village of Point Levy, with its churches and neat dwellings, ornaments the opposite side of the river; it, too, has a share of wharves, rafts, and shipping. Quaint ferry-boats, with paddle-wheels worked by four fat horses pulling and puffing round on the deck, cross every few minutes. Dirty, impudent looking little steamers run out from hidden nooks in the shore, lay hold of huge ships twenty times as big as themselves, and walk away with them as an ant carries a grain of wheat.

When people came on board, they told us the English news; they had got two or three posts since we left. There was the staff officer to give the soldiers their orders, the emigrant agent, some people of business come to look after their consignments, and a few to greet their friends, our fellow-travellers. No one coming to meet me, I went ashore on my own account; landed at the bustling, dirty market-place, climbed up into a calech—a very queer-looking affair on two high wheels, with a shaft-frame like a gig, the body swinging on broad leather straps, fastened on to rude springs before and behind—the driver perched himself on a narrow seat where the dashboard should have been, shouted, *Marche! marche!* and the stout little horse started at a rapid pace.

The way was up a narrow winding street, twisting up the steep end of the promontory, with short outs for foot passengers from bend to bend; we enter the fortified town through Prescott Gate, turn sharply to the left, and I am set down at a large hotel, having in front an open space, called the Place d'Armes.

Now, while we rest after the long and weary voyage, lend me patience while I tell the old tale of how, and by whom, this fair city came to be built; and why the flag of dear Old England floats upon its citadel.

The first European who ever visited these lands was Jaques Cartier. In the month of May, 1535, the year after his circumnavigation of Newfoundland, he again sailed from St. Malo with three small ships. He and his followers were blessed by the bishop in the cathedral, received the holy sacrament, and bade farewell to their friends, as if for ever. The little squadron was for a long time dispersed, but met again with great joy on the 26th of July. Having visited Newfoundland, they kept it to the north, and sailed into a large gulf, full of islands; they passed on the north side of

Anticosti, and, sometimes landing by the way, came at length to the mouth of the Saguenay. By means of two Indians, taken in the former voyage, at the Bay of Chaleur, they conversed with the inhabitants, and overcame their terror. These simple people then received them with songs of joy, and dances, giving them freely of all the provisions they had. The adventurers soon gathered that there was a town some days' sail higher up ; this, and the river, and the countries round about, the natives called HOCHELAGA ; thither they bent their way. The kind-hearted Indians tried, by entreaties and innocent stratagems, to detain their dangerous guests.

During the voyage up the stream they passed shores of great beauty : the climate was genial, the weather warmer than that of France, and everywhere they met with unsuspecting friendship. They found Hochelaga a fortified town among rich corn-fields, on an island under the shade of a mountain which they called Mount Royal ; time has changed it to Montreal. The old name, like the old people, is well-nigh forgotten. The inhabitants had stores of corn and fish laid up with great care, also tobacco, which Europeans saw here for the first time. The natives were courteous and friendly in their manners, some of them of noble beauty ; they bowed to a Great Spirit, and knew of a future state. Their king wore a crown, which he transferred to Jacques Cartier ; but, when they brought their sick and infirm, trusting to his supernatural power to heal, the Christian soldier only blessed them with the cross, and prayed that Heaven might give them health.

The adventurers returned to France next year, carrying off one of the kings with them, to the great grief of his subjects ; he became contented with his lot, but soon after died. This was the first wrong the doomed race suffered from the white men. Four years afterwards, the Sieur de Roberval, graced with many high-sounding titles, and aided by Jacques Cartier, landed at the mouth of the St. Charles River ; the inhabitants, mindful of former injury, met the strangers with war instead of peace. Seven miles above Quebec is Cap Rouge ; there, three hundred years ago, the French built their first stronghold, to guard themselves from just vengeance ; they named it Charlesbourg Royal. Their leader, tortured by the dissensions of his followers, soon led them back to France ; in 1549, he, with his brave brother, sailed to seek the visionary Cathay, and were heard of no more.

At the end of the sixteenth century, when the gloom of this failure had passed away, Chauvin and Pontgrave opened a fur trade at Tadousac, without much success. Next followed the Calvinist De Monts, with a little fleet of four sail ;

his inordinate privileges and the religious dissensions of his followers caused his ruin. The worthy Champlain, his successor, founded the city of Quebec, in 1608, and cultivated the rich valley of the St. Charles; with some of his followers he penetrated to the great lakes of the west, and returned in safety from among their fierce and savage nations. To this vast territory of CANADA, he gave the name of New France. For many years the settlers met with great difficulties from the climate and the Indians, but adventurers poured in from the old world, and wars and fire-water thinned their foes. Some powerful tribes sought their alliance, serving them to the end with faith and courage. Montreal, Niagara, and other towns were founded, and Quebec was strengthened into the Gibraltar of the West.

The quarrels of the mother countries involved these colonists in constant difficulties with their English neighbours of the south, and their Indian allies added unheard-of horrors to their wars. After many alternate successes, a British army of great force, under the command of General Amherst, invaded Canada in 1759. Ticonderoga fell into his power, and Niagara was won by the division of General Johnson, after a gallant battle. These triumphs were however of but little moment, for all knew that on Quebec the fate of Canada depended, and the failure of General Hill, half a century before, had given a lesson of the difficulties of the attack. A large fleet, commanded by Admiral Saunders, carrying an army of seven thousand men, reached the Island of Orleans in the end of June.

For a few years, and for a great purpose, England was given one of those men whose names light up the page of history; he was humble and gentle as a child, graceful in person and manners; raised by transcendent merit in early manhood, he had done high service at Minden and Louisbourg: the purpose was accomplished, and the gift resumed at Quebec, when he was about thirty-two years old. This was WOLFE; to him the expedition was intrusted.

He took possession of the Island of Orleans, and occupied Point Levy with a detachment. His prospects were not encouraging: the great stronghold frowned down on him from an almost inaccessible position, bristling with guns, defended by MONTCALM, with a superior force of a gallant army, and inhabited by a hostile population. Above the city steep banks rendered landing almost impossible; below, the country, for eight miles, was embarrassed by two rivers, many redoubts, and the watchful Indians. A part of the fleet lay above the town, the remainder in the North Channel, between the Island of Orleans and Montmorenci;

each ebb-tide floated down fire-ships, but the sailors towed them ashore, and they proved harmless.

The plan which first suggested itself was, to attack by the side of Montmorenci, but this the brave Montcalm was prepared to meet. On the 31st of July, a division of grenadiers landed below the falls; some of the boats grounded on a shoal, and caused great confusion, so that arrangements, excellent in themselves, were in their result disastrous. The grenadiers, with an indiscreet ardour, advanced against the entrenchments, unformed and unsupported; a steady and valiant defence drove them back; a storm threatening, and the loss being already heavy, the general re-embarked the troops with quiet regularity. The soldiers drooped under their reverse, but there was always one cheerful face—that of their leader; nevertheless, inward care and labour wasted his weak frame: he wrote to England sadly and despondingly, for the future was very dark; but he acted on an inspiration. His generals were brave men, and suggested daring plans; he seized the boldest counsel, risked the great venture, and won.

On the night of the 12th of September the fleet approached the shore below the town, as if to force a landing. The troops embarked at one in the morning, and ascended the river for three leagues, when they got into boats, and floated noiselessly down the stream passing the sentries unobserved. Where they landed, a steep narrow path wound up the side of the cliff forming the river's bank; it was defended bravely against them, but in vain. When the sun rose, the army stood upon the plains of Abraham.

Montcalm found he was worsted as a general, but it was still left to him to fight as a soldier: his order of battle was promptly and skilfully made—the regular troops were his left, resting on the bank above the river; the gallant Canadian Seigneurs with their Provincials, supported by two regiments, formed his right: beyond these, menacing the English left, were clouds of French and Indian skirmishers.

General Townshend met these with four regiments; the Louisbourg Grenadiers formed the front of battle, to the right, resting on the cliff; and there also was Wolfe, exhorting them to be steady, and to reserve their discharge. The French attacked; at forty paces they staggered under the fire, but repaid it well; at length they slowly gave ground. As they fell back, the bayonet and claymore of the Highlanders broke their ranks, and drove them with great carnage into the town.

At the first, Wolfe had been wounded in the wrist, another shot struck him in the body, but he dissembled his

suffering, for his duty was not yet done. Again a ball passed through his breast, and he sank. When they raised him from the ground, he tried with his faint hand to clear the death-mist from his eyes; he could not see how the battle went, but the voice which fell upon his dying ear told him he was immortal.

There is a small monument on the place of his death, with the date, and this inscription:—"Here died Wolfe, victorious." He was too precious to be left, even on the field of his glory. England, jealous of his ashes, laid them with his father's, near the town where he was born. The chivalrous Montcalm was also slain. In a lofty situation on Cape Diamond a pillar is erected "To the memory of two illustrious men, Wolfe and Montcalm."

Five days after the battle, Quebec surrendered, on such terms as generous victors give to gallant foes. The news of these events reached home but forty-eight hours later than the first discouraging despatch, and spread universal joy for the great triumph, and sorrow for its price. Throughout all broad England were illuminations and songs of triumph, except in one country village; for there Wolfe's widowed mother mourned her only child.

This is the story of Quebec nearly a hundred years ago, and the reason why that flag of dear old England floats above its citadel.

Shortly after the cession of Canada by France, in 1763, English law was, by royal proclamation, established in the colony. In 1774, the French civil law was restored, with some slight reserve as to titles of land. The English criminal code was retained, and religious liberty and the rights of the clergy were guaranteed, subject to the supremacy of the crown.

These concessions caused most of the English settlers to remove, in sullen discontent, further to the west, where they were free from the hated French seigniorial rights. There they founded Upper Canada. In 1791, legislatures were granted to each province, the Lower Chamber elective, the Upper appointed by the royal authority, and thus the latter became exclusively British. These two bodies were at once arrayed against each other, and it must be confessed that there were many just grounds of complaint, and abuses which the elective house always vigorously attacked.

In the year 1828, the people of the Lower Province presented an address, signed by 87,000 persons, complaining of the partial distribution of patronage, the illegal application of the public money, and of some Acts (regulating trade and tenures) of the Imperial Parliament: at the same time 10 000 of the British inhabitants of the province petitioned



to be freed from the mischievous pressure of the French civil law. In 1831, great concessions were made to the French party; the composition of the legislative council was altered in their favour; the control of all funds proceeding from duties in the colony was yielded to the House of Assembly, and power was given them to alter the laws of the tenure of property.

England, having granted so much in a generous spirit of conciliation, was met by demands of further concessions; such as to make the Upper House elective, the executive council directly responsible to the people, and to amend the agreements made by the government with the Canada Land Company. These were at once refused, and the assembly stopped the supplies.

While affairs were thus at a dead lock, violent demagogues, generally men of some education and very little responsibility, tried, by every means in their power, to excite the minds of the simple French Canadians. They were unfortunately but too successful, and in some districts the people rose in revolt. There were not wanting men in the English House of Commons, who rejoiced in the insurrection, and expressed ardent wishes for its success.

The government determined at once to strike at the root of the evil, by an effort to seize the leaders of the sedition, who were supposed to be assembled at St. Denis and St. Charles, on the Richelieu river, which flows into the St. Lawrence from the south.

On the night of November 22, 1837, a detachment from Sorel, of about four hundred and fifty men, marched upon St. Denis, and arrived at its destination at ten in the morning. The night had been one of extraordinary severity, the roads were ploughed up by the heavy rains, and the fatigue of a twelve hours' march, under such difficulties, had exhausted and harassed the troops.

The insurgents, to the number of fifteen hundred, were posted behind a barricade, in a fortified house and some buildings on the flank. Their leader was Wolfred Nelson, who had at least the merit of being a brave rebel, and who has since represented the Richelieu district in the provincial parliament, having experienced the clemency of the imperial government.

A sharp fire opened upon the troops when they appeared, and the efforts against the entrenched position failed, the resistance being very determined. The ammunition of the assailants was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to yield the victory; the roads had become impassable, a gun was abandoned in the retreat, and sixteen men were killed and wounded.

This first and last gleam of sunshine on rebellion, was darkened by as ruthless and cowardly an assassination as ever stained a cause. An officer of the 32nd regiment, Lieutenant Weir, had been sent with despatches to this detachment; on his way, he fell into the hands of the rebels at St. Denis. They sent him, as a prisoner, to St. Charles, under the charge of François Jalbert, formerly a captain of militia, and other men. The former, I believe, is still alive to bear the curse of his foul crime.

They tied their victim's hands behind his back with cords, placed him in a cart, and went on their journey. The roads were so bad that the horse soon stopped; Jalbert told their prisoner to get out of the conveyance and walk; as he could not move his hands, and his limbs were chilled and stiff, he had some difficulty in reaching the ground, and then leaned against the cart to support himself, at the same time remonstrating, and insisting on having his arms unbound. Jalbert, irritated at this, rushed at him from behind, and stabbed him in the back with a sword. He fell, and the weapon remained firmly fixed, from the strength of the blow. The murderer, holding the hilt still in his hand, stamped with his heavy heel on the prostrate body, till he had dragged out the blade: writhing with pain, tied down, and helpless, the poor young man crept under the cart wheels for protection; but the human tigers, one with the sword, another with an axe, struck at him as he lay, mangling him at every blow.

There was no hope of escape; but, by a sort of instinct, he struggled up and made an effort to limp away; pursued, he turned and tried feebly with his foot to parry the assassin's sword. The other was behind him, and swung the heavy axe down on his bare head; he felt the coming blow, bent to avoid it, and threw up his bound hands to avert the fall: the blunt steel tore off his fingers and beat in his skull. The murderers then threw the body into the Richelieu river, and covered it with stones; some brother officers, guided by the villagers, found it there, but could scarcely recognise, in the battered corpse, the gay and gallant young officer they had so lately seen. Who can be surprised that some of the exasperated soldiery took a fierce revenge?

On the same night the troops marched on St. Denis, Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherall left Chambly, with five hundred men and two guns, for St. Charles. The intention was that these two attacks should have been simultaneous, but the bridges were destroyed, the weather was very severe, and the roads were difficult, so that the detachment did not arrive till noon of the 25th. The rebels were numerous, strongly posted in field-works, and animated by the news of

the success at St. Denis. The gallant Colonel Wetherall, as soon as he had formed his troops, led them to the assault. After a sturdy defence, the position was carried, and the village burnt. The insurgents suffered a heavy loss: the troops had twenty-one killed and wounded.

This disaster was fatal to the hopes of the rebels on the Richelieu; and, soon after, they all dispersed. A man named Brown had been their leader; he showed himself a dastard through the brief struggle; and, at the first symptom of reverse, deserted his deluded followers, and fled to the United States. All the leaders, except Nelson, added disgraceful cowardice to their treason. He was taken, having stood by his people to the last.

There is a rich and beautiful district, called "The County of the Two Mountains," thirty miles up the Ottawa river, west of Montreal. The highest of the hills from which it derives its name is called Calvary, held sacred by the Canadians and the remnants of two great Indian nations, the Mohawks and Algonquins, living at its base. A large lake lies in its shade, terminated by the rapids of St. Anne; here, in the old time, the voyageurs used to bid farewell to the haunts of men, in the church of their tutelary saint, and receive the blessing on their journeys. We have all heard their beautiful boat-song in our English homes; its tones are very sweet on their own bright waters. Moore's words are of this spot, in the line—

"We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn."

At the time of our story, this lovely country was deformed by the evil passions of men; it was the centre of the revolt, the scene of its worst excesses. A numerous body of the disaffected had assembled here, led by a man named Girod, a clever demagogue, who had received a good education, but was devoid of courage or principle.

On the morning of the 13th December, Sir John Colborne, the commander of the forces in Canada, with about thirteen hundred men, advanced from Montreal towards this district, along the left bank of the Ottawa. On the opposite side was the fortified village of St. Eustache; on the 14th the army crossed the river and invested it. The greater number of the insurgents, terrified at the approach of danger, fled in the night: among these was Girod; he was overtaken, and put the seal upon his shame by suicide. A brave, misguided enthusiast, named Chénier, with about four hundred men, threw themselves into the church and the adjoining buildings, and defended themselves with courage and constancy; but their cover was beaten down, and finally fired, by the artill-

lery; their leader and many of their number were slain, the remainder taken or dispersed.

The next day the troops advanced on St. Benoit, where had been the stronghold of the insurrection; a vigorous resistance was expected, but the leaders who were so bold in speech dared not act out their treason; a deputation from the inhabitants came to beg for mercy; they said that those who had incited them to rise had deserted them in their time of trial. Their submission was accepted, and they were allowed to depart to their homes.

On the 16th, Sir John Colborne returned to Montreal, leaving a detachment to reduce the rest of the district; there was no further resistance. Many loyalists had fled from St. Eustache and the Rivière du Chêne, during the brief power of the insurgents, suffering much insult and hardship. When the wheel turned, these injuries were revenged in the blackened hearts of the defeated; though the soldiery exerted themselves to the utmost to save the villages, and partially succeeded.

The three principal newspapers employed in spreading the disaffection vanished at the first outbreak, as did also the great leader of their party in the house of assembly: he, in after times, expressed the strongest disapprobation of these scenes of violence and danger: and, while they were being enacted, gave a convincing proof of his dislike, by keeping his own person out of their reach. Many of his admirers, no doubt, when flying from the law or mounting the scaffold, regretted very much that they had not imitated his later proceedings as implicitly as they had acted on the plain tendencies of his principles. The next time he was heard of, he was safely settled in the State of New York. Perhaps, if the insurrection had terminated successfully, he might at length have overcome his horror of the bloodshed which purchased it. His ardent patriotism might have urged him to sacrifice his own feelings to the public good, and "La Nation Canadienne" might have had the benefit of the future services of its peaceful hero.

The troubles in Canada caused great excitement among a certain class of men in the United States: some, with a sincere love for freedom, and very many others with a still sincerer love for plunder, were moved to assist their Canadian neighbours, whom they called "The Patriots." These sympathizers assembled in large bodies, principally threatening the upper province. They thought it an excellent opportunity for playing the game in which their countrymen have succeeded in Texas; their opponents being English, instead of Mexicans, spoiled the parallel. "The sympathizers,"—what soft and kindly ideas the name they assumed suggests!

Tearful eyes and cambric handkerchiefs, good Samaritan acts of tenderness and charity, soothing words of consolation. Not so to them—their sympathy was given in the midnight assassins' bloody knife, in the torch of the merciless incendiary, in the ransacking hand of the rapacious robber.

Upper Canada was not without its hero: a man named William Lyon Mackenzie, the editor of a republican newspaper at Toronto, laid aside the pen and seized the sword; he assembled about five or six hundred men at a place called Montgomerie's Tavern, four miles from the town, on the evening of the 4th of December, with the intention of entering in the night. As soon as this decided step was taken, they arrested every one on the roads, to prevent intelligence being carried to the governor, Sir Francis Head.

Colonel Moodie, a worthy veteran, and three of his friends, were unfortunately seen riding towards Toronto: he was fired at from the Tavern; fell, wounded in two places, and in a few hours was dead. The leader then harangued his followers, telling them that as blood had been shed there was now no retreat, and persuading them to advance. The authorities were perfectly aware of the approaching danger; but, confident in the loyalty of the great majority of the inhabitants, Sir Francis Head had sent all the troops to the lower province at the first news of the outbreak there. The insurgents, styling themselves a provincial convention, published proclamations, calling on the people to rise and free themselves; in terms of blasphemous hypocrisy using the name of God to urge them to break God's law.

Some loyal volunteers manned the city hall, and orders were given to the militia to assemble immediately. During the night, nothing occurred but a slight skirmish, in which the insurgents were worsted. The next day the governor had mustered sufficient strength to attack, but first made an effort to bring the deluded people to reason without the loss of life. In the meantime his opponent had seized the mail, and imprisoned several inoffensive individuals. A number of horses were also pressed for his service, and a neighbour's house was burned. Flushed with these achievements, the attempts of the peace-makers were useless.

On the 7th of December, Colonel McNab, with a party of militia, marched from Toronto and attacked the tavern; the defenders, who were armed with rifles, made a short resistance and fled; their leaders, as the governor quaintly describes it, "in a state of the greatest agitation ran away." A good many prisoners were taken, but immediately afterwards contemptuously dismissed.

The news of this rebellious movement had at once roused

the indignation of the masses of the population ; from ten to twelve thousand men immediately crowded to Toronto, to give their services to the law. The day after its termination a public notice informed them that there was no occasion for their services at that place, and the forces of the Eastern districts were allowed to turn towards Lower Canada.

In the meantime, the ex-editor had escaped, in disguise, to Buffalo, in the United States, where, by the story of his wrongs, and by promises, he succeeded in collecting a force of sympathizing Americans, who plundered the state arsenals of cannon, arms, and ammunition, and took possession of Navy Island, a little above the Falls of Niagara, on the 13th of December.

Supplied with stores and provisions from Buffalo, they threw up works, and threatened the opposite shore. Very few Canadians joined them. Proclamations from the Provisional Government were published from this place, offering a hundred dollars, and three hundred acres of land, in their future conquests, to every volunteer. Five hundred pounds were offered for the apprehension of the English Governor, the rebels stating that all the wealth and resources of the country would speedily be at their disposal.

They opened a fire of artillery upon the houses of the peaceable inhabitants of the Canada shore, but without doing much injury : a body of militia watched their movements defensively. On the 28th of December, the steamer *Caroline*, employed in conveying arms and supplies to Navy Island, was boarded by some loyalists, led by Lieutenant Drew, an officer of the Royal Navy ; she lay moored to Fort Schlosser, on the American shore, but, after a bloody struggle, was carried, set on fire, and suffered to drift over the great falls ! It was an awful sight ; the blazing mass, floating slowly at first, but each moment increasing its pace, at length whirled rapidly along—the red glare lighting up all round—the gloomy forest, the broad waters, and the dark wintry night, as the ship rushed past to her terrible grave.

Exaggerated versions of this attack caused great excitement in America, but the undoubted piratical occupation of the vessel convinced all well-thinking people of its necessity, and the United States government did not agitate the question of the invasion of territory.

Soon afterwards, a sufficient force was collected to dislodge these invaders from Navy Island. A short cannonade from the north bank of the river caused them to evacuate their position on the night of the 14th of January, 1838. When they landed on the shore of the United States, their leader was arrested and held to bail, and their arms taken possession of by the authorities. Other attempts were made to

sympathizers, on Kingston and Amherstburgh, but were at once defeated by the militia. Another party having assembled at Point Pelée Island, in Lake Erie, the artillery and troops marched twenty miles over the ice to attack them, taking up a position which obliged them either to fight or surrender. There was a sharp resistance, many of the soldiers were shot down in their close ranks, from behind the wooded coverts; after some time they extended their files, to avoid the concentrated fire, and charged with the bayonet; the island was then carried, and most of the defenders captured or slain.

In all these forays, excepting the first outbreak at Toronto, nearly all the marauders were citizens of the United States, and their conduct throughout was unredeemed by a single act of humanity, generosity, or courage. The Washington government, with good faith, tried to restrain these outrages, but its feeble executive was unequal to the task. Every night, houses were sacked and burned on the Canadian side. Amongst other depredations, a pillar raised to the memory of the brave Sir Isaac Brock, slain at the head of an English force in the last American war, was blown up with gunpowder, and much injured, by a man of the name of Lett, who was afterwards imprisoned for robbery in the United States.

On the 30th of May following, a party of sympathizers plundered and burned a Canadian steamer, the *Sir Robert Peel*, while lying at Wells Island, belonging to the United States, in the River St. Lawrence. The leader was a man named Johnson, of great cunning and skill; he managed to carry on his system of piracy and destruction for a considerable time, without interruption. For twenty-five miles below Kingston, the "Thousand Islands" adorn the river; they are nearly two thousand in number, rocky, wooded, without inhabitants, and varying in size from ten miles long to mere rocky tufts. In this watery labyrinth, where the thick forests overshadow the river, these marauders lurked; they were provided with boats of wonderful swiftness, their expeditions were secret and sudden, and pursuit was vain.

In the month of September, several French-Canadians were tried by the usual forms of law, for the murder of a volunteer named Chartrand, which had been perpetrated with cold-blooded atrocity. The jury were exclusively countrymen of the accused, all others had been objected to in the challenge. The crime was scarcely denied, and was proved by the clearest evidence to every one but those with whom it lay to decide; they gave the verdict, "not guilty," and were in consequence entertained at public dinners and applauded for their patriotism, by the disaffected party. The common trial by jury was thus found to be quite unsuited to

the emergency, and the disposal of the prisoners became a source of great embarrassment to the government.

On the arrival of the high-minded, but injudicious Earl of Durham, (who had been sent out as plenipotentiary at the time of these difficulties,) the question was solved by a general gaol delivery, with some very few exceptions of those whose crimes were pre-eminently heinous. A proclamation was also issued, allowing those who had fled out of the country to return unmolested to their homes.

Lord Durham's mission produced a statement of the condition of the country, and the sources of its difficulties. The spirit of the document is as follows:—"The root of the evil in Lower Canada is in the difference of races, arraying the people in enduring and bitter hostility against each other. The distinction in language, education, and religion, is not softened down by social intercourse, they seldom meet in society, each have their own banks and hotels. They inherit in an exaggerated degree the peculiarities of their origin, and the English take but little pains to conceal their contempt and intolerance for the customs and manners of their neighbours. Every political difference may be traced to the same source—the contest of the races.

"A peculiarity in the formation of French-Canadian society is also a fruitful cause of mischief; from the means afforded by public foundations for attaining the higher branches of education, the professions are greatly overstocked. Two or three hundred young men, nearly all of humble birth, are annually turned out from the public schools; averse to sinking back to the lowly occupations of their parents, a few become priests, the remainder lawyers and surgeons. With these every village swarms. Thus the best-educated people are generally connected by ties of blood, and intimacy with the most ignorant *habitans*. In social intercourse the abler mind gains an influence over the mass, and thus the demagogue here becomes more powerful than in any other country.

"The general inclination to jobbing, results in a perfect scramble in the House of Assembly for each to get as much as he can for his constituents and himself; this is carried to such an extent, that a great proportion of the schoolmasters appointed could neither read nor write. The judicial system appears to have been feeble and imperfect: except in the large towns, there was no public officer to whom any order could be directed."

In the middle of October, the state of Canada again became gloomy; numbers of the French population bound themselves, by secret oaths and signs, into a dangerous organization; the terrified loyalists crowded into the towns.



or fled the country; the thirst of blood and rapine was re-awakened on the American frontier, and the militia of English origin, dissatisfied with the pardon of the rebels who had inflicted such injuries on them and been arrested by their prowess, showed much disinclination again to come forward in so unpromising a cause.

A portion of the French inhabitants were again in arms on the 3rd of November; their plan being to rise in Montreal, and destroy the troops while they were at church and unarmed. By this time the government had devolved upon the gallant Sir John Colborne, whose wise precautions and admirable arrangements defeated their intentions.

At Beauharnois the rebels attacked the house of Mr. Ellice, lately secretary to the governor, and carried him off; treating the ladies, however, with consideration and courtesy. On the same day a body of armed men concealed themselves near the Indian village of Caughnawauga: this news arrived while the warriors of the tribe were at church; they sallied out with the arms they could collect at the moment, and fell upon the rebels. These, surprised, scarcely resisted, and were tied with their own sashes and garters by the victors, who carried them in boats to Montreal gaol. The Indian chief told the general that, if necessary, he would bring him the scalp of every habitant in the neighbourhood in twenty-four hours.

These Indians are the remnant of the once powerful and ferocious tribes of the Six Nations; they are now domesticated, and cultivate the land. The chiefs are humane men, and enforce strict order; none of their prisoners were injured.

About four thousand insurgents collected at Napierville, under the command of Doctor Robert Nelson and two others, who had all been included in the late amnesty. Some troops were marched on this point, but they found that the greater number of the insurgents had disappeared, and were beyond pursuit. Some of them had been detached to open a communication with the United States: these were met by a party of loyal volunteers, who bravely defeated them, drove them across the frontier, took several prisoners, a field-piece, and three hundred stand of arms. The victors then threw themselves into the church at Odell Town, awaited the approach of Dr. Nelson and the rebels who had fled from Napierville, and repulsed them with the loss of more than a hundred men.

Mr. Ellice, and several other loyalist prisoners, were carried by the rebels to Chateauguay, and well treated; finally they were released, and the road pointed out to them by which to reach La Prairie. In this rising there was but little violence, and no cruelty, in the conduct of the Cana-

dians. Dr. Robert Nelson's address to the people declared for independence, a republican government, the confiscation of the crown and church lands and the possessions of the Canada Company, the abolition of seignorial rights, and of imprisonment for debt.

In Upper Canada, five hundred American sympathizers landed at Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, with several pieces of cannon, on the evening of the 12th. Soon after, a party of English troops and militia attacked them, driving them into two strong houses and a stone windmill, where they defended themselves with great tenacity. They finally surrendered, however, and were carried prisoners to Kingston, to be tried by court-martial.

Another body landed near Sandwich, in the western part of Upper Canada: they burned the Thames steam-boat, the barracks, and two militia-men within; shot some inoffensive people, and murdered Dr. Hume, a military surgeon. He had mistaken them for some of the provincial militia, and fallen into their hands unarmed; his body was thrown aside, hacked and mangled by axes and knives. Colonel Prince, on hearing of these atrocities, assembled a few militia-men, when the dastard assassins, making but little resistance, fled: their exasperated pursuers overtook, and slew many of them.

A public meeting was held at New York, for the purpose of promoting the invasion of Canada; Dr. Wolfred Nelson and many other refugees attending it. At the same time, the inhabitants of Ogdensburgh, an American town nearly opposite to Prescott, assembled; and, through the commanding officer of the United States' army in that district, begged that consideration might be shown for the misguided men who, under false representations, had been beguiled into the invasion of a friendly country.

Six of the Prescott brigands, and three of the assassins of Dr. Hume, were executed. The leader of the former was the first tried, and hanged; his name was Von Schultz, a Pole by birth, and merely a military adventurer. He had fought with skill and courage, and died bravely and without complaint, except of the false representations which had caused his ruin, by inducing him to join the godless cause. Doing all that lay in his power to repair his error, he left his little property, about eight hundred pounds, half to the Roman Catholic College at Kingston, and the remainder to the widows and orphans of the English soldiers and militia who had fallen in the combat where he was taken.

Several people were also executed in consequence of the attack on Toronto. The most remarkable of these was a man named Lount, a native of the United States, but settled

in Canada; he had been a blacksmith, and had acquired considerable property, and influence among his neighbours. He became a member of the Provincial Parliament, where he formed intimacies with the most dangerous of the political agitators, and his more ardent nature soon led him to outstrip them all in the violence of sedition.

His trial excited very great interest: doubt there was none, and the solemn sentence was pronounced. His daughter, a girl of no common attractions, had forced her way through the crowd, close to the judges' bench. With fixed eye, and bloodless cheeks, she heard the fatal words which blighted earthly hope; for a time they were but an empty voice, no meaning reached her stunned senses. Slowly, and with an increasing distinctness, the terrible reality stamped itself upon her soul. She was carried to her home, thence to her long home.

Her father prayed earnestly, and acknowledged the justice of his punishment when on the scaffold. In the last moment, he wondered that his child had not come to bid him farewell; when he complained, he did not know that they were to meet so soon.

Very great leniency was shown by the English government; fifty or sixty persons were transported; but all the political offenders have since been pardoned. Occasionally there were instances of great apparent harshness. Where such numbers were implicated, over such an extent of country, at a great distance from the fountain head, with several changes of Governors, such cases could not be altogether avoided; unfortunately, those really most guilty were not always the men made to expiate their offences. The loyal Canadians, who had suffered much during the insurrection, were discontented and indignant at this tendency to clemency; particularly with regard to the sympathizers, whom they looked upon as assassins and robbers.

Thus ended the Canadian rebellion; the handiwork of a few political knaves and desperate adventurers, acting on the passions and ignorance of a portion of a virtuous and peaceful people. Whatever may have been their wrongs, real or imaginary, such an attempt at redress was but a murderous folly. Without arms, money, or combination—with chiefs only conspicuous by cowardice and incapacity—with but sufficient spirit to prosecute their first success by an atrocious assassination—unsupported, discountenanced by the mass of the intelligent and wealthy, even of their own race—opposed by the more warlike and energetic inhabitants of the Upper Province—they threw themselves madly into the field against the greatest of earthly powers; their only allies, the robber refuse of a neighbouring population.

As a political movement, it was an egregious error; as a military effort, it was below contempt: not that one would wish for a moment to depreciate the merits of the brave and judicious leaders, and the gallant troops, through whose instrumentality it was suppressed; nor to speak with less pride and pleasure of those loyal men, who, from the Chief Justice of a province to the hardy woodsman—from the descendant of the earliest settler to the emigrant but just landed from his English home or Irish country village—had all, with ready heart and hand, fought for the crown and laws of our matchless country.

The republican journals of France took up the cause of the rebels with fiery zeal. Undeterred by profound ignorance of the circumstances of the case, they spoke of "their brethren in blood and principle, the six hundred thousand oppressed French in Canada, who had risen *en masse* against British tyranny, the motive and soul of which is inveterate hatred of all that is French."

On the 7th of September, the Governor of Canada, Mr. Poulett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, communicated to the Parliament of the Upper Province a proposition from the English Government to unite the provinces: both to be represented equally in the new Legislature; to agree to a sufficient civil list; and the charge of the principal part of the debt of Upper Canada to fall on the United Province. This was agreed to, both in the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly.

In the month of March following, after the union, a general election took place, which was favourable to the Government in its results. Lord Sydenham addressed the House, in a sound and conciliatory speech, which was well received, though in the ensuing debate the difficult question of "Responsible Government" was much dwelt upon. He did not live to see the effects of his measures. In September he had a fall from his horse, and soon after died in great torture; continuing, however, to fulfil his duties with unflinching fortitude to the end. His last wish was, that his grave might be on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Sir Charles Bagot was the next Governor. He, to a certain extent, succeeded in the fusion of parties, admitting some representatives of each section into his ministry. He was shortly compelled, by ill health, to take measures for his return to England, but, in the month of May, 1843, expired at Kingston, Canada.

In January, 1843, Sir Charles Metcalfe, now Lord Metcalfe, had succeeded him. This distinguished officer was, for many years, in the service of the East India Company. In 1839 he was appointed Governor of Jamaica, where he had very great difficulties to contend with, but overcame them

all; gaining the admiration, love, and respect of the inhabitants, and the fullest approbation of the authorities at home. On the 28th of September, Sir Charles Metcalfe opened the third session of the United Legislature, in a speech expressing the greatest anxiety for improvements in the colony, and for a more efficient system of immigration. He announced the act of the Imperial Government, admitting Canada corn to England at a nominal duty, and recommended various local arrangements for consideration. An animated debate took place on the subject of the future seat of government, which was at length fixed at Montreal.

Not long afterwards, the ministry insisted on a pledge that they should be consulted on all appointments by the Governor; this was at once denied, as limiting the prerogative of the Crown, and implying a want of confidence. The ministry, with one exception, then resigned office; and were supported in this step by a majority of the House of Assembly, who voted an address to the Governor, expressing their regret at what had occurred; but, at the same time, disclaiming any wish to exact a stipulation from the head of the Government. The session was then abruptly brought to a conclusion, and the authorities at home expressed full approbation of the acts of the provincial Governor. In the autumn of 1844, the House of Assembly was dissolved on these questions. The result of the general election was the return of a good working majority in support of the worthy Governor and the views of the English Government. During the anxious time of his collision with the late ministry, the general election, and the meeting of the Parliament, Sir Charles Metcalfe laboured under intense bodily suffering, but with gallant constancy still continued in the discharge of his office. His successful zeal and wisdom were rewarded by a peerage, which, while conferring honour upon him, reflects it also not a little on the order to which he now belongs. Unfortunately for Canada, continued ill health rendered his further stay in the country impossible; in the end of the year 1845 he returned to England, with the respect and personal regard of all those over whom he had ruled.

Lord Metcalfe was received in England with the consideration his high character deserved, but the hand of death was upon him, and he knew it. In his reply to one of the addresses that welcomed his return, he wrote: "The grave stands open to receive me." In another month it had closed over him.

Earl Cathcart, the commander of the forces, then succeeded to the government. The Earl of Elgin followed;

under his able and judicious rule, political dissensions have almost become extinct, and the colony has attained unexampled prosperity.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### QUEBEC—AUTUMN.

BUSINESS, and making arrangements for my sojourn for the winter, occupied a short time after my arrival. At our first leisure, the captain and I started for a day of sight-seeing within the limits of the town, despite the almost tropical heat of the weather.

Without entering into particulars about the public buildings, I may say, that the impression on our minds was, that they were exceedingly ugly. They are dispersed all over the town, as if ashamed of being seen in each other's company. There are five gates of the city, in the fortifications; from each of these, streets run towards the centre of the town, playing at cross purposes in a most ingenious manner, forming bends and angles in every conceivable variety of inconvenience. The streets are all narrow; the shops not generally showy, though much improved of late; the houses irregular. St. John's Street is the principal thoroughfare; it is paved with large blocks of wood.

There are several pleasant walks; one all round the ramparts; a platform, with a magnificent view, overlooking the river, and an esplanade to the land side. Wherever you can get your head high enough to look over the walls, you see around you a country of almost unequalled beauty. The portion of the city within the defences is called the Upper Town, and contains the dwellings of the wealthier people, and the shops frequented by them. The great majority of this class are of English origin. The private houses are built more with a view to comfort and convenience than external beauty, and few of them are of any pretension. The Lower Town consists principally of banks, merchants' offices, stores, and timber yards, with an amazing number of small hotels and inns.

The suburbs were then nearly all built of wood, but have churches, hospitals, and convents of more lasting material. The great mass of the people in these districts are French-Canadians. The total population of the city is little short of fifty thousand, being an increase of fifteen thousand in fifteen years.

There are large Church of England and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and four churches of each of these persuasions; also two Presbyterian and two Wesleyan. There is a tolera-

ble museum, and two good public libraries. The hotels are nothing to boast of; they are conducted on the American system, like boarding-houses: the sleeping-rooms are bare and uncomfortable; the furniture of mine consisted chiefly of my portmanteau.

Besides those of the citadel, there are three barracks, and guards and sentries in all directions. After nightfall you are met at every part of the ramparts with "Who goes there?" which, however, you answer or not, as you feel disposed. The town was not then lighted, with the exception of a few dim oil lamps in St. John's Street, for which reason, perhaps it is, that the city police seem to prefer that beat; and, as they are gregariously disposed, you may always calculate on finding a sufficient number of them there to apprehend the man who has knocked you down in some dark and distant part of the town, if you can only persuade him to wait till you fetch them.

Most of the streets have wooden *trottoirs*, very pleasant to the feet; those of St. John's are crowded like a fair for two or three hours in the afternoon, with people shopping, and showing themselves. Womankind of all ranks dress here very much as in England. The *habitans*, or French farmers, usually wear a coarse, grey, home-made, cloth suit, with coloured sashes tied round their waists, and often red and blue caps of thick worsted-work.

You are never asked for alms; there is apparently, no poverty; man is dear, and bread cheap. No one who is able and willing to work need want, and the convents and charitable institutions are very active in their benevolence to the sick and infirm. In everything in this quaint old town there is a curious mixture of English and French. You see over a corner house, "Cul de Sac Street;" on a sign-board, "Ignace Bougainville, chemist and druggist." In the shops, with English money, you pay a Frenchman for English goods; the piano at the evening party of Mrs. What's-her-name, makes Dutch concert with the music of Madame Chose's *soirée*, in the next house. Sad to say, the two races do not blend: they are like oil and water; the English the oil, being the richer, and at the top. The upper classes sometimes intermarry with those of different origin; the lower very rarely.

The greater energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, tells in everything. They are gradually getting possession of the largest shops in the town, and the best farms in the country; nearly all the trade is in their hands; their numbers, assisted by immigration, increase more rapidly. The distinguishing characteristic of the Englishman is discontent; of the French, content; the former always struggling to gain the

class above him, the latter often subsiding into that below. The time is not very remote when, by the constant action of these laws, the masses of the weaker family will be but the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the stronger.

These French-Canadians have many virtues besides this fatal one of content; they are honest, sober, hardy, kind to each other, courteous in their manners, and religious to superstition. They served with loyalty and valour in the last American war; the most brilliant achievement of the time was by a body of their militia at Chateauguay, numbering only three hundred men, under the gallant de Salaberry. General Hampton, with nearly twenty times their force, and a strong artillery, attacked them soon after he crossed the frontier, in his invasion of Lower Canada. He was repeatedly, and finally, repulsed; the defensive position was so well chosen and handled, that the assailants became confused in the woods, and fired upon each other. In the end, leaving a good many prisoners in the hands of the victors as memorials of their visit, they hastily evacuated the country.

Efforts are now being made to extend education in Lower Canada; but there is great objection to it among the *habitans*, and indifference on the subject among their superiors. The people are wonderfully simple and credulous: a few years ago, at a country town, an exhibition of the identical serpent which tempted Eve, raised no small contribution towards building a church; thus rather turning the tables on the mischievous reptile.

Many of their expressions savour strongly of the maritime pursuits of their ancestors, the early settlers; such as "embarquer" used as "to get into a conveyance;" "baliser" a road, is to mark its direction through the snow with the tops of fur trees; while the pronunciation, even of the educated, is peculiar, as, for example, "bonswere" for "bon soir." A party of Canadian ladies were the other day admiring a painting in one of the churches; a traveller from the United States, who was going about sight-seeing, was looking at it at the same time, and intruded himself somewhat abruptly on their conversation: after a few preliminary remarks, he observed "That the Canadians do not speak the pure language, like the French." "Alas, no," retorted one of the ladies, "we speak it much as the Americans do English."

Since Canada became a portion of the English empire, many of the laws relating to property have been found harassing and unsuitable, and have been changed by the representatives of the people. The action of those on bankruptcy is different from that in England: by settlements on



another person, the property is secured from the effects of a failure, and this sometimes falls very injuriously and unjustly on the creditor. When a merchant starts in business he can settle ten thousand pounds on his wife, though at the time he may not possess half the money; a year after, he fails, when his debts and credits may be very large. The settlement on his wife stands as the first claim, which probably the credits can meet, but no assets remain for the real debts;—so that the advantages of the failure are like Sir Boyle Roche's reciprocity—all on one side. In spite of the occasional occurrence of instances of this sort, the mercantile community of Quebec, as a body, hold a deservedly high position.

There was a great panic a few years ago, when the alteration in the duties on Baltic timber took place, but time has shown that the trade of the St. Lawrence, in that most important branch, is not in the least injured by it; indeed, on the contrary, that it has since largely increased: as fast as the trees can be cut down and shipped, our wonderful little Island buys them all up. They now send us large quantities of flour and corn, and will be able to send us more, as the trade to England gives them the encouragement of high prices.

The article they are most in want of in Canada, at present, is man—even the pauper; when they get that raw material, they soon manufacture it into “comfortable goods.” As our production of this commodity is so rapidly increasing, we should take pains to supply their markets better. Poor wanderers! we would not speak lightly of their mournful lot—they find the struggle for their coarse food too fierce at home: farewell friends—farewell the land they still love, though it only gave them the cruel gift of life! Trust me, the emigrant ship and the Canadian forest are not beds of roses. But once settled, with patient industry, they can always, in the end, work out prosperity.

The citadel is the object of greatest interest in Quebec. The approach is up a steep hill forming the glacis. Threatened by guns in all directions, you must pass by a winding road through a detached fortification, and arrive at the gate leading into the body of the place. The front is a high *revêtement* of cut stone, with several embrasures for cannon, and numerous loopholes for musketry from the bomb-proof barracks within. There are certain ineffectual forms of jealousy as to admission kept up; my companion's uniform procured us immediate entrance. To the unprofessional eye this place appears impregnable, and is, no doubt, of great strength, in spite of one or two weak points, which the captain pointed out to me in confidence. It may, however, be considered

tly safe from any besieging force likely to be brought  
it from the American continent, for many years to

the last day of the year 1775, the American general  
romery was slain, and most of his followers shared his  
were taken, in an attack on this stronghold: it was  
led by general Carleton, the loyal inhabitants, and the  
of some English merchant ships; with about one hun-  
dred troops and invalids.

In the year 1838, Theller, Dodge, and three other State  
ers, from the Canadian rebellion, made their escape on  
one night from this citadel, while in charge of a battalion  
guards: to the infinite chagrin of the officers, the two  
of clear away from the town, the others were retaken,  
with his leg broken by a fall from the walls.

Short time after this day's expedition, I was highly  
delighted at finding on my table an invitation to a military  
dinner which was to take place at the barracks: this offered  
a good opportunity of judging if the living beauties  
which were as worthy of admiration as the inanimate.  
those of the former whom I had already seen walking  
I was inclined to decide very favourably; but there  
was much place for forming an opinion on these matters as a  
man.

When I discovered that ten o'clock was the proper hour to  
present myself punctually at that time at the door of  
the barracks, and, with a crowd of other guests, walked up

The rooms were ornamented with flags, and stars of  
bayonets and ramrods, arranged about the walls in  
a martial manner; but the passages had an air of rural  
city, being carpeted with green baize and overhung  
with boughs of trees: little side rooms also were turned  
into parlours, sofas supplying the places of rustic seats, and  
filled with sunshine. Though the passages did not appear  
bright anywhere in particular, they seemed to be very much  
enlivened by some of the couples, after the dances; and the  
rooms were never unoccupied.

At the one end of the ball-room was the regimental band,  
composed of the lungs of some dozen or so of strong-built soldiers,  
aided by the noisiest possible musical contrivances, thun-  
dered forth the quadrilles and waltzes. It was a very gay  
scene, about eighty dancers were going through a quadrille  
in the room; the greater number of the gentlemen  
in their handsome uniforms of red, blue, and green;  
looking, with the light hair, fresh complexion, and free  
and honest bearing of Englishmen; some were mere boys,  
just joined from school, with very new coats and very  
polite manners. Then there were the Canadian

gentlemen, with their white neckcloths and black clothes, generally smaller and darker than their English fellow-subjects, and much more at home in the dance.

On a range of sofas at one end of the room sat the mammas and chaperons, attended by the elderly gentlemen; here also were the young ladies who were not dancing, but they were very few. I obtained a place in this group of lookers-on, and found myself seated next an elderly young lady of rather an angular cast of mind and body; as she did not dance much, she had ample opportunity to give me the names and "historiettes" of the company. She was one of those whose tastes had taken a literary turn, and she had read nearly all Byron's poems, with Shakspeare from beginning to end. On the strength of this, she lamented to me the intellectual inferiority of many of her fair fellow-citizens; telling me in confidence that they did not read much, that before their education was finished, they began receiving visitors and going into society. She wondered how sensible men could find pleasure in the conversation of silly girls, who talk of nothing but their amusements. Ill-natured thing! As she spoke, a quadrille broke up, and the dancers passed us by, two and two, on their way to the favourite passage and the bowers. The gentlemen seemed to find great pleasure in the conversation, whatever it was about; and no wonder, with such bright black eyes to help it out.

The young ladies were nearly all clad in white muslin, very simply, but very tastefully; I do not think I ever before saw so many so becomingly dressed, in proportion to their number; the fashions were much the same as in England, perhaps a little older in date.

They were generally very attractive, but it would have been difficult to single out any one with much higher claims to beauty than her companions. Most of them had dark eyes and hair, and complexions tinted with the burning summer sun; their figures were light and graceful, their manners peculiarly winning. There is one thing in which the Canadian ladies certainly excel, that is, dancing; I never saw one dance badly, and some of them are the best waltzers and polkistes I have ever seen in a ball-room.

I see my friend the Captain coming; on his right arm rests a little white glove with a little hand in it; and a pair of large, merry blue eyes, shaded by long fair ringlets, are looking up into his grave face. He is so busy talking and listening, that he does not see me. Happy Captain, I wish I were young again! "What a pretty girl that is with the fair ringlets," said I to my sour friend. "Some people think so," answered she: "for my part, I think that silly smile is very tiresome."

There is a waltz ! nearly every one joins. At what a pace they go ! It makes me giddy to look at them. The brass instruments in that terrible band scream louder than ever. The room is filled with flying clouds of white muslin—with scarlet and gold flashing through. Surely they must be growing tired now ; some of the young gentlemen with the stiff collars are becoming nearly as red in the face as in the coat. Some breathless couples vanish among the bystanders ; others sink exhausted on the seats round the room. Now, there is a clearer stage, and we can distinguish the dancers better. There go the Captain and she of the fair ringlets ! Her tiny feet spin round so fast that they can hardly be seen ; she seems not a feather weight upon them. There is a limit to the power of human beings. That storm of wind instruments cannot last much longer. Hush ! there is a calm. The whirlpool instantly subsides, and the stream glides away to the rural passage.

I was soon walked off from this gay scene to make a fourth at a rubber of whist, whence I was released to escort one of the chaperons to supper. While I was performing the necessary duties of attendance, the lady told me that there was to be a pic-nic on the morrow to the Chaudière :—“ Beautiful waterfall, large party, steamer sails from the wharf at eleven o’clock, happy to see you there.” (At this moment, in came the Captain and fair ringlets) :—“ Dear child, don’t dance too much to-night—hot rooms—pic-nic in the morning. My daughter, Sir.”

I am very glad she is going, I will certainly go too, thought I. Whatever the Chaudière may be, it will look the better for having those bright blue eyes sparkling beside it.

About two o’clock the ball-room began to empty ; gentlemen with their pea jackets on sauntered about the foot of the staircase ; every now and then, two or three figures, with extraordinary head-dresses and long cloaks, would emerge from the ladies’ waiting-room, take the arms of the pea jackets, and walk away with them. There is the Captain, I know his walk. Who is that leaning on his arm ? The face is quite covered up in the snug bonnet, but as they pass out under the lamp into the street to join their party, I can see that two or three long fair ringlets have strayed out over the cape of the cloak.

At eleven o’clock the next day I joined the party, of some five and-twenty people, on the wharf ; soon after, we were taken up by a quaint little steamer, and going merrily with the tide up the great river. About seven miles from the town we landed on the south bank. A crowd of country carts were waiting for us ; we mounted, two in each, and

placed some plethoric-looking baskets in an extra one. These conveyances were very simple: unencumbered with springs, or any other unnecessary luxury, the seat, slung with ropes across the centre, held the passengers; the driver, a little Canadian boy, sat on the shaft, to guide the stout little pony.

It was a beautiful September day; a fresh breeze blew from the river, rustling cheerfully among the varied leaves of the trees by the road side, and chasing the light clouds rapidly over our heads, while the landscape lay in alternate light and shade. The road was a very rough one; every here and there crossing little streams by bridges made of loose planks or logs of timber, over which the active little ponies trotted without a false step. The country was rich, but carelessly cultivated for two miles, and then we entered the bush; we continued through it about the same distance, when we arrived at the halting place.

The younger people of the expedition had managed to get the fastest ponies, and were far ahead of us; the lady who had asked me was my travelling companion, and our united weight kept us last in the race. We found them all waiting patiently for our arrival, and the partnerships seemed much the same as at the ball the night before. It was the custom of the country: lucky captain that it should be so!

All now, old and young, scrambled down a steep and narrow path through the wood, making its echoes ring again with merry noise and laughter. At length the party, with a few exceptions, re-assembled at the foot of the Chaudière Falls.

The height of these is little more than a hundred feet, and at this time of the year there is but little water in the river; but it is a singularly beautiful scene: the rocks overhang and project, so that the misty stream plunges turbulently about among them, falling in a zig-zag course, half shrouded in spray, to the caldron below, which is shut in by steep cliffs and banks. The waters foam and whirl about in an extraordinary manner near the fall, but grow still and dark again as they approach the gorge between the hills, when they pass through to the level country. By this gap opens a distant view of the fields and forest of the rich banks of the St. Lawrence. Overhead, and wherever the grim rocks offer a resting-place, firs, pines, and cedars cluster down to the very edge of the stream, as well as on the little rugged islands between the divisions of the shallow river above the falls; while bright green mosses and lichen, with creepers hanging over the rough sides of the cliffs in fantastic drapery, complete the picture.

When we had for some time gazed on the fair scene, we

and the mosquitoes began to dine: the plethoric baskets yielded up their stores; a white deal box produced a dozen of bottles with long necks and leaded corks, which were cooled under a shady rock in the waters of the Chaudière. There was a great deal of innocent mirth, and the fun usually arising from such things as scarcity of drinking glasses and of knives and forks; a servant tumbling while coming down the steep path, and breaking half the plates; and a lean dog darting off with a fine fowl; accidents which are to be expected in pic-nics in all parts of the world. After dinner, groups wandered about in all directions; the falls were examined in every possible point of view. These discursive rambles were far too difficult for the chaperons to undertake, so they, wisely, did not attempt it, and quietly rested sheltered under the shade of the rocks, till the long shadows of the pine trees on the deep pool told them it was time to muster their charge and return. It was some time before they were collected, and settled in the carts as before.

We recrossed the St. Lawrence in row-boats, walked to a friend's house in a beautiful little nook under a high headland, where everything was prepared for the party—tea, lights, fiddlers, and an empty room. No one appeared at all tired; those who had walked the farthest in the woods danced the longest, and it was some time after midnight when we were rattling along the moonlit road to Quebec.

Such was a day's amusement in Canada; and I do not envy the man who could not be infected with the good-humour and innocent mirth of such kind and friendly companions, nor moved by the beauty of such scenery.

The ladies of Canada possess, in a great degree, that charm for which those of Ireland are so justly famed—the great trustfulness and simplicity of manner, joined with an irreproachable purity. The custom of the country allows them much greater freedom than their English sisters; they drive, ride, or walk with their partner of the night before, with no chaperon or guard but their own never-failing self-respect and innocence. They certainly are not so deeply read generally as some of our fair dames; they enter very young into life, and live constantly in society afterwards, so that they have not much time for literary pursuits: there is also difficulty in obtaining books, and the instructors necessary for any very extensive acquirements. But they possess an indescribable charm of manner, rendering them, perhaps, quite as attractive as if their studies had been more profound.

In this climate of extreme heat and cold, they very early arrive at their full beauty; but it is less lasting than in our

moist and temperate islands; when thirty summers' suns and winters' frosts have fallen upon the cheek, the soft, smooth freshness of youth is no longer there.

The officers of the army show themselves very sensible to the attractions of the daughters of Canada; great numbers marry in this country; no less than four of one regiment have been made happy at Quebec within a year. The fair conquerors thus exercise a gentle retaliation on the descendants of those who overcame their forefathers. Nearly all the English merchants also have married in this country; and, from what I perceive, many of those who still remain bachelors are very likely soon to follow their examples.

From the limited numbers of the society, few of the little flirtations escape the vigilant eye of the public, and as fair an allowance of gossip goes on at Quebec as at any place of its size in the British dominions; but it is seldom or never mischievous or ill-meant, and, while observing with wonderful penetration all the little partialities, it treats them with the leniency their innocence deserves.

Lake Beauport, fifteen miles from Quebec, is spoken of as a scene of considerable beauty; the angling is sufficiently good to offer a further inducement for a visit, and to a stranger, its being actually in the bush makes it irresistible. One fine September morning, the Captain, the young Ensign, and I, started for its shores: the latter, in virtue of his youth, riding a high trotting horse, while we were driven by a little weazened Canadian, in a calèche. The first five or six miles of the way was an excellent turnpike road, then gradually growing narrower, and the ruts wider. There were neat rows of houses on either side, with here and there a church, and wooden crosses erected in conspicuous places, hung round, by the simple and religious Canadians, with rags, bands of straw, and other humble offerings. After some distance the farms became more scattered, and the intervening masses of bush more frequent and of greater size. For the last few miles there was merely a track through the forest, where the trees had been cut down, leaving a space wide enough to drive through. We at length reached a large clearing; beyond it lay the lake, surrounded by undulating hills of rather a poor outline, clothed with the forest down to the water's edge, and, indeed, beyond it, for the quiet waves crept in among the bared and blackened roots of the lower trees, reflecting the distorted limbs upon their bosom.

It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the gorgeous colours adorning the foliage of a Canadian autumn. The sombre pine, the glossy beech, the russet oak, the graceful ash, the lofty elm, each of their different hue; but far beyond

all in beauty, the maple brightens up the dark mass with its broad leaf of richest crimson. For three weeks it remains in this lovely stage of decay : after the hectic flush, it dies and falls. This tree is the emblem of the nationality of Canada; as is the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland.

The Ensign had galloped on to the farm-house where we were to stop; we found him resting on a rude sofa, complaining of a slight indisposition, and determined to remain indoors, as the heat of the sun was very great, and he felt weak and fatigued. We unwillingly left him behind, embarked in a crazy little boat, and pulled to a promising-looking bay, with a pebbly beach, on the opposite shore.

The gentle morning breeze had ceased, the midday sun blazed fiercely down on the smooth dead water, not a leaf stirred in the many-coloured woods; there was no bird or buzzing insect in the air, no living thing upon the land, and, what was worst of all, there were no trout in the lake; at least, we could not catch any, though we tempted them with all the daintiest morsels that our fly-books could supply. Our arms ached from casting the lines, our eyes, from the dazzling glare of the reflected light off the waters, and our ears, from the deep silence. So we put by our rods, skirting lazily along under the shade of the tall trees, till we were opposite our landing-place, and then struck boldly across the lake, and reached the farm-house.

Our companion was not better; he felt chill and weak. We wrapped him up as well as we could, placed him in the calèche, and returned to Quebec.

The next morning he was worse, feverish, and his spirits much depressed; he ceased to talk, poor boy ! of the sleigh he was to have in the winter, the moose-hunting, and the gaieties he and his companions looked forward to with so much pleasure—his conversation was of home.

That night he was bled; the day after he was no better, his ideas wandered a little, and his head was shaved; the fever was very high, but no one was alarmed about him, he was so strong and robust. I went again in the evening to see him, but he did not quite know me. It was necessary to keep him quiet; as he seemed inclined to sleep, we left him alone. In the next room five or six of his brother officers were assembled round the open window; I joined them, and we sat talking for some time on various subjects, the conversation gradually taking a more serious tone as the night advanced.

Near midnight we were startled by the door suddenly opening; the sick man came in, and walked close up to us. He had just risen from his bed; his eyes were wild and wan-



## HOCHELAGA; OR,

dering, his flushed face and bare head gave him a frightful appearance. "I am very ill," he said, "none of you think so, but I know I am dying." As we carried him back to his room every vein throbbed, the fever raged through him. All the medical advice the town afforded was summoned, and he was watched with anxious care all night. They fancied he slept towards morning: he seemed much better; it was said the crisis had passed; he was weak, but quite tranquil. They thought he was out of danger, and his friends left him for a little space, some to rest, others to pursue the amusements of the day.

At three o'clock that afternoon, a military band was playing a lively overture on the esplanade close by; well-filled carriages were ranged on the road outside; two or three riding parties of ladies and gentlemen cantered about; gay groups wandered to and fro on the fresh green turf; merry, laughing faces looked out of the windows of the houses on the animated scene; the metal roofs and spires glittered in the bright, warm sunshine.

At three o'clock that afternoon, on a small, iron-framed bed, in a dark, bare, barrack-room, thousands of miles away from his kindred, with a hospital nurse by his pillow, the young Ensign died.

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All the rides and drives about Quebec are very beautiful; of the six or seven different roads, it is hard to say which is the best to choose, as we found one evening when arranging a large riding party for the following day; but at length we fixed on that to lake Calvaire. At two o'clock on a fresh afternoon in October, some five or six ladies and as many attendant squires assembled on the esplanade, variously mounted, from the English thorough-bred to the Canadian pony; we passed out by St. Louis Gate at a merry trot, a slight shower having laid the dust and softened the air; we crossed the bleak plains of Abraham, now a race-course, and continued for four or five miles through woods and small parks, with neat and comfortable country-houses; scarcely checking bit till we reached the top of the steep hill at Cap Rouge, where the road winds down the front of the bold headland to the low country beyond, on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

As we descended, the glimpses of the great river, caught every now and then through the close and still brilliant foliage of the woods, were enchanting. Several large ships, with all sail set, were running down before the wind; on the bank beyond, stood the picturesque cottages and shores of the hamlet of St. Nicholas; the rustic bridge over the Chaudière River filled up the background of the landscape.

The younger people of the party paid but little attention to this scene, but a great deal to each other. When at the bottom of the hill, away they went again as fast as before; and, the road here becoming narrow, no more than two could ride abreast; as the pace began to tell, the cavalcade was soon half a mile in length.

Our way lay through country hamlets, winding up and down small hills, and crossing over rickety wooden bridges. Here and there above the little streams, stood a quaint old mill, which in former times the Seigneur was bound to build for the use of the *habitans* on his estate. The people appeared very simple and ignorant; the farms wretchedly managed; the cattle poor; and the instruments of husbandry the same as the rude forefathers of the hamlet used a hundred years ago.

In every village there is a well, furnished with very primitive means for drawing water: a post is fixed in the ground close by, and on its top a cross bar moves on a pivot; from the light end of this bar hangs the bucket, by a long rod, the other end being heavy enough to outweigh and raise the bucket when filled with water by forcing it down into the well with the long rod.

The dress of the *habitans*, in the country parts, is very homely; they always wear the red or blue worsted cap; their complexion is nearly as dark as that of the Indians, but they are a smaller and less active race. As we passed along, they turned out in crowds to stare stupidly at the unusual sight; the lazy cattle moved farther away from the road; fierce little dogs ran from the cottages, and, secure behind the high wooden fences, barked at us furiously; trotting back contentedly when they saw us clear, as if they had done their duty.

Our way soon became only a path through the "bush;" we could see but a few yards before and behind: above, the sky; on either side the wall of firs, pines, and cedars, with some few flowers and creepers which had outlived their companions of the summer. The sound of our horses' feet on the hard turf rang through the glades, disturbing nothing but the echoes. There is no place more still and lonely than the American forest.

The woods were cleared away where we opened on Lake Calvaire—a narrow sheet of water about a mile and a half long, with populous and cultivated shores; every here and there a spur of the dark forest which the axe has still spared stretches down to the water's edge, through some rough ravine, with little streams winding through its shades. Some neat cottages, with well stored farm-yards, stand on the sloping hills. Herds of cattle grazed quietly on the rich

grass by the margin of the lake, or stood in the shallow waters, cooling their limbs under the bright sun.

A couple of little canoes, with two women in one, and a man in the other, lay on the calm lake under the shadow of a rocky knoll covered with firs and cedars, the occupants leisurely employed in setting fishing lines. They were at the far side from us, and soft and faint over the smooth surface of the water, came their song,—“*La Claire Fontaine*,” the national air of the Canadian French.

All our party pulled up for a brief space to enjoy this beautiful scene in silence; but soon again the reins were slackened, and on, on, over the grass green lane by the edge of the lake, winding round the little bays and promontories, over the rude bridges, on, on they dashed, full of glee, laughing and chattering, some far ahead of the others, till they had doubled the end of the lake, and came cantering along towards home on the opposite shore. When we had encircled the lake, we plunged again into the forest. I stopped for a minute to take another look at the lovely picture: beautiful lights and shades lay on the soft landscape; and now, scarcely audible in the distance, the song of “*La Claire Fontaine*,” came still from the little canoes. The gentle scene fixed itself on my mind, and remains stored up in the treasury of pleasant memories. But I must not loiter; my horse’s head is turned away, and we do our utmost to overtake the party.

During the few closing weeks of the autumn I joined several excursions to other places in the neighbourhood of Quebec, all well worthy of the visit at any time; but, with kind and agreeable companions, beautiful weather, and the brilliant colours of the “fall” on the woods, they were seen to the greatest advantage. One of these excursions was to Lake Charles, away among the mountains fifteen miles from the town, and the largest and most picturesque lake in the neighbourhood. There is a hamlet of log houses on the banks, with a small farm; all around is “bush.” It was very calm when we embarked upon this lake; we paddled to the far end, and up a little river through the woods. The waters were very clear and deep: we could see the hard sand and coloured pebbles, many feet beneath, and the black, gnarled roots of the trees projecting from the banks. Our conveyance was prepared by fastening together two canoes cut out of solid trees, placed side by side, by planks laid over the gunwales; these little boats, when single, are very dangerous with unpractised passengers, but are impossible to upset when thus united.

When we were returning, the breeze freshened; the wave, splashed up between the two canoes, soon nearly filling them

with water, and thoroughly wetting us. To lighten them, half the party landed, and walked back to the farm-house through the bush. It is difficult to form an idea of the fatigue of this walking in summer; for two or three feet in depth the ground is covered with a network of broken branches and underwood, and, every few yards, the huge trunk of some fallen patriarch of the forest, so much decayed that it crumbles under foot, and overgrown with fungus and creepers, in some parts almost mixed up with the rich mould and luxuriant vegetation of the ground. It took us an hour to get through a mile of this, and many shreds of the ladies' dresses were left hanging on the bushes.

We dined at a little inn at the Indian village of Lorette; on our return saw the pretty falls; the young savages shooting with bows and arrows; the squaws working their embroidery; and the hunters' trophies of the chase. The indefatigable young people managed to find two fiddlers, and danced till twelve o'clock, whilst an awful storm of lightning and rain kept us imprisoned. After midnight the sky cleared, and a bright moon lighted us home over the stream-  
ing roads.

There is pretty good shooting in the autumn, about the neighbourhood of Quebec: snipe, woodcocks, partridge, and hares; but it is usually necessary to go a long distance for the purpose, and success is at all times uncertain. In some low swampy grounds north-east of the town, twenty miles off, at Château Richer, snipe are occasionally found in great abundance.

The numerous lakes and rivers round about afford very good trout-fishing, but the fish are generally small. Salmon are plentiful in the Jacques Cartier River, twenty-five miles to the westward, and in wonderful abundance at the Saguenay. The mosquitoes are a great drawback to the sport in this country—indeed, almost a prohibition: in June and July they torment dreadfully in country quarters, but seldom venture to invade the towns. There are few other noxious insects or animals of any kind within the bounds of Canadian civilization. The Loupcervier is sometimes dangerous when suffering from hunger; but is never seen except in the more distant settlements, where this animal and the wolves sometimes devour a stray sheep. The black bear is occasionally met with in the neighbourhood. A young gentleman from Quebec, fishing in the Jacques Cartier, saw one the other day; he was so terrified that he ran away, and did not consider himself safe till within the town walls; while the bear, quite as much alarmed, ran off in the other direction.

The moose deer is sometimes dangerous in summer;

unfrequently they have been known to attack men, when their haunts have been intruded upon. An officer of engineers, engaged in drawing a boundary line some distance south of Quebec, told me that a large moose attacked one of his workmen who was cutting down timber on the line. The man ran for shelter to where two trees stood together, leaving him just room to pass between; the moose charged at him fiercely, striking its long powerful antlers against the trees, as he jumped back; he wounded the assailant slightly with his axe, but this only made the animal more furious. Racing round to the other side, the moose charged at him again, and so on for two hours, till the woodman, exhausted by fatigue, was nearly ready to yield up his life; but the moose too, was exhausted. The brute, however, collected all his remaining energies for a desperate rush at his foe: the woodman had barely strength to step aside yet this once, when, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the moose, from the force of the blow, fastened by the antlers to the tree: seizing the moment, he sprang from his place of safety, and, with a blow of his axe, ham-strung his enemy; the huge animal fell helpless on the ground, another gash of the weapon laid open his throat, and he was dead. The conqueror, wrought up to a pitch of savage fury by the protracted combat, threw himself on the carcass, fastened his lips to the wound, and drank the spouting blood. He fell into such a state of nervousness after this affair, that it became necessary to send him to a hospital, where he lay for many months in a pitiable state.

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## CHAPTER V.

### QUEBEC—WINTER.

THE first few days of the falling snow are very amusing to a stranger; the extraordinary costumes—the novelty of the sleighs, of every variety of shape and pattern, many of them being also very handsome, ornamented with rich furs, and drawn by fine horses with showy harness, set off by high hoops, with silver bells on the saddles, and rosettes of ribbon or glass, and streamers of coloured horse-hair on the bridles; while the gay jingling of the bells, and the nice crisp sound of the runners of the sleigh, through the new snow, have a very cheerful effect.

Ladies' dress does not undergo in winter so great a transformation as that of men; all wear muffs and boas, certainly, but the bonnets and pelisses are much like those worn in England. Men always wear fur caps, often with large flaps

down over their cheeks, enormous pea-jackets or blanket-coats, fur gauntlets, and jack-boots with india-rubber shoes over them, or moccasins of moose-skin, or thick cloth boots, with high leggings. In the very cold weather, they often wear coats of buffalo, or other skins, and move about like some great wild animal, with nothing to be seen of the human form but a blue nose and a pair of red eyes.

Although the temperature is usually kept very high within doors, by means of stove heat, people never seem to suffer by sudden transition to the extreme cold of the open air. I have often seen young ladies, when the thermometer was below zero, leave a hot room, where they had but just ceased waltzing, and walk quietly home, with very little additional clothing; the great dryness of the air preserves them from danger. In the very low temperatures, a razor may be exposed all night to the air without contracting a stain of rust. Colds are much less frequent in winter than in summer.

The winter markets at Quebec are very curious; everything is frozen. Large pigs, with the peculiarly bare appearance which that animal presents when singed, stand in their natural position on their rigid limbs, or upright in corners, killed, perhaps, months before. Frozen masses of beef, sheep, deer, fowls, cod, haddock, and eels, long and stiff like walking sticks, abound in the stalls. The farmers have a great advantage in this country, in being able to fatten their stock during the abundance of the summer; and, by killing them at the first cold weather, keeping them frozen, to be disposed of at their pleasure during the winter. Milk is kept in the same manner, and sold by the pound, looking like lumps of white ice.

The *habitans* always travel over the ice of the rivers in preference to the usual roads, as it is, of course, level, and they avoid turnpikes or bridge tolls in entering the town. They sometimes venture on before the ice is sufficiently strong, and after it has become unsafe, when it breaks, and they and their horses are precipitated into the water; the sleigh floats, the horse struggles and plunges, but can never regain the firm ice by his own efforts. The only plan, in this emergency, is to draw the reins tightly round his neck, till he is nearly choked, when he floats quietly on the surface; he can then easily be dragged to a place of surer footing, and allowed to breathe again. The poor animals have great sagacity in judging of the fitness of the ice to bear them: they will trot fearlessly through a pool of water on its surface, out in the centre of the river, during a partial thaw, knowing that underneath it there is solid bearing.

but, in spring, they sometimes show great reluctance to venture upon ice apparently strong, which their instinct tells them is brittle and unsafe.

In the general break-up of the winter, in March, the snow roads become very disagreeable, and even dangerous; the hard crust formed over deep drifts by the tracks of sleighs and the severe frost, becomes weakened by the thaw and hollowed underneath, so that the horse's feet often break through, and the animal sinks up to his shoulder, and probably falls, while the crust may still be strong enough to injure him. Sleighs continue to be used; but, where the snow was not originally deep, the ground becomes bare in many places, and the runners grate over it with a most unpleasant sound and with great weight of draught.

During the winter, large quantities of ice and snow accumulate on the roofs of the houses: in the thaw this falls off, with a rushing sound and great violence, sometimes causing very serious damage; indeed, no year passes without loss of life or limb from it. Close by the walls is the safest place to walk at this time, as the avalanche shoots out from the sloping roof by the force of the fall. There are regulations to oblige householders to keep away these accumulations, but this wholesome law is not sufficiently enforced.

I had seen the Falls of Montmorenci in the summer, and admired them very much, but was glad to seize an opportunity, which afforded itself in the shape of a party of some twenty people, of visiting them in winter also. We assembled at the house of one of the ladies, at twelve o'clock. There was a very gay muster of carioles; some tandems, with showy robes and ornamental harness; handsome family conveyances; snug little sleighs, very low and narrow, for two people; and a neat turn-out with a pair of high-actioned horses abreast, and a smart little tiger standing on a step behind.

My lot lay in one of the family conveyances, with a worthy elderly gentleman, who gave me a minute account of the state of municipal politics, and other interesting matters. We jogged leisurely along with a sedate old horse, and were passed by all the party before we reached our journey's end, nine miles from the town. They looked very happy and comfortable as they went by us, particularly the Captain, in his long low sleigh with the high-actioned horses; for, by his side, muffled up in the warm, snug robes, sat a lady, with whom he was so busily talking that he nearly upset us.

It was one of those days peculiar to these climates, bright as midsummer, but very cold; the air pure and exhilarating,

like laughing gas; everything seemed full of glee; the horses bounded with pleasure, as they bore their light burthens over the clean, hard snow. But I wander from my friends in the long low sleigh. Half-a-dozen bright reflections of the sun were dancing in the little lady's merry blue eyes; her soft fresh cheek was flushed with the rapid motion through the keen air; her little chin sunk in a boa of rich dark fur, the smiling red lips and white teeth just showing above it; her arms were cosily lodged in a muff, resting on the bear-skin robe of the sleigh; and a small bonnet of purple velvet sat coquettishly on her head, only half hiding the long fair ringlets which clustered beneath it.

We went by the river road, as it is called, over the ice; the northern side of the St. Lawrence, and the channel between the island of Orleans and the left bank, being always frozen over in winter. By this bridge, the traffic from the fertile island and the Montmorenci district finds its way to Quebec. The ice is of great thickness and strength; shells, from mortars of the largest size, have been thrown on it from a thousand yards' distance, and produced scarcely any impression. Sometimes, the snow which has fallen on the ice, thaws, leaving large pools of water; this surface freezes again, and becomes the road for travelling. Such had been the case the day we were there; but a thaw had afterwards weakened the upper surface: our respectable old horse broke through, and floundered in the stream. Not understanding the state of the case, I made up my mind that we were going through to the river, and jumped out of the sleigh into the water; when the old horse and I, to our agreeable surprise, found the under ice interfering between us and the St. Lawrence.

About an hour's drive took us to the Falls of Montmorenci: they are in the centre of a large semi-circular bay, hemmed in by lofty cliffs; the waters descend over a perpendicular rock two hundred and fifty feet high, in an unbroken stream, into a shallow basin below. At this time of the year the bay is frozen over and covered with deep snow; the cliffs on all parts, but especially near the cataract, were hung over and adorned with magnificent giant icicles, sparkling in the sunshine, and reflecting all the prismatic colours.

The waters foam and dash over as in summer; but on every rock where there was a resting-place half concealed by the spray, were huge lumps of ice in fantastic shapes, or soft fleecy folds of untainted snow. Near the foot of the fall a small rock stands in the river; the spray collects and freezes on this in winter, accumulating daily, till it fre-



quently reaches the height of eighty or a hundred feet in a cone of solid ice; on one side is the foaming basin of the fall; on the other, the hard-frozen bay stretches out to the river.

One of the great amusements for visitors is, to climb up to the top of this cone, and slide down again on a tobogin. They descend at an astonishing pace, keeping their course by steering with light touches of their hands; the unskilful get ridiculous tumbles in attempting this feat: numbers of little Canadian boys are always in attendance, and generally accompany the stranger in his descent. A short distance to the right is another heap of ice, on a smaller scale, called the ladies' cone. The fair sliders seat themselves on the front of the tobogin, with their feet resting against the turned-up part of it: the gentlemen who guide them sit behind, and away they go, like lightning, not unfrequently upsetting, and rolling down to the bottom. The little boys in attendance carry the tobogin up again, the ladies and their cavaliers re-ascend on foot, and continue the amusement sometimes for hours together.

The party were in high glee, determined to enjoy themselves; they tobogined, slid, and trudged about merrily in the deep dry snow. The servants spread out the buffalo robes, carpet fashion, on the snow, and arranged the plates of sandwiches, with glasses, and bottles, on one of the carioles, for a side-board. When the young people had had enough of their amusements, they re-assembled, seated themselves on the buffalo robes, and the champagne and sandwiches went round.

Though the thermometer was below zero, we did not feel the slightest unpleasant effect of cold; there was no wind, and we were very warmly clad; I have often felt more chilly in an English drawing-room. It is true that the ladies carried their sandwich or their glass of wine to their pretty lips in long fur gauntlets, through half-a-dozen folds of a boa, but their eyes sparkled the brighter, and their laugh sounded the merrier, in the cold brisk air, while their dresses sparkled with icicles, and the little fur boots were white with snow. There was a great deal of noise and merriment, with some singing, and much uneasiness on the part of the elders lest we should be too late for a large dinner party to which we were engaged for that evening; so we broke up our lively encampment, and drove home.

Over the snowy plain of the river, the bold headland of Quebec stood out magnificently. The metal spires and domes of the town shone in the red light of the setting sun; the sharp, distinct lines of the fortifications on the

summit, with the flag of dear Old England over all: and, through her wide dominion, that flag waves over no lovelier land.

The hour of dinner, and the arrangements of the table, are the same as in England. Some of the official people and the wealthy merchants, entertain very handsomely; the *cuisine* and wines are good, and the markets supply a fair extent of luxuries. Formal dinners are seldom graced by the presence of the younger ladies; they generally defer their appearance till tea-time, in the drawing-room; where, joined by a few of the dancing gentlemen and some young officers, they get up a quadrille or a waltz; music is not much cultivated, except as an assistant to the dancing. The French Canadians are very fond of cards; round games are often introduced at their evening parties, and some even of the younger ladies can play a capital rubber of whist. Small plays, as in England, are also frequently introduced, to vary the amusements.

The young people often form large parties for snow-shoeing excursions; they walk eight or ten miles without fatigue, and the awkwardness and tumbles of those not accustomed to the exercise are a constant source of mirth. A man's snow shoe is about a yard long, by a little more than a foot wide in the centre; to the front, rather of an oval shape, behind, narrowing to a point. The frame is a thin piece of ash, bent into this shape, and strung with light strips of moose-skin, in the manner of a racquet or battle-door, but of so close a net, that when pressed upon the softest snow it sinks but little into the surface. The foot is covered with a slipper or moccasin of moose leather, attached by the point to the snow shoe with straps of the same material, leaving the heel free to rise or fall with the motion of walking. The exercise is fatiguing to those who are not accustomed to it, but the elastic spring of the snow shoe lifts you along at a more rapid pace than the usual one of walking. The ladies' snow shoes are made much lighter and smaller than those for men, and usually gaily ornamented with tassels of coloured worsted. Their moccasins are made to fit very smartly, and are decked with elaborate embroidery of stained moose-hair and beads, the handiwork of the Indian squaws.

The party takes a straight line across country, up and down hill, through bush and brake, stepping, without effort, over the tops of tall fences scarcely seen above the deep drifts. Many of the ladies walk with great ease and more grace than would be thought possible with such appendages, their light weight scarcely making an impression on the smooth surface of the snow: they slide gallantly down the

steep hills, and run nimbly up them again, often faster than their unpractised cavaliers can follow them.

Some years ago, three English ladies, with their husbands, officers of the garrison, walked off into the "bush" on snow shoes, made a caban in the snow, encamped, passed two nights in complete Indian style, and were highly delighted with their excursion. A worthy, matter-of-fact old gentleman, who lived near the place where they encamped, was greatly distressed afterwards to hear of the hardships they had gone through, and hastened to tell them that, had he known that they were there, he could have given them all beds in his house.

When the ice "takes" on the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec, forming a bridge across, there is always a grand jubilee; thousands of people are seen sleighing, sliding, and skating about in all directions. This bridge forms about once in five years, generally two years in succession, not necessarily in the severest winters, but if at low or high tide the weather be very calm and the frost intense for that brief period, it takes across in *glare ice*, and usually remains solid till the beginning of May. Ice-boats come into play on these occasions: the boats are fixed on a triangular frame, with runners, like those of skates, at each corner; they are propelled by sails, sometimes at the rate of twenty miles an hour; they can sail very close on a wind, and tack with great facility; a pole, with a spike at the end, being made to act as a rudder.

The canoe-men employed during the winter at the ferry, use their utmost endeavours to break up the ice when there is an appearance of its forming a bridge, as by it they are deprived of their occupation. In common winters, the river is full of huge fields of floating ice in the main channel, carried rapidly backwards and forwards with the ebb and flow of the tide; sometimes these are hundreds of acres in extent, and strong enough to support a city, crashing against each other, as they move, with a roar like thunder. Crossing the river at this time appears very perilous, but is rarely or never attended with danger; the passenger, wrapped up in buffalo robes, lies down in one end of a long canoe, formed of a solid piece of timber, worked with broad paddles by five or six men; they push boldly out into the stream, twisting and turning through the labyrinth of ice till they reach a piece too large to circumnavigate; they run against this, jump out on it, and start along, hauling the canoe after them over the floating bridge; when it is passed, the canoe is launched again, and so on till they reach the opposite shore. They are occasionally carried a long distance up or

down the river with the tide, when the ice-fields are very numerous, and are two or three hours in crossing.

From the great dryness of the climate, very little inconvenience is felt from any degree of cold when unaccompanied with wind; but this—which, however, very rarely happens—is almost intolerable. One Sunday during the winter, when the thermometer was at thirty degrees below zero, and a high wind blowing at the same time, the effect, in many respects, was not unlike that of intense heat; the sky was very red about the setting sun, and deep blue elsewhere; the earth and river were covered with a thin haze, and the tin roofs and spires, and the new snow, shone with almost unnatural brightness: dogs went mad from the cold and want of water, metal exposed to the air blistered the hand as if it had come out of a fire: no one went out of doors, but from necessity, and those who did, hurried along with their fur-gloved hands over their faces, as if to guard against an atmosphere infected with the plague; for, as the icy wind touched the skin it scorched it like a blaze. But such a day as this occurs only once in many years. Within a mile of Quebec I have known the thermometer down to thirty-eight degrees below zero, but there was no motion in the air, and the effect was quickening and exhilarating.

A small fire, which consumed a couple of houses, took place on one of these extremely cold nights; the struggle between the two powers was very curious, the flames raged with fury in the still air, but did not melt the hard thick snow on the roof of the house, till it fell into the burning ruins. The water froze in the engines; some hot water was then obtained to set them going again, and, as the stream hissed off the fiery rafters, the particles fell frozen into the flames below; there was snow three feet deep outside the walls, while within, everything was burning.

For about three weeks after Christmas, immense numbers of little fish, about four inches in length, called "tommycoda," come up the St. Lawrence and St. Charles; for the purpose of catching these, long, narrow holes are cut in the ice, with comfortable wooden houses, well warmed by stoves, erected over them. Many merry parties are formed, to spend the evening fishing in these places; benches are arranged on either side of the hole, with planks to keep the feet off the ice; a dozen or so of ladies and gentlemen occupy these seats, each with a short line, hook, and bait, lowered through the aperture below into the dark river. The poor little tommycoda, attracted by the lights and air, assemble in myriads underneath, pounce eagerly on the bait, announce their presence by a very faint tug, and are transferred immediately to the

fashionable assembly above. Two or three Canadian boys attend to convey them from the hook to the basket, and to arrange invitations for more of them by putting on bait. As the fishing proceeds, sandwiches and hot negus are handed about, and songs and chat assist to pass the time away. Presently, plates of the dainty little fish, fried as soon as caught, are passed round as the reward of the piscatorial labours. The young people of the party vary the amusement by walking about in the bright moonlight, sliding over the patches of glare ice, and visiting other friends in neighbouring cabans; for, while the tommycod season lasts, there is quite a village of these little fishing-houses on the river St. Charles.

On New-Year's day it is the custom for gentlemen to visit every one of their acquaintances, whether slightly or intimately known. It is very common too for strangers, at that time, to call with some friend, who introduces them; and many people who have been on cool terms during the year, meet on this occasion and become reconciled. The ladies of the house sit in state to receive the calls, and do the honours of the cake and liqueurs on the side table; the visits are, of course, very short,—merely a shake of the hand, and compliments of the season, for some people have to pay, perhaps, a hundred in the day; but it is a friendly custom, and not unproductive of good feeling and kindness.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### MOOSE HUNTING.

At the end of February, the Captain and I started on a moose-hunting expedition. We had arranged that four Indians should meet us at St. Anne's, about sixty miles from Quebec, to the north-west, on the extreme verge of the inhabited districts. Jacques, the chief of the hunters, was to join us at Lorette, and guide us in our route.

We travelled in a low cariole, drawn by a couple of stout horses, tandem: a smaller sleigh with one horse and containing our guns and camp stores, followed us. Wrapped up in our blanket-coats and buffalo skins, we felt but little inconvenience from the wind, which came sweeping up the road, bearing clouds of sleet and drift. Day dawned as we passed out through the silent suburb of St. Valièr; the streets looked lonely and desolate, no one was yet stirring, and the snow during the night had obliterated all traces of the day before. As far as Lorette we had a broad, well-hardened track, but occasionally much encumbered with

drifts; an hour carried us there, and Jacques was in waiting to receive us. He immediately asked for something to drink, which we unwisely granted, for he soon grew very troublesome and loquacious, taking his place rather unsteadily in the luggage sleigh; whenever we stopped he demanded more liquor, but was refused; he begged that some of his wages for the expedition might be advanced; he assured us that he was a man of honour, and insinuated that we were by no means of a convivial temperament. In a short time he managed, in spite of us, to become intoxicated to such a degree that we threatened to leave him behind; but he had just sense enough left to lie down in the sleigh and sleep the greater part of the journey. Once these wretched creatures taste "firewater," they have no restraint over themselves, and would give anything they possess, or risk their lives, for more.

The country we passed through for some distance on either side of the road was cleared, but beyond that lay everywhere "the bush." We crossed many streams half frozen over, where the waters rushed along through narrow channels in the ice, and tumbled over large transparent blocks accumulated at the bends. The white snow over the undulating ground, and the black lines of the hills and forests, gave the effect of an etching to the beautiful scene. In summer, when decked in nature's varied colouring, this is a lovely land.

The snow began to fall heavily and fast, and the roads became narrow and deep; every here and there we met sleighs laden with wood or corn, driven by *habitans*; when there is not room on the track to pass, they pull their horses to the very edge on their side; the sleigh sinks down into the soft snow, which is five feet deep; by hanging on with all their might, they keep it from upsetting; then our driver forces his horses past—the sleighs come in contact—ours, the lighter of the two, is pushed off the track; the horses slip into the soft snow, plunge out again, and, with loud "*sacré*" and "*marche donc*," from the driver, and struggling and balancing on our part, we pass by. Sometimes, however, the collision ends by both conveyances and their contents being upset and plunged into the snow, where we, wrapped up in our robes, and convulsed with laughter, remain quite as inactive as the sacks of corn in the opposing sleigh.

About nightfall we arrived at a miserable hamlet, some ten miles from our journey's end, and stopped at the George Inn (a log hut) for some little time, to rest our tired horses. This establishment contained only a bar and a sleeping-room for the family. The proprietor was a Londoner, and spoke

light sleigh, made of plank scarcely thicker than the bark of a tree, and bent up in front like a prow; this, with a moderate burthen, is dragged by the Indians over the snow by a rope to the shoulder, with but little effort.

These tasks were soon accomplished; and, accompanied by the five horrible Indians and the pack of miserable dogs, we started. These Indians are a remnant of the Huron tribe, settled at Lorette, where they have a church, houses, and farms. They live, during the winter, by hunting, and such excursions as our own, for which they charge exorbitantly; in the summer they labour a little in their fields, make snow shoes and moccasins, and embroider with beads. They are not of pure blood: I believe there is only one of the tribe who is not partly of French-Canadian extraction. It is a sadly degenerate race, cringing, covetous, drunken, dissipated, gluttonous, and filthy. They are even losing their skill in the chase—the only advantage they possess. But little darker than the Canadians in complexion, their hair is much coarser, and they have a savage and sensual expression peculiar to themselves. Their dress is the blanket coat and coloured sash, blanket leggings, moccasins of moose-skin, and a red or blue woollen cap. They take no other clothing with them into the bush in the coldest weather. With their snow-shoes loosely tied on, and their tobogin dragged from over the shoulder, they can get over a long journey without fatigue.

Our blankets, buffalo robes, and other necessities, made up rather a heavy burthen; they were left with three of the Indians, to be drawn leisurely after us, while we, with the others, went ahead in our snow shoes. We were very lightly clad for the journey; the exercise keeps the traveller quite warm enough in any weather.

It was a glorious morning! The sun shone out brightly as in midsummer, but clear and cold. Over the open space of the little settlement where we had passed the night, the now white snow lay like silver sand, glittering radiantly; from the wind of the day before, it was in tiny waves, like the sea shore when the rippling waters of the ebb-tide have left it dry. The morning was perfectly still, the snow of yesterday lay thick and heavy on the firs and pines, unstirred by the slightest motion of the wind, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Though one of the extremely cold days, there was nothing painful in the sensation; the air was thin and pure as on a mountain top: everything was bright and cheerful: the fresh snow, crisped by the severe frost, supported the snow shoe on its very surface, while we felt light and vigorous, and capable of unusual exertion.

There was no track, but the Indians steered for a huge old pine tree at the end of the clearing, on the verge of the forest;

here all signs of human industry ended. We stopped for a few minutes under its branches to look behind us on the abodes of men. "Now, we are in the 'bush,'" said our guide.

From thence to the North Pole, lay the desert.

We strode on for several hours under the pine-trees, on level ground, at length stopping to breathe at the foot of a hill. The Indians trampled down the snow for a resting-place, made a seat of sapins—the tops of fir-trees, and brought us deliciously cold and pure water from a stream close by; we heard its murmur distinctly in the silence of the woods, but could not see the little brook for some time; it was bridged over with ice and snow five feet deep, and only here and there, where there was a miniature cascade, was there an opening.

At noon we started again: three more hours of walking over an undulating country brought us to a small river, near which we determined to pass the night. Latterly our progress had been very fatiguing, the underwood was thick and rose over the five feet of snow; being unpractised, we tripped occasionally over the branches and tumbled;—the struggle up again was no easy matter.

In making a caban for the night, the Indians took off their snow shoes and used them to shovel out in the snow a chamber, about twenty feet in length by twelve in width; throwing the contents up so as to build a wall round it. They next cut some young fir-trees and arranged them leaning against each other as rafters, to form a roof; cross branches were laid over these, and a ceiling of birch-bark, which is here like broad pieces of leather, completed this portion. An opening on one side was left for a door, and the centre of the roof, uncovered, was the chimney; two large fresh logs were laid across the middle of the caban, on which was lighted a pile of dry wood. The arrangement of the inside was a line of pillows, formed of snow, at both ends of the hut; our feet were to be close to the fire, half the party lying on either side of it. Sapins made up a soft couch on the cold floor, and buffalo-robcs were our bed-clothes.

When these luxurious arrangements were finished, we went to the river, carrying an axe, fishing-lines, and bait; cleared a part of the ice with our snow-shoes, and with the axe cut a hole in it, about a foot square, down to the water. The admission of the fresh air evidently gave the unfortunate trout an appetite, for, as fast as the line was put down, one of them pounced on the bait and found his way to our basket, where he was immediately frozen to death; when he reappeared, to be cooked, he was as hard as if he had been



salted and packed for six months. We soon got tired of this diversion, and returned to our lodging.

The Indians had cut firewood for the night, and were busy piling it at the door; a large kettle, hung from the rafters by a rope made of green branches, and filled with a savoury mess of pork, peas, and biscuit, was boiling over the fire; a smaller one sang merrily by its side, with a fragrant brew of tea. The caban was warm, and, with the robes spread out, looked very comfortable: loops of birch-bark in the clefts of two sticks stuck in the snow served as candlesticks; our valuables, including the brandy bottle, were placed in a leathern bag at the head of our sofa, and carefully locked up.

We ate a few of the trout, and tasted the Indian's mess, but our main dependence was on one of the cases of preserved meats, of which we had laid in a stock for the expedition. We had boiled it carefully in water according to the directions, and one of the Indians opened it with an axe; we were ravenously hungry, each armed with a plate for the attack, but, to our great disappointment, such odours issued from it that even the Indians threw it away in disgust. We richly deserved this, for attempting such luxury in the "bush."

The Indians all knelt in prayer for some time, before going to sleep; each producing his rosary, and repeating his devotions in a low, monotonous voice. The unfortunate dogs, to make them more savage against the moose, had not been allowed to eat anything; nor to come near the fire, perhaps to make them hotter in the chase; they all kept prowling about outside in the snow, occasionally putting their heads into the caban for a moment, with a longing look. When, during the Indians' devotions, they found so long a silence, they began stealthily to creep in, one by one, and seat themselves round the fire. One, unluckily, touched the heel of the apparently most devout among the Indians, who turned round, highly enraged, to eject the intruder; he had a short pipe in his teeth, while he showered a volley of French oaths at the dog, and kicked him out; when this was accomplished he took a long pull at his pipe, and resumed his devotions.

About midnight I awoke, fancying that some strong hand was grasping my shoulders;—it was the cold. The fire blazed away brightly, so close to our feet that it singed our robes and blankets; but, at our heads, diluted spirits froze, into a solid mass. We were very warmly clothed, and packed up for the night, but I never knew what cold was till then.

As I lay awake, I stared up at the sky through the open

roof; the moon seemed larger and her light purer than I had ever before seen; her pale solemn face looked down on the frozen earth, through the profound stillness of the night, like a presence. The bright stars stood out boldly in the sky, throwing back their lustre into the infinite space beyond, where man's feeble vision is lost in boundless depths. Overhead, the bare branches of the forest trees wove their delicate tracery against the blue vault, softening but not impeding the view of its glorious illumination. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of these winter nights in Canada.

The cold was, indeed, intense; my hand, exposed for a moment in wrapping the buffalo-robe closer round me, was seized as in a vice, and chilled in a moment. I wrapped a blanket round my head, and my breath froze on it into a solid lump of ice. The flame of the fire burned blue in the frosty air; and, though it was still very powerful, the snow not a foot away from it was crisp and hard.

Soon after daybreak we were on our way again. This day's journey was through a rugged and mountainous country; in many places the way was so steep that we had to drag ourselves up the sharp hills by the branches and underwood. When we came to a descent, we sat down on the snow-shoes, holding them together behind, and skating along with great velocity, often meeting some obstruction in the way and rolling over and over to the bottom; there we lay buried in the snow, till, with ludicrous difficulty, we struggled out again.

About once in an hour we stopped by some turbulent little stream, scarcely seen in the snow, to drink and rest for a brief space. The Indians took it in turn to go in front and "make track," this being the most fatiguing province; they all steered with unerring accuracy, apparently by an instinct: through the sameness of the forest, they only, can trace the difficult route.

After about eighteen miles' journey, we struck on another frozen river; the guide turned down its bed about a hundred yards to the west, then threw his burden aside and told us we were at the place for stopping that night, and within two miles of the "Ravage," or moose-yard, of which we were in search.

These animals sometimes remain in the same *ravage* for weeks together, till they have completely bared the trees of bark and young branches, and then they only move away far enough to obtain a fresh supply; from this lazy life they become, at this time of the year, very fat. Our caban was formed, and the evening passed much as the preceding one but that the cold was not so severe. Having worn off the

novelty of the situation, we composed ourselves quietly to read for some time, and after that, slept very soundly.

The morning was close and lowering, and the snow began to fall thickly when we started for the *ravage* with four of the Indians and all the dogs; the fresh-falling snow on our snow-shoes made the walking very heavy; it was also shaken down upon us from the branches above, when we happened to touch them, and, soon melting, wetted us. The temperature being unusually high that day, in a short time the locks of our guns were the only things dry about us. The excitement, however, kept us warm, for we saw occasionally the deep track of the moose in the snow, and the marks of their teeth on the bark and branches of the trees. These symptoms became more apparent as we approached the bottom of a high, steep hill; the dogs were sent on ahead, and in a few minutes all gave tongue furiously, in every variety of currish yelp. By this time the snow had ceased falling, and we were able to see some distance in front.

We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow-shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a standstill, and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs still at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third: at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on, but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure fresh snow showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down hill through very thick "bush" and could not see him, but his panting, and crashing through the underwood, were plainly heard. In several places the snow was deeply ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion but again struggled gallantly out, and made another effort for life.

On, on, the branches smash and rattle, but, just ahead of us, the panting is louder and closer, the track red with blood; the hungry dogs howl and yell almost under our feet. On, on, through the deep snow, among the rugged rocks and the tall pines we hasten, breathless and eager. Swinging round a

close thicket, we open in a swampy valley with a few patriarchal trees rising from it, bare of branches to a hundred feet in height; in the centre stands the moose, facing us; his failing limbs refuse to carry him any farther through the choking drifts: the dogs press upon him: wherever his proud head turns, they fly away yelling with terror, but with grinning teeth and hungry eyes rush at him from behind.

He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost imploringly, upon me as I approached. He made no further effort to escape or resist; I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow-shoes would have tripped me up, to a certainty, so I thought it wiser to stand still; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel, he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over into the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him, nor would even the Indians; they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death; then we approached and stood over our fallen foe.

When the excitement which had touched the savage chord of love of destruction, to be found in every nature, was over, I felt ashamed, guilty, self-condemned, like a murderer: the snow defiled with the red stain; the meek eye, a few moments before bright with healthy life, now a mere filmy ball; the vile dogs, that had not dared to touch him while alive, licked up the stream of blood, and fastened on his heels. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself, and with the tame and cruel sport.

The Indians knocked down a decayed tree, rubbed up some of the dry bark in their hands, applied a match to it, and in a few minutes made a splendid fire close by the dead moose; a small space was trampled down, the sapins laid as usual, for a seat, from whence I inspected the skinning and cutting up of the carcass; a part of the proceeding which occupied nearly two hours. The hide and the most valuable parts were packed on the tobogins, and the remnant of the noble brute was left for the wolves: we then returned to the caban.

The Indians were very anxious that I should go in pursuit of the third moose, which I positively declined, partly because I was very tired, and partly because I would have gone twice the distance to avoid such another murder. The

Captain arrived in about an hour; he had also killed his moose, but after a much longer chase. The kidney and marrow were cooked for supper, and the remainder, except what the dogs got, was buried in the snow; the craven brutes ate and fought till they could no longer growl, and then laid down torpidly outside to sleep.

That night there was a thaw; our snow roof melted, and the water continued dropping on us till we were thoroughly wet and uncomfortable. In the place where we were encamped there was a great number of birch and pine trees; at this time of the year the former are covered with loose bark, hanging in shreds over trunk and branches: this is highly inflammable, burning with a bright red flame, and a smell like camphor; the Indians, by rolling it up tightly, make torches, which give a strong and lasting light. We determined on an illumination with these materials, to celebrate the events of the day; and, when the night fell, dark as pitch, we seized torches, made the Indians do the same, and started off in different directions through the wood, firing all the birch-trees at the stem, as we passed. I do not think I ever saw a more splendid sight than our labours produced; fifty or sixty large trees, in a circle of a quarter of a mile, each with a blaze of red light running up from the trunk to the loftiest branches, twisting through the gloomy tops of the fir-trees, and falling off in flakes, spinning round in the air, and lighting up the white snow beneath the dark arches of the forest, and the darker sky above. We wandered away still further and further, still spreading our glorious illumination, till the voices of the Indians sounded faint in the distance. The fires immediately about the caban had burned out, and were succeeded by a darkness more profound than before, and we had no small difficulty, and some anxiety, before we again reached it. In this lonely desert we destroyed, without remorse, dozens of magnificent trees, each of which would have been the pride of an English park. We were two days' journey from the haunts of men; for years, perhaps, no human foot may tread these wilds again;—for ages none seek them as a residence.

The Indians ate enormously, indeed, till they were stupefied, and then smoked, prayed, and slept. That grinning villain, Jacques, intrigued zealously to get hold of the brandy-bottle, but we were too wise for him, so the wretch sucked a couple more marrow-bones, and became torpid: as the leader of the hunters, he honoured us with his company at our side of the caban, the Captain and I taking it in turn to sleep next him. There was a little wind during the night, and the smoke of the green wood which we were burning, became almost intolerable; it caused our eyes to smart

severely, and there was no escape from it, for it blew about in volumes till morning, and was far more disagreeable than the cold of the first encampment. The moose-meat had transported the Indians to the land of dreams, and rendered them indifferent to that or any other annoyance.

Jacques was very anxious that we should proceed in search of more moose the following day; but we had had quite enough of the sport and of his company, and determined to return. The baggage was repacked, the spoil dug up and put on tobogins, and we "made track" for Quebec.

About halfway on our first day's journey, the dogs, now somewhat recovered from the effects of the last night's repletion, rushed up a hill near us, barking in rather a plethoric tone; there was a rattling of branches, and the next moment some half-dozen Cariboo, or rein-deer, went by us at a gallop, about a hundred yards ahead. Shots from both our double barrels rang through the woods, and so did the crashing of the underwood, as the uninjured herd vanished in the bush. It was useless to think of pursuing them, for their light feet sank but little in the surface of the snow, hardened by frost after the thaw of the night before, and they went by us like the wind. This adventure shortened the road, and we put up at the same caban where we had slept the first night, lodgings being still vacant; but we had some work in shovelling out the snow which had since fallen. Two or three chattering birds like magpies, called by the Indians "moose-birds," perched on the trees over us, and made frequent forays on the tobogin where the meat lay, but the dogs very properly drove them away. We fired at them repeatedly, but they hopped up as the bullet chopped off the branch on which they were perched, and lighted on another, screaming and chattering worse than ever. The next morning we made a very early start, reached Monsieur Boivin's before noon, and got into our sleigh as soon as possible.

The *mouffle* of the moose, which we carried with us, is esteemed a great luxury in Canada, and very justly so; it is the upper lip or nose of the animal, which grows to a great size, and is almost as rich as turtle; many think that the soup made from it has a higher flavour. The legs and feet were sent to the squaws to be ornamented with stained hair and beadwork, and preserved as trophies of the achievements of the pale warriors; the rest of the animal is the perquisite of the Indians.

The roads were much better on our return, but we were astounded when we saw by daylight the place by the precipice, where we had been upset a few nights before. It was dark long before we reached Quebec. Our driver took the

wrong road of two, which parted in a fork, separated by a high, stiff wooden fence, with the top but just visible over the snow; before we had gone far we fortunately met a *habitan*, who told us of our mistake. The road was too narrow to turn. Our driver first cried like a child, then suddenly taking courage, *sacréd* furiously, and, seizing the leader by the head, turned him into the deep snow, towards the right road: a few seconds of plunging, kicking, and shouting—a crash of the fence—and we were all landed on the other road; the sleigh on its side, the horses on their backs, and the driver on his head. The confusion was soon corrected, and by ten at night we passed under the battlements, into the gates of Quebec.

It would be vain to attempt describing the happiness conferred by soap and water, razors and brushes, and a clean bed in a moderate temperature, after six days' deprivation of their good offices. The conclusion which we arrived at with regard to this expedition was, that the greatest pleasure derivable therefrom, consisted in having it over. The next time I renew my acquaintance with moose, the Zoological Gardens shall be my "ravage," an omnibus bear me instead of snow-shoes, and my Club shall be my caban. The winter life in the "bush" is well worth seeing, as a new experience; but as to the sport of moose-hunting—a day with "The Cheshire" is as superior to it, as were the Uncas and Chingachgook of the American novelist, to the drunken and degenerate savages of Lorette.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONVENT—THE MADHOUSE.

DURING a winter visit to one of the Canadian towns, an opportunity offered of my seeing the ceremony of the taking the black veil, by two novices in a neighbouring convent. I was awakened long before daylight, and, in due time, tramping through the deep snow on my way to the place. There had been a gale during the night, the low wooden houses by the roadside were nearly covered to the roofs in the heavy drifts; at the corner of each street gusts of wind whirled round showers of sharp, keen *poudre*, each morsel of which wounded the face like the sting of a venomous fly, and chilled the very blood. The clouds were close and murky, and the dreariest hour of the twenty-four, that just before the dawn, was made even more dismal by the cold glare of the new-fallen snow.

A large, white, irregular structure stood on an open space

in a remote part of the suburbs, surrounded by a high wall, with massive gates. Over the entrance were two dim lamps, their sickly flames hardly struggling against the wind for the little life and light they possessed; they, however, guided me, and, passing through a wicket door, I mounted the steps of the chapel, which lay within, to the right hand. On the altar seven tall tapers were burning, and round it many others cast a brilliant light. The end of the building where it stood was railed in, the other parts were in comparative darkness. Near the door ten or twelve spectators were standing; some of them were relations of the postulants, but they appeared not to be much interested in, or moved by, the ceremony.

On the right side of the chancel was a return nearly as large as the body of the chapel, separated from it by a grating of diagonal bars of wood, like the lattice-work of cottage windows. This return was appropriated to the devotions of the nuns, who were of a very austere order; they were never allowed beyond the walls, or to see or hear the people of the outer world, save through these bars. I got a place on the steps of the pulpit, nearly opposite to the grating, and patiently awaited the solemn scene.

When the hazy beam of the sun mingled itself with the light of the flaming tapers, the Bishop, in a robe stiff with gold, and covered with the insignia of his holy office, entered the chancel by the private door; two boys preceded him, swinging censers of burning incense, and chanting in a low, monotonous voice. Six priests followed in his train, their heads meekly bowed, their arms folded on their chests, and each in turn prostrating himself before the cross. High mass was then performed with all its imposing ceremony—distant, unseen choirs joining, from the interior of the convent. As the sound of the bell which announces the elevation of the Host ceases, the folding doors within the grating of the return are thrown open, and the postulants enter with a measured step. They are clothed from head to foot in white, and chaplets of white roses are wreathed in their hair. Sixty nuns, two and two, follow in solemn procession, covered with black robes; each bears a lighted taper, and an open book of prayer in her hands. As they enter, they chant the hymn to the Virgin, and range themselves along the walls, thirty of a side; their voices swelling like a moaning wind, and echoing sadly from the vaulted roof.

The two postulants advance up the centre of the return, near to the grating, bow to the host, and are exhorted by the Bishop; while he speaks they sink on their knees, and remain still. Four sisters carry in the veil, a pall of crape and velvet. While they bear it round, each nun bends to the



ground as it passes; it is then placed near the postulants, and the priests perform a service like that of the burial of the dead. The thirty dark statues on either side give the responses in a fixed key of intensely mournful intonation, unlike the voice of living woman. I almost fancy those sombre figures are but some piece of cunningly contrived machinery. But, under each black shroud, there throbs a human heart. School them as you may—crush every tender yearning the young bosom feels—break the elastic spirit—chase love, and hope, and happiness from the sacred temple of the mind, and haunt its deserted halls with superstition's ghosts—bury them in the convent's gloomy walls, where the dull round of life scarce rises above somnambulism—still, still under each black shroud will throb the human heart.

The postulants receive the sacrament, then, one rises, advances close to the grating, and kneels down before a small open lattice; she throws aside her veil; and, looking calmly at the Host which the Bishop holds before her eyes, repeats the vows after his dictation, in a quiet, indifferent tone. Hers is a pale, sickly, vacant countenance; no experience of joy or sorrow has traced it with lines of thought. Of weak intellect, bred up from infancy within these walls, hers seems no change, no sacrifice; it is only like putting chains upon a corpse. Two of the dark sisters stand behind her; as the last vow is spoken the white veil is lifted from her head, and the black shroud thrown over her.

The second now comes forward: she is on her knees, her face uncovered. How white it is! white as the new-fallen snow outside. She is young, has seen perhaps, some one-and-twenty years, but they have treated her very roughly: where the seeds of woe were sown, the harvest of despair is plentiful—stamped on every feature. And the voice—I never can forget that voice—there was no faltering; it was high and clear as the sound of a silver bell; but oh, how desolate, as it spoke the farewell to the world! It is over—the symbol of her sacrifice covers her; she sinks down; there seems but a heap of dark drapery on the ground, but it quivers convulsively.

The pealing organ, and the chorus of cold sad voices, drown the sobs, but under the black shroud there throbs the human heart, as if that heart would break.

After the *Te Deum* has been sung, the Bishop delivers an address, in an earnest and eloquent manner, summing up the duties the veil imposes, and praying for Heaven's holiest blessing on this day's offering. The two devoted ones rise, walk slowly to the first nun, make a lowly obeisance, then kiss her forehead, and so on with all in

succession; each, as she receives the new-comer's greeting, saying,—“Welcome, sister.”

Then, by the same door by which they had entered, they go out two and two, the youngest last, and we see them no more.

Farewell, sister!

I have since been told the supposed cause of the last of these two novices taking the veil: though it is but a commonplace story, it is not without interest to me, who saw her face that day. If you care to know it, it is as follows. Her father was a merchant of English descent. Her mother, a French-Canadian, had died many years previously, leaving her and two younger daughters, who were brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. She devoted all her time and interest to give her little sisters whatever of accomplishments and education she had herself been able to attain. Her face was very pleasing, though not beautiful; her figure light and graceful; and she possessed that winning charm of manner with which her mother's race is so richly gifted.

Her father was occupied all day long with his business; when he returned home of an evening, it was only to sleep in an old arm-chair by the fireside. She had no companions, and was too much busied with her teaching and household affairs to mix much in the gaieties of the adjoining town, but she was always sought for; besides her good, kind heart, winning ways, and cheerful spirit, an aunt of her father's had left her a little fortune, and she was looked on quite as an heiress in the neighbourhood. The young gentlemen always tried to appear to their greatest advantage in her presence, and to make themselves as agreeable as possible. She was, perhaps, the least degree spoilt by this, and sometimes tossed her little head, and shook her long black ringlets quite haughtily; but every one that knew her, high and low, liked her in spite of that, and she deserved it.

About four years ago, at a small party given by one of her friends, she met, among other guests, the officers of the Infantry regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. All were acquaintances except one, who had only a few days before arrived from England. He did not seem inclined to enter into the gaieties of the evening, and did not dance till near the close, when he got introduced to her. As soon as the set was over, he sat talking with her for a little time, and then took his leave of the party. She was flattered at being the only person whose acquaintance the new-comer had sought, and struck by the peculiarity of his manner

and conversation. A day or two afterwards he called at her house; she was at home, and alone. A couple of hours passed quickly away, and, when they bid good evening, she was surprised to find it was so late. After that day the acquaintance progressed rapidly.

He was about six or seven and twenty years of age, the only son of a northern squire, of considerable estate, but utterly ruined fortunes. His father had, however, always managed to conceal the state of affairs from him till a few months previously, when an accidental circumstance caused it to reach his ears. Without his father's knowledge, he at once exchanged from the regiment of Hussars in which he then was, to an Infantry corps, met the most pressing claims with the few thousand pounds this sacrifice placed at his disposal, and went home for a few days to take leave of his parents before joining his new regiment in Canada. At first they were inconsolable at the idea of parting with him, even for this short time; for all their love, and pride, and hope, were centred in their son, and he, in return, was devotedly attached to them. Soon, however, they were persuaded of the wisdom of what he had done; and, deeply gratified by this proof of his affection, with many an earnest blessing they bade him farewell.

Of an ancient and honoured family, he bore the stamp of gentle birth on every limb and feature. His mind was strong, clear, and highly cultivated; his polished manner only sufficiently cold and reserved to make its relaxation the more pleasing. In early life he had joined in the wild pursuits, and even faults, which indulgent custom tolerates in the favoured classes; but still, through all, retained an almost feminine refinement and sensibility, and a generous unselfishness, sad to say, so seldom united with the hard but useful knowledge of the world. Though rather of a silent habit, when he spoke, his conversation was always interesting, often brilliant. Such was her new acquaintance.

Poor child, in her short life she had never seen any one like him before: she was proud and happy that he noticed her; he was so much older than herself, so stately and thoughtful, and he spoke so beautifully. She was rather afraid of him at first, but that soon wore away; she fancied that she was growing wiser and more like him; she knew she was growing nearer, nearer; fear brightened into admiration, admiration warmed into love. Without a mother, or grown-up sister, or intimate friend to tell this to, she kept it all to herself, and it grew a stronger and greater tyrant every day, and she a more submissive slave. He now called at the house very often, and whenever there was a country driving party, he was her companion: in the ball-room, or

riding, or walking, they were constantly together: it was the custom of the country—no one thought it strange.

So passed away the winter: in summer the regiment was to return to England, but he had become much attached to the simple Canadian girl. Her confidence in him, her undisguised preference, joined with a purity that could not be mistaken, won upon him irresistibly. He saw that her mind was being strengthened and developed under his influence;—that she did her utmost to improve herself and enrich the gift of a heart already freely, wholly given: he felt that he was essential to her happiness: he fancied she was so to his. They had no secrets from each other: he told her his prospects were ruined; that his father's very affection for him, he feared, would make him more inexorable in withholding sanction from a step that might impede his worldly advancement: that the difference of their religion would add greatly to the difficulty. His father's will had ever been his law: before it came to the old man's time to "go hence and be no more seen," it was his fondest wish in life to be blessed with a father's blessing, and to hear that he had never caused him a moment's anxiety or regret.

Then they sat down and consulted together, and he wrote to his parents, earnestly praying them to consent to his wishes for this union, appealing to their love for him, and using every argument and persuasion, to place it in the most favourable light. He doubted, and trembled for the reply. She doubted not. Poor child! She knew that in the narrow circle about her, she and her little fortune would be welcomed into any household; beyond that, she knew nothing of the world, its pride, its luxuries, its necessities: it was almost a pleasure to her to hear that he was poor, for she fancied her pittance would set him at ease. In short she *would* not doubt, and waited for the answer to the letter, merely as the confirmation of her happiness.

Weeks have passed away; the time of the departure of the regiment is close at hand, but the English post will be in-to-morrow. The delay has been a time of eager anxiety to him: of joyful anticipation for her. They agree to open the answer together. The post arrives. A heap of letters are laid on his table. He snatches up one, for he knows the handwriting well; it is a little imperfect, for the writer is an old man, but hard, firm, determined. He hastens to her house: they do not speak, but go out into the garden, and stop at the end of the walk on the little terrace.

The view over the broad rich valley is beautiful to-day: the young summer has painted earth in all her choicest colouring, but they do not observe it, they are looking on

the letter; he pale, almost trembling: she flushed with happy hope;—her tiny fingers break the seal.

The summer evening of her land has but little twilight: the sun, like a globe of fire, seems to drop from out the sky behind the earth, and leaves a sudden darkness.

So, as she read, set the sun of hope, but the night that fell upon her soul had never a morning.

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The Lunatic Asylum for Lower Canada has been lately established at Beaufort, five miles from Quebec. Three eminent medical men of this city have undertaken it, under charter from the provincial government, which makes an annual allowance for the support of the public patients. At present there are eighty-two under their care. The establishment consists of a large house, occupied by the able superintendent and his family, where, as a reward for good conduct, some of the convalescents are occasionally admitted. Behind this is a range of buildings forming two sides of a square, the remaining enclosure of the space being made with high palings. These structures stand in a commanding situation, with a beautiful view of Quebec, and the broad basin of the river. A farm of a hundred and sixty acres is attached to them.

The system of this excellent institution is founded on kindness. No force or coercion of any kind is employed; the patients are allowed to mix freely, work, or pursue whatever may be the bent of their inclinations. They dine together, at a well-supplied table. On one side of the dining-hall are the apartments of the female patients, on the other those of the males. They each consist of a large, well-ventilated room, scrupulously clean, with a number of sleeping-wards off it; over head is also a large sleeping-apartment.

In the morning-room of the female patients were about thirty women, as neatly clad as their dreadful affliction would allow of; many of them of every variety of hideously distorted frame and face. Some sat sewing quietly, with nothing uncommon in their appearance—at least as long as their eyes were fixed upon their work. Others crouched in corners, covering their haggard faces with their long bony fingers. Others moped about, grinning vacantly, and muttering unformed words; the unnatural shake of the head, the hollow receding forehead, the high cheek-bones, and diminutive lower jaw, betokening hopeless idiocy. Others again, hurried eagerly about all day long, seeking in every corner, with restless, anxious eyes, for some supposed lost treasure.

One tall, handsome girl, about twenty years of age, sat by

the window, looking fixedly on the ground, noticing nothing which passed around her. She was very neatly dressed, and looked so quiet, that at first I thought she was one of the nurses. When I spoke to her she answered me in rather a sullen tone, but with perfect composure; she did not even move her large black eyes as she spoke, but I could see that they were dull, like beads. I could not learn the histories of many of these patients; they had been sent here from various parts of the country, without any description, and in some cases not even named. This girl's madness was desponding; she was occasionally very dangerous when apparently convalescent, and had several times tried to destroy herself.

One idiot woman stood all the time with her face turned to the wall, in a corner. She was not dumb, but did not know how to speak. It is not known to what country she belonged, her name, or whence she came. She was found a long time ago wandering wild in the woods, part of her feet bitten off by the frost. She shuns human beings with terror; her inclination seems always to escape, and wander away again.

A jabbering maniac became violent while we were there, beating her bald head, grinding her long black teeth, and chuckling with a horrible, hyena laugh. Her small, sunken eyes burned like coals. One of the nurses took her by the arm and carried her down stairs, to be placed by herself; this is the greatest punishment inflicted. She instantly became subdued, cried, and begged to be allowed to remain above.

I asked a sad-looking old woman, who sat rocking herself to and fro on a chair, how long she had been in this place? She told me she had forgotten, years and years ago. The stronger patients are often very kind to the crippled and weak, carrying them about for hours in the sunshine; but the mad seem to have a great hatred and contempt for the idiots, and would often beat them, were they allowed.

Most of the men were out of doors at work, or picking oakum in the sheds. A fine-looking young fellow held my horse, sitting for more than an hour in the conveyance. He was considered one of the most trustworthy, having sense enough to know that he was mad; but for the awful stare of his eyes. I should not have noticed any peculiarity in his appearance or manner. While I was preparing to leave, about a dozen other male patients returned from their labour, accompanied by a keeper. As they passed, one of them was pointed out for my observation: a quiet, mild-looking man, about fifty years of age. Respectably connected, and formerly prosperous in the world, he had become

insane, had now for many years been in confinement, and was remarkable for gentleness and obedience. Some time ago, at an asylum at Montreal, while employed with another patient in cutting up wood, he seized an opportunity when his companion was stooping, and struck off the man's head with an axe; afterwards he quietly resumed his work. Neither before that time, nor ever since, has he been in the least violent; the deed seemed to cause him neither joy nor sorrow. He was quite unconscious that he had done anything unusual.

In summer, many of the patients are employed on the farm, or as builders and carpenters: an ice-house for their use has just been finished by one of them. Some of the convalescents are allowed occasionally to visit their friends, and always return punctually at the time appointed. With very few exceptions, music appears to cause them great pleasure, soothing, rather than exciting them. They often dance, and are very fond of the amusement. In the spring, when the navigation opens, they crowd round the windows, and gaze with delight at the ships sailing up the magnificent river, particularly those patients who have come from the old country; they seem to have a vague idea that these stately ships are brought here to bear them home.

Some of them talk a great deal to each other, but seldom get, or seem to expect, answers to what they say. It pleases them much to speak to visitors, and they then make an effort to tell what may be asked of them, but will not take these pains with their fellow-patients. It is not worth while; they know that they are mad.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIRE.

THE 28th of May, 1845, will long be remembered at Quebec. The day was scorching hot, with a high wind, and clouds of dust rushing along the roads, in exposed places spinning round and round in little whirlwinds, almost choking those who were caught in their vortex.

But this is the busy time of the year; the streets and shops are crowded, the river covered with floating rafts of timber. Every hour, ships of the spring fleet round Point Levy, and make their numbers, in coloured flags, to their joyful owners. Masons and carpenters are hard at work, building on the vacant spaces of the streets, or repairing the ruins from small winter conflagrations. Over the rich valley of the St. Charles the husbandmen ply the spade and

plough, and on the plains of Abraham a regiment of soldiers are skirmishing in loose and picturesque array. Everything around betokens life and activity. Sudden and harsh among these pleasant scenes, the bells of the churches of St. Roch ring out the well-known alarm of FIRE. It was a quarter of an hour before noon when the first peal sounded.

Shortly afterwards, from among the thick clouds of dust arose a thin column of white smoke, at the far end of the suburb of St. Vallière, under the steep cliff. At first but little attention was excited, it was so common an occurrence, and only a few firemen hastened to the spot. They found that a large tannery had taken fire. The fire had spread to some extent, and there was great difficulty in procuring water. Sparks, and now and then a flame, began to shoot up into the smoke, already thick and much increased. The locality is unfortunate, for all the buildings round are of wood; the population, too, chiefly of simple and unenergetic French-Canadians, is very dense.

The sparks are borne away on the wind—but for this wind all would yet be well—and they rest on the dry shingle roofs; however, numbers of people are at hand, perched on the tops of the houses, to protect them. For about an hour the progress is but small: a stout Englishman is seated on the building next to the tannery, and, though the wind blows the stifling smoke and the sparks into his face, he boldly keeps to his work, to save his little property. He spreads wet blankets upon the shingles, changing them in a minute or two when dry and scorched; and wherever the fire rests for a space, he is ready with a vessel of water.

But while this struggle is going on, a shout from the opposite side of the street proclaims that the fire has reached across, and the thickening smoke from above, shows that the houses on the cliff have also caught. At the same time, the blazing ruins of the tannery fall in with a heavy crash; smoke and flame burst out through the windows of the next house, and soon after, through the roof itself. The poor fellow who had kept it down so long, still struggles hard against it, and it is not till the ladder which he had ascended takes fire that, maimed and blackened, he comes down, and stands staring in despair at the progress of his ruin.

But this is no time to dwell on individual misery, for the flames increase rapidly, the wind still driving them fiercely on: sometimes they spread along the shingle roofs, at others work their way through the under stories of half-a-dozen houses unperceived, till, suddenly meeting with more combustible matter, they burst out above and at the windows. As the flames gain ground, they suck the wind down the



narrow streets in whirling eddies. Every here and there the burning frame-work of a house tumbles in, and a shower of fiery morsels rises in the air, then sweeps along with the intolerable dust and smoke, spreading the destruction still further.

A large district is now in a blaze; there is no water; fire-engines are useless; and besides, the case is past their aid. A number of soldiers with ropes and axes come rushing down the hill: they set stoutly to their work, and hack and tear down the houses nearest to the flames, thus making a gap in hope of stopping the communication. But the fire is lifted up by the wind, and leaps on into other streets, and fastens fiercely on its prey. Far away to leeward, the red plague bursts up through the wooden roofs and the planked roads; overhead, underfoot, on every side, it seems to close round the soldiers. They fall back from place to place, black with smoke and dust, but still struggling, almost against hope.

The inhabitants become frantic with terror; some rush into the flames on one side, in flying from them on the other; many madly carry about articles of furniture already on fire, spreading the mischief in places before untouched; others sit down in the helplessness of despair, and weep like children. The sick and infirm are carried off from the far distant parts of the town; carts and calèches filled with fugitives, and the few precious things they have been able to snatch away, dash along the streets in all directions, forcing their way through the crowds. Sometimes, in the dense smoke and dust they drive against one another, break, upset; and the wretched people they convey have to leave all behind them, and hasten away. Even strong men, who lingered too long, trying to save their little household goods, are suffocated by the smoke, and overtaken by the flames.

The government fuel-yard is a large space surrounded with wooden palings, where the suburb of St. Roch narrows between the river St. Charles and the walls of the upper town; it is enclosed in three parts of a square of buildings, a long street running under the walls at the farther side from the river, and parallel to it. At this place the troops make a great effort to stop the conflagration; they hew down the wooden palings, destroy several houses at the end of the row under the walls, and the fire-engines pump away gallantly. This is about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Suddenly a hurricane arises; the blazing shingles are lifted into the air; planks and rafters, edged with fire, whirl over the ground, and the flames race along the street with

terrible rapidity. All run for their lives; the fire-engines are with difficulty dragged away; some indeed are abandoned in the flight. Almost the only outlet now from the suburb is the gate through the walls into the upper town. As the crowd crushes through, the flames close over everything behind them.

In the mean time, from the showers of sparks and the intense heat, the Artillery Barrack has taken fire in several parts of the shingle roofs and wooden palings. Although separated by a long glacis and high bastions from the burning district, the grass on the ramparts burns up like straw. There is plenty of assistance; the roofs are drenched with water, but still the fire gains ground. A heavy shower of rain comes seasonably to aid; the barracks are saved, and with them the upper town.

The fire, however, rages more furiously than ever, outside the walls; spreading thence to the water, along the whole northern face, below the batteries and the magazine. This rumour runs through the crowd in a moment, and fills them with dismay. There are two hundred tons of powder in that magazine—should the fire reach it, not one stone upon another, not a living soul will remain as a record of Quebec. The fire is close under the walls below the magazine—the smoke and flames rise above them, and whirl round and round with the eddying wind. The bright tin roof flashes back the lurid light on the soldiers who are toiling about it, piling up wet clay at the doors and windows, tearing down the wooden houses near, pulling up the platforms of the batteries and the planks of the coping, and throwing them over the walls into the fire below. The crisis passes, the magazine is safe.

Now, for nearly a mile in length, and from the battlements to the river, is one mass of flame; the heat and suffocating smell are almost intolerable; the dense black smoke covers everything to leeward, pressing down the clouds upon the hills many miles away, and drenching them with unexpected rain. Vessels cut their cables, and drift, half on fire, down the river; the streams and wells in the suburbs are baked up dry; churches, hospitals, ship-yards—each is but a red wave in the fiery sea. Though it is past eight o'clock in the evening, there is more light than at noonday; but it is a grim illumination, showing the broad St. Lawrence like a stream of blood, and flushing the dark and lowering clouds above with an angry glow.

The lower town has taken fire! Here are the banks, the storehouses, the merchants' offices—all the most valuable property in the city. One more effort is made to save it. The flames have now reached the narrow neck between the

ramparts and the water, and here there is a hope of stopping their progress. The General of the troops is on the spot ; he orders a house to be blown up. Powder has been kept ready at hand, and a charge is tried ; the building is torn to pieces by the explosion, but still the flames stalk on. Directions are given to try again, with a heavier charge. Now, four stout artillerymen carry a large barrel of gunpowder down to the place ; it is covered with wet blankets, and the top secured with clay, for the sparks fall thickly round ; then the bugles sound the retreat ; the staring crowds and busy soldiers fall back from the neighbouring streets ; none are near the spot but the gunners and their officers ; they place the charge in a niche on the lower story of a strong stone house, about the centre of the narrow neck of land ; the fire has already reached the building, and through the upper windows, smashing the glass, breaks out clear and strong. The sergeant lights a short fusee in the barrel of gunpowder. The door of the house is burning, but the gunners escape through the window, and run over the blazing beams and torn-up streets, for shelter. For a few seconds all eyes are strained upon this spot, and the noises of the crowd sink to silence. Then the earth shudders, and, with a dull booming sound, up, up into the black sky shoots a spout of fire, and from above descends a shower of fiery beams, huge stones, and fragments of the torn roof :—a moment more, and all sink into a dark gap of smoking ruins. The plague is stayed ? the greater fire has eaten up the less ; for a few minutes the very wind seems conquered by the shock.

But in St. Roch's the fire raged still, as long as it found food to devour, and a slight change of wind during the night threatened the suburb of St. Vallière, which had hitherto escaped with but little damage. The flames had not quite burned out till noon the following day. In the government fuel-yard there was an immense heap of coal, which burned for several weeks and afforded warmth to some of the shivering unfortunates who had neither home nor roof.

The next was a dismal day in Quebec ; crowds of people wandering about for shelter, some with bundles on their backs, containing the little they had saved ; others, lying under the walls on beds, with half-burnt blankets wetted with the heavy rains, their few household goods strewed round them ; others, inquiring eagerly for some lost mother, wife, or child, whom they were to see no more. Others, severely burned or injured by falling beams, seeking for aid and advice ; and waggons heavily laden, drawn by weary horses, driven hither and thither to find some place of rest.

I met one wretched old man, his hand badly burnt and hastily bound up, returning despairingly and exhausted into the town. His cow—all he possessed in the world—had strayed away in the confusion of the night before. After having sought her in vain all day long through the country round, he sat down on the ruins of his little shed and wept bitterly. He was an Irish emigrant, lately arrived, and had neither wife nor child: they had died at home long since, and here he had no friend; the lone old man was too weak to work, and had laid out the small sum remaining after his voyage in buying the animal now lost, which had since been his support.

But the wealthy and uninjured were not idle; a public meeting was called and six thousand pounds subscribed on the spot; large stores and public buildings were thrown open for the houseless; a quantity of clothing and blankets were given them; food was supplied by the commissariat; the medical men, with active benevolence, tended the wounded; the civil and military officers and the poor soldiers gave all they could, in proportion to their means; private charity was unbounded, whole families of wanderers were received into the houses of the rich, while the poor shared their shelter, as far as it went, with their now still poorer fellow-citizens. The insurance offices met their engagements, though reduced to the verge of ruin. From the country round, and distant parts of Canada, assistance came freely in: one little rural parish sent a few shillings—all the money they had—together with cart-loads of firewood, corn, and home-made cloth, their only wealth.

It was a woful thing to see the wretched sufferer straying through the smoking ruins to find the black spot where his happy home had sheltered him a few hours before; hoping that there, perhaps, he might again meet with some loved one, separated from him in the confusion of that dreadful day. With horror he sees among the still smouldering ashes a blackened trunk, with scarcely enough of shape left to show that once it bore God's image.

The air was hot and stifling; a thick cloud of smoke hung like a shroud over the ruins; from among them rose a heavy, charnel smell, impossible to describe. Many half-consumed human bodies still lay about, and the carcasses of great numbers of horses and cattle.

A deep depression fell upon the people of Quebec: superstitious fears took possession of them; they fancied they saw sights and prodigies, and that this calamity was a judgment for some great unknown crime. The Roman Catholic priesthood did not try to abate these terrors. Vague prophetic rumours the origin of which none could trace.

went about, that the remainder of the city would soon be destroyed; and, at length, the same day of the following month was said to be the day of doom. The dismal aspect of the place, the universal despondency, and the extent of the loss and suffering, affected not a few even of the strongest-minded.

On the 28th of June, therefore, a great part of the population remained in trembling expectation of the fulfilment of these predictions. The day was warm and still, the night came on close and sombre. Nine o'clock passes without an alarm, ten also; people begin to take courage, but a slight breeze springs up, and the dust creeps along the silent streets. It is eleven.—There is no sound but that of the wind, which now whistles past the corners of the houses and among the chimneys, blowing from the north-east—the opposite direction to that whence it came on the 28th of May. Half-past eleven.—The greater part of the inhabitants are sleeping in peace; even the most timid think the danger is now past. It is close on midnight; some of them go to their windows to take a last look before retiring to rest.

On the north-west part of the Upper Town stands the church of St. Patrick; the spire is very high, covered with bright tin; on the top is a large ball, surmounted by a cross, both of glittering metal. The night is very dark, and these are invisible in the gloom.

A few minutes before midnight, a slight red flickering light is seen, high in the air; for a second or two it plays about in uncertain forms, then shines out distinctly through the darkness, a fiery cross up against the black sky. The ball, the spire are soon seen: whence is that lurid light reflected? A small flame creeps up the side of a wooden house outside the walls, in the suburb of St. John, just where the last conflagration ended.—The city is ON FIRE!

As the clock strikes twelve, from every tower and steeple in Quebec the bells ring out their panting peal of alarm. With the suddenness of an explosion, the bright broad flame bursts out simultaneously through three or four roofs, and the wind, now risen to a storm, bears it away on its mission of destruction. In a few minutes the streets are crowded, thousands rush out of the city gates, to stare at the devastation which no human power can avert. Fire!—Fire!—Fire! shouted by crowds wild with terror—the quick, jerking church-bells, the rattling of the engines over the streets—soon waken to this night of desolation the people of Quebec.

The gallant soldiers are again at work, vigorously, but in vain. The now furious gale sweeps over everything to leeward with its fiery breath, bearing with it the black pall of smoke, followed by a stream of flame. The terrified

inhabitants make no attempt to stop the destruction: they seize their sick and feeble, and the few things of value they can carry, and hasten up to the glacis of the citadel, and the suburbs of St. Louis. But, in the mean time, the houses are so close and the streets so narrow, that the fire spreads up the hill, even across the wind; here at least it may be stopped.

The artillerymen are ready with their powder-barrels; one is placed in a large wooden house at the corner of a street; by blowing it up, a gap may be made, to cut off the communication. The retreat is sounded, and the people cleared away as well as the confusion will admit; the flames rapidly approach the building; some straw on the floor has taken fire. The gunners steadily trample it out round the powder-barrel. Then a strange delay arises—they can get no fire to light the fusee! For half a mile square, the blaze spreads before them, and they can get no fire! They cannot approach the flame and live; the wind whirls the smoke and sparks densely on its skirts, and the heat is insufferable. One gunner throws his great-coat over his head and rushes through the smoke, thrusting the portfire which he bears in his hand at the fire, to light it; but he fails, and staggers back half suffocated, his coat and hair singed and scorched. In the mean time the house is in a blaze; the officer and his men stand still by their dangerous charge, waiting with steady discipline till their duty is done. At length an eddy of wind carries some burning shingles to their feet, the sergeant seizes one, the fusee is lighted, and now they run for their lives up the deserted street. Through the roar of the wind and flames comes the crash of the bursting walls, and the roof is blown to pieces in the air.

At this point the fire is conquered, but further down it spreads widely. More powder is brought, more houses blown up, some uselessly, for at the same time falling sparks have fired buildings far behind them. At length, by twelve successive explosions, a line of gaps is made at some distance from the fire: by this the communication with the suburb of St. Louis is cut off. In firing one of the charges, a man who had been repeatedly warned to stand clear, was killed from neglecting the caution. Every now and then through the night, the loud roar of these explosions rose above all the clamour. At eight o'clock in the morning the fire was got under, but not till it had exhausted itself to leeward, having consumed everything that it encountered.

The sunrise that day had a strange and dismal effect; the light over the distant hills appeared pale and livid, scarcely seen indeed in the blaze from the ruins of Quebec.

Soon after daybreak, a heavy rain began to fall, drenching the groups of unfortunates who were lying on the glacis.

and in the fields near the town, shelterless and exhausted. Many of these had been burnt out the month before, and had since been living in the sheds and outhouses of the suburb of St. John, till the fire of last night deprived them of even that resource. A few had still on the gay dresses they had worn in some social circle when the alarm began, now wet and torn,—tender women who perhaps had never known what hardship was before; men accustomed to ease and comfort: the sun which set on their prosperity rose upon their ruin.

Then was the open hand of charity held out: every remaining house became a hospital; clothes, food, and shelter, seemed almost common property. Once again, those who had least suffered came forward with a generosity only limited by the power to give. Provisions and clothes were again distributed by the authorities; two hundred tents were pitched; one of the barracks and several other public buildings were thrown open. Some of the insurance companies proved still able to meet their liabilities, others paid all they had and broke. The city of Montreal, with ready liberality, subscribed thirteen thousand pounds; other places in the British provinces also gave their aid. But the great hope of the sufferers was in that land where the tale of distress is never told in vain, and they were not disappointed—England did not forget her afflicted children in the New World; with splendid liberality she answered their appeal. By the desire of the Queen, a collection was made in every parish church throughout the land. Private subscriptions were raised in various places; the imperial parliament voted a sum for the same object; large quantities of blankets and clothing were immediately sent out—altogether, in money upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, and at least thirty thousand pounds' worth of goods.

There were naturally very strong suspicions that this second fire had been the work of an incendiary. As it occurred in the night on which it was foretold, and commenced in one of the very last houses that escaped the first time, to windward of the extensive and inflammable suburb of St. John, there was every appearance of design. Inquiry was diligently made, and all suspicious strangers were examined, but at length it transpired that it had originated in the carelessness of a stupid maid-servant, who cast some ashes on a pit where a little straw and shavings of wood had been lately thrown; fire enough remained in the ashes to ignite these. As they were under the wall of a wooden house, the flames had taken such hold before the alarm was given, that it was impossible to get them under: the stupid

cause of the calamity was fast asleep, and the last person in the house to know the danger.

A committee was immediately formed of the most influential people of the city, representing the different religious persuasions of the sufferers. Through the clergy, relief in money, food, and clothes was distributed; and, with a view to the proper disposal of the remainder of the great sums raised by subscription, by the Church of England, and elsewhere, the gentlemen of this committee with untiring zeal sought out and obtained the fullest information as to the extent and proportions of the losses. It was found that in these fires sixteen thousand people were burned out, nearly all of them belonging to the poorer classes; five hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of property were destroyed; and twenty-seven charred and mutilated corpses were found among the ruins: it is supposed, however, that many more lives were lost, for of strangers, or where a whole family was burnt, there was no record; and in many places the strength of the flames would have destroyed all trace of the human form.

Quebec soon took courage: before the end of the summer a considerable number of houses were rebuilt, much better than those destroyed, and the streets were widened and improved; hundreds of temporary wooden sheds have also been erected, but by law they must be removed within eighteen months. There is no doubt that the great calamity, with its large amount of present suffering, will be an ultimate advantage to this beautiful city.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### MONTREAL.

FAREWELL, Quebec! The midsummer sun pours down its flood of golden light upon these scenes of beauty. As it falls on earth and water, a soft spray of luminous mist rises over the wide landscape. Above, the clear pure air dances and quivers in the glorious warmth; the graceful lines of distant hills seem to undulate with a gently tremulous motion. The broad river is charmed to rest, not even a dimple on its placid surface; no breath of air stirs through the dark forests, the silken leaves hang motionless.

The grateful fields, freed from their wintry chains, are clothed with rich crops, already blushing into ripeness. Man fills the calm air with sounds of prosperous activity; axes and hammers echo from the dockyards, ropes creak in



the blocks as bales of merchandise are lifted to the crowded wharves. The buzz of many voices rises from the busy markets; wheels rattle, and hurrying hoofs ring on the pavement; the town is a great hive of thriving industry; the hundreds of ships alongside, the bees which bear the honey of many a distant land to fill its stores.

This is the day—this is the year, to see Quebec: a day of unsurpassed beauty—a year of matchless prosperity. May the day of beauty have no evening, the year of prosperity never a winter! This midsummer's noon is not warmer than the hearts of her people—not more genial than their kindness. Farewell, Quebec. The lone stranger, who came scarcely a year ago, leaves many a valued friend behind, carries with him many a grateful memory. And, when again by his English fireside, his thoughts will often wander back to happy hours passed among the snows of distant Canada.

I have arranged to go by the Montreal steamer at five o'clock in the afternoon. The day soon passes away in parting visits; they seem very hurried. There is not half time to hear or say all the kind things, or to dwell long enough on the hearty pressure of the hand, when you know that in the probability of the future, those voices will never sound in your ear again, and that you are to feel the friendly grasp no more. It was very good of those people to come down to see me start, but I had been much better pleased had they staid away. The bell rings, they hasten off the deck on to the wharf; again a hurried "good-by;" the paddle-wheels make a few strokes backwards to gain an opening, then turn ahead, bite deep into the water, and we glide rapidly on. As we pass the wharf, those friends wave their hands, I do so too; we are quite close, but somehow my eyes are a little dim, I can scarcely distinguish them as they run along the end of the quay, keeping pace with us up to the very edge. Our hands wave once again for the last time—I cannot see a bit now. When my sight cleared we were out in the middle of the broad stream, the people on the shore but tiny specks in the distance.

In describing one American river steambot you describe all. The greater part of the engines is above the level of the water; two large arms labour up and down over each side of the upper deck, while a funnel from near each paddle-box puffs out the smoke. They are not fitted with masts for inland navigation; the sleeping and eating saloon is in the body of the boat; the ladies' cabin, the state-room, with the bar, ticket office, &c., are in a sort of upper story erected on the deck, their roof being the promenade. These vessels are beautifully built, and go through the water with great rapi-

dity; sixteen and eighteen miles an hour is not uncommon; they are also comfortable and very well managed, and those between Quebec and Montreal are hardly surpassed by any in America.

We pass Wolfe's Cove, rich in undying memories; beyond it, green slopes, gentle woodlands, and neat country-houses, each recalling to recollection some pleasant ride or drive, or social evening; on the left, the Chaudière river, dwindled into a tiny stream under the summer's sun, its rustic bridge, and rocky, pine-fringed banks; on the right Cape Rouge, the end of the bold table-land on which stands the great citadel of the west. Beyond it, stretches out for many miles a rich flat tract, varied by field and forest; and ever and anon the church and village, and in the far distance the bold range of hills which shelters these fair valleys from the ice-blast of the north.

For one hundred miles up the great river, the scene is the same, monotonous if you will, but monotonous in beauty; the shores all along thickly dotted with the white cottages of the simple *habitans*. A short distance above Cape Rouge, we met a large raft of white pine, one of the strange sights of the St. Lawrence. It was about three acres of timber, bound together by clamps of wood into a solid stage; on this were erected five or six wooden houses, the dwellings of the raftsmen. The wind was in their favour, and they had raised in front a great number of broad thin boards, with the flat sides turned to the breeze, so as to form an immense sail. These floating islands are guided by long oars; they drop down with the stream till they meet the tide, then anchor when it turns, till the ebb again comes to their aid. They have travelled for many hundred miles in the interior; by the banks of the far distant branches of the Ottawa those pines were felled: in the depth of winter the remote forests ring with the woodman's axe; the trees are lopped of their branches, squared, and dragged by horses over the deep snow to the rivers, where, upon the ice, the rafts are formed. When the thaw in the spring opens up the mountain-streams, the stout lumberers collect the remains of their winter stock, with their well-worn implements, and on these rafts boldly trust themselves to the swollen waters. They often encounter much danger and hardship; not unfrequently the huge mass goes aground, and the fast sinking stream leaves the fruit of their winter's labours stranded and useless on the shingly beach.

As the evening dropped upon us, the clouds thickened into a close arch of ominous darkness, while a narrow rim of light round the horizon, threw all above and below into a deeper gloom. Soon, a twinkle of distant lightning, and a faint

rolling sound, ushered in the storm ; then the black mass above split into a thousand fragments, each with a fiery edge ; the next moment the dazzled sight was lost in darkness, and the awful thunder crashed upon the ear, reverberating again and again. Then jagged lines of flame dived through the dense clouds, lighting them for a moment with terrible brilliance, and leaving them gloomier than before. We saw the forked lightning strike a large wooden building stored with hay and straw on the bank somewhat ahead of us : immediately afterwards a broad sheet of flame sprang up through the roof, and, before we had passed, only a heap of burning embers was left. In a short time the tortured clouds melted into floods of rain.

We pass St. Croix, St. Anne's, Three Rivers, Port St. Francis, and enter Lake St. Peter. These towns improve but little : their population is nearly all of the French race ; the houses are poor, the neighbouring farms but rudely tilled. The Canadian does not labour to advance himself, but to support life ; where he is born there he loves to live, and hopes to lay his bones. His children divide the land, and each must have part bordering the road or river, so you see many farms half-a-mile in length but only a few yards wide. Here in autumn they reap their scanty crops ; in winter dance and make merry round their stoves. With the same sort of dress that the first settlers wore, they crowd, each Sunday and saint's day, to the parish church. Few can read or write, or know anything of the world beyond their Canada ; each generation is as simple and backward as the preceding.

But, with their gentle, courteous manners, their few wants, their blind, trusting, superstitious faith, their lovely country, their sweet old songs, sung by their fathers centuries ago, on the banks of the sunny Loire,—I doubt if the earth contains a happier people than the innocent *habitans* of Canada.

Lake St. Peter is but an expansion of the river ; the waters are shallow and the shores flat and monotonous ; after twenty-five miles it contracts again and flows between several wooded islands. We leave Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu river, to the left : this town is made, by English hands, more prosperous than its neighbours. On the same side, thirty miles higher up, is Varennes, a place of much beauty : a hundred years ago people crowded to its mineral springs ; now, it is but a lonely spot. A fine old church, with two lofty spires, stands in the centre of the village ; in the background, far away to the south-east, is the holy mountain of Rouville ; on its summit, the Pilgrim's Cross is seen for many a mile.

Above Montreal, the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence ; both streams seem bewildered among the numerous and beautiful

islands, and, hurrying past in strong rapids, only find full rest in the broad deep river, fifteen miles below.

At eight o'clock in the morning we were beside the wharf at Montreal: it is of great extent—reaching nearly a mile up the river, and very solid, built of handsome cut stone. It is broad and convenient for purposes of commerce; vessels of five hundred tons can discharge their cargoes there. Immediately above the town, the rapids of Lachine forbid further navigation, except by canals. The city extends along the river nearly two miles, the depth being about one-half the length. The public buildings are calculated for what the place is to be—at present being, perhaps, too large and numerous in proportion, though fifty thousand inhabitants dwell around them (1846). The neighbouring quarries furnish abundant materials for the architect, and the new shops and streets are very showy. The French Cathedral is the largest building in the New World: its proportions are faulty, but it is nevertheless a grand mass of masonry: ten thousand people can kneel at the same time in prayer within its walls. The town is well lighted, kept very clean, and is full of bustle, life, and activity,—handsome equipages, gay dresses, and military uniforms. Many rows of good houses, of cut stone, are springing up in the suburbs, and there is a look of solidity about everything, pleasing to the English eye. Some of the best parts of the town are still deformed by a few old and mean buildings, but, as the leases fall in and improvements continue, they will soon disappear.

Montreal is built on the south shore of an island thirty miles long, and about one-third of that breadth. All this district is very fertile; the revenues belong to the seminary of the St. Sulpicians, one of the orders of the Church of Rome, and are very ample. The Mont Royal alone varies the level surface of this island. The Parliament House, the seat of government, the military head-quarters, and the public offices of Canada, are in this city (1846); the trade is very considerable; within the last few years it has rapidly increased, and is increasing still. The export of corn to England opens a mine of wealth, while in return the wharves are crowded with our manufactures and the luxuries of other countries. The people are fully employed, and live in plenty; but there are occasionally disturbances among them, occasioned by the collisions of the English, Irish, and French races. The elections are carried on with much excitement and bitterness of feeling, but usually end in the success of the conservative principle. Society also is much divided; there is but little of that generally social feeling which characterizes Quebec. The entertainments have more display, but are

far less agreeable than those of the sister city, and among the different coteries of the inhabitants there is not apparently much cordiality.

In England, Montreal would be considered a very handsome town, and in bustle and activity far surpasses any one of its size there; the wharves, hotels, shops, baths, are also much finer; it possesses quite a metropolitan appearance, and no doubt it will, ere long, be the capital of a great country. Few towns in the world have progressed so rapidly in size, beauty, convenience, and population, within the last few years, and at this present time its commerce is in a most prosperous condition. You see in it all the energy and enterprise of an American city, with the solidity of an English one. The removal hither of the seat of government from Quebec and Kingston has, of course, given it a considerable impulse of prosperity at their expense; but it is still more indebted to its excellent commercial position, and the energy of its inhabitants.

Now, from the bustle, prosperity, and contentions of Montreal, let us bear back our thoughts for a moment over the bridge of history to the time—but yesterday in the world's chronology—when the kings of the ancient people welcomed the Pale-faces to the shores of HOCHELAGA. That day was their Hastings. They were smitten with deadlier weapons than Norman bow or lance—the plague of the white man's crimes; their innocence was barer than the Saxon soldier's breast, their wounds far deeper, more hopeless of a cure. They were not subjugated nor driven out, but they withered up before the strangers. Beneath the grounds where they hunted, their bones lie; their land is their wide cemetery; scarcely a mound, or stone, or a trace even of tradition, now points out the spot where any of their millions sleep.

Gentle, feeble, simple,—they were yet too proud to mingle with a race whose superiority they felt; they refused its civilization, but, alas! copied its vices; in these, at least, they felt themselves its equal. As the snow in spring, they melted away—stained, tainted, trampled down.

My fancy is busy with the past. I have swept away those crowded wharves and lofty spires; on their sites the rich corn-fields wave again; the shady forest spreads over the distant slopes, the birch-bark roofs of the wigwams peep through the tall trees upon the mountain-side, the light canoe skims over the broad river; the wise Sachems of the tribes meet us on the shore with generous welcome; the graceful Indian maiden bends beneath her fragrant burden of fruits and flowers, to be laid at our feet.

A cabman seizes me by each arm, "Tetu's or Rasco's, sir? take you up, luggage and all, for a shilling." In a moment

my graceful Indian maiden was changed into an Irish porter, and the burden of fruits and flowers to my well-worn portmanteaus, which were presently laid at my feet in the bar-room at Rasco's Hotel.

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## CHAPTER X.

### KINGSTON.—LAKE ONTARIO.

ON this occasion my visit to Montreal was a very short one, but I have several times been there, both in winter and summer. There is but little in the neighbouring country to tempt you to explore; the ride round the mountain, indeed, gives some views of much beauty; particularly where you see the Ottawa pouring through its many channels into the northern branch of the St. Lawrence. Generally the country is flat, and has but little character; there are several islands about; that of St. Helen's is the most picturesque in the group, but unsightly barracks and rough field-works deform its gentle slopes.

A clumsy stage-coach carried me to Lachine, nine miles from Montreal; there it was put on board a steamer, borne through Lake St. Louis, and released again at the cascades, to carry us on sixteen miles further to Côteau du Lac. In a short time the great works, to bear large steamboats past all the rapids, will be complete: \* the Lachine, Beauharnois, St. Lawrence, and Welland canals will be the connecting links of this immense chain of communication; from the gulph of St. Lawrence to the furthest of the great lakes—one broad highway. We pass over Lake St. Francis, and through the St. Lawrence canal; opposite to its entrance is the Indian village of St. Regis, close to which is the boundary line between Canada and the United States, where the forty-fifth parallel of latitude strikes the great river.

The most remarkable of the rapids, whose interruption the industry of man is busied to avoid, is called the Cedars. The stream is here pent into several narrow channels among wooded islands, and tumbles fiercely along over its rocky bed. Steamers and other boats constantly venture down this perilous passage, but not unfrequently pay dearly for their temerity. At present they can only return up to the great lakes by the Ottawa river and the Rideau canal, from which they emerge at Kingston, on Lake Ontario; but the works are going on rapidly, and by them this great round will be saved. In the year 1759, when General Amherst entered Canada, his

\* They are all since completed.

advanced guard, of about three hundred men, was embarked above the Cedars : the intention was to float down and take up a position on the opposite side of the river. Perhaps it was that those dangerous channels were then but little known, or that the pilot played them false—none remained to accuse; the next day the lifeless bodies of the British soldiers, clothed in the well-known red, floating past the town of Montreal, gave the first notice of invasion.

There were many Americans in the steamer; at this time of the year great numbers, particularly from the sultry south, crowd all the conveyances in Canada and the northern States, in search of the health which their own climate denies them. Amongst them was a taciturn, sallow, austere-looking, middle-aged man, whose place at dinner, luncheon, and breakfast, happened to be next to me; he stared at me a good deal, but spoke never a word. Except when at meals, he sat in a particular part of the vessel, smoking without intermission, protected from the sun by the enormously broad brim of a white beaver hat. At Ogdensburgh, the first place on the American side where the steamboat touches, we all went ashore for a few seconds, to stretch our limbs; my silent friend heard me say that I had never before been in the States; when he saw me fairly landed, he for a moment removed the cigar from his mouth and observed, "I reckon, stranger, you have it to say now that you have been in a free country." We afterwards discovered that he was a planter from Alabama, and that, to the pleasures of his tour, he united the business of inquiring for runaway slaves.

From Ogdensburgh, there is a daily American line of steamers up through the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Lewiston, near Niagara. The inhabitants on both sides of the frontier are superior to any confined and illiberal feeling of nationality as to their preference for either this or the Canadian line; in comfort, speed, safety, both are on a level—and a very good level too; therefore, as either side abates a few pence in the fare, the human tide flows certainly to it. In most of the American steamers, here and elsewhere, the fare includes the expenses of the table for the passengers; a bell or gong summons them to the different meals. The table is usually covered with an infinity of very small dishes, containing a great variety of curious animal and vegetable matter, in such proportions that a plate may bear the contents of two or three dishes being emptied into it at once, with impunity. The broadest characteristic of the cookery is grease.

It is quite unnecessary for me to add anything to the very numerous and far from flattering descriptions which have been given of the modes of eating these viands, as practised by many of our travelling brethren of the United States;

their habits are different from ours ; to us they are disagreeable ; but there is no use in dwelling on the subject. The people you meet in public conveyances in America are of every class ; perhaps your neighbour on either hand, whose extraordinary performances have excited your astonishment or disgust, may be a man who but two or three years before was a swineherd in Tipperary, or yesterday a woodsman in Kentucky ; and probably he has not found his new school of refinement sufficiently active in example and instruction to cure him immediately of his little eccentricities of manner. I must say that I have seen nearly as many disagreeable peculiarities at ordinaries on the continent of Europe, and indeed in Paris itself, as those of my American fellow-travellers. A Frenchman perhaps excels in the power of enjoying a dinner, and in appreciation of the merits of the *cuisine*—a German in the quantity he can consume—an Englishman in his manner of eating it—and an American, certainly, is unrivalled in the railroad rapidity with which he goes through the work. There seems a general determination in America to alter and improve upon English customs. the right side of the road is always kept in driving, which can only be adopted for the sake of being different from the mother country, as it is so much more difficult for the coachman to judge of the distance he can afford in passing : perhaps it is on the same principle that they reverse, as much as possible, the uses of the knife and fork.

Within a mile of the thriving town of Prescott is Windmill Point, on the Canadian side, the scene of the sharp combat which ended in the surrender of the unfortunate Von Schultz : it is a bare, bleak place, not enlivened by its associations with piracy and scaffolds. On both banks of the river there are many towns and villages, most of them prosperous, all increasing. The general appearance of advancement and cultivation is superior on the American side ; within the last three years, however, the steady progress of the northern bank begins to bear better the comparison with the rather hectic prosperity of the southern. Now, we are among the mazes of the "Thousand Islands," and pass so close to some of them that we can pull the leaves from the graceful bending boughs of the trees, as the merciless wheels of the steamer dash to atoms their beautiful reflections in the mirror of the calm blue water. The eye does not weary to see, but the hand aches, in ever writing the one word—beauty ; wherever you steer over this great river—beauty, beauty still.

The impression is not pleasant on landing at Kingston : it is an uncomfortable-looking place, and the public buildings are out of proportion to the size of the town ; some of



the streets are drearily wide, and rank grass grows on their sides. The inhabitants are about twelve thousand; their numbers still increase, but since the removal of the seat of government from the place, it has a deserted look; it is however of some importance in trade, being the port of the Rideau canal, which, with the Ottawa, opens up so much of the back country, and is a means of communication with Montreal. In case of war, this line would be of great value, as, for a long distance, only one bank of the St. Lawrence is in our possession. The now useless government-house is about a mile from the town, on the shore of the lake: the town hall and market are very handsome, as is the custom-house. Penitentiary, jail, court-house, and bank, are all large but rather unsightly buildings. Mineral springs of great strength have lately been discovered, one a hundred and fifty feet from the surface; a large bath-house is built beside them. Kingston possesses thirty or forty steamers; during the summer they buzz about with wonderful activity. Fort Henry, on a hill to the eastern side of the entrance of the Rideau canal, is a strong place, but rather too far from the town for efficient defence; it throws, however, its protection effectually over a dockyard of some importance, which lies beneath it. A detachment of artillery and two regiments garrison the fort and town.

The society of Kingston received a fatal blow in the removal of the seat of government; it also wants the mixture of French-Canadian grace and liveliness which gives such a charm to that of the Lower Province. From the constant intercourse with the United States, the tone of manners of all classes savours not a little of these neighbours, and a slight nasal twang, and a "guess" or two, are by no means uncommon. Many retired officers of the army and navy have settled here and live in great comfort. The necessaries of life are very cheap, and the shooting and fishing in the neighbourhood offer many inducements. For those who love yachting, the great Ontario opens out like an ocean from their doors, with islands sufficiently numerous to supply a variety of excursions every day for years.

I do not like these great lakes; the waters are blue, pure, and clear, but they look dead. There was a great calm when I was there, and there are no tides; the stillness was oppressive; the leaves of the trees in some parts of the beach dipped in the water below, motionless as the air above. The shores on this side are low and flat; the eye wearied as it followed the long, even lines in the far perspective, mingling with those of the surface of the lake; on the other side the broad expanse lay like polished lead.

backed by the cloudless sky. During the last American war, in 1813, the whole of the English squadron of this lake was taken or destroyed by the Americans under Commodore Chauncey. The balance of successes on the inland waters at that time was decidedly in their favour; they had the great advantages of being near their resources, and having plenty of their best seamen disposable, from the Atlantic coast being sealed to their commerce and adventure; at the same time, the attention of England was too much occupied with her enormous efforts and magnificent success in Europe to pay much attention to the comparatively unimportant struggle in the West.

At the same time, I freely and willingly give to the Americans, my humble tribute of praise for the skill and gallantry of their officers and sailors; of these any country might be proud, as for many high-minded and chivalrous acts, worthy of a great and free people. In the noble and admirable quality of military virtue, they have in their short history proved themselves not inferior to any nation in the world. None should be more ready to acknowledge their merit than Englishmen, from whose race they have sprung, and who have so often found them to be by sea and land "worthy of their steel."

May it seem fit to the Great Ruler of all counsels, that our future rivalry may only be in works of peace, in the increase of the happiness of our people! Although at times a degree of mutual irritation and distrust exists between these great and free nations, I earnestly breathe a wish, express a hope, ay—announce a faith—that the bright day which philanthropists have dreamed of, poets seen in the visions of fancy, and the inspired page of prophecy foretold, is not far distant; when the spread of enlightenment, civilization, and above all of Christianity, among the nations of the earth, will do away for ever with the stern and terrible necessity of the sword: when the dazzling light which fame now throws upon the names of those who direct victorious armies, may be looked upon but as a false meteor, their records known only as a memory of a by-gone and mistaken glory.

This Lake Ontario is five hundred miles round; the length measures three times the breadth, and its surface is two hundred and thirty-one feet above the level of the Atlantic. Throughout the whole extent the largest ships may sail; in many parts a line of a hundred fathoms had not reached the bottom: owing to this great depth it never freezes, except where the water is shallow along the shores. A great, and every year increasing trade, is carried on over its surface in steam and sailing vessels worthy of the ocean

Now, the neighbourhood of this great wonder is overrun with every species of abominable fungus—the growth of rank bad taste: with equal luxuriance on the English and American sides, Chinese pagoda, menagerie, camera obscura, museum, watch-tower, wooden monument, tea-gardens, ‘old curiosity shop.’ A boy handed me a slip of paper, on which were printed some stanzas of astounding magnificence, signed “Almira,” much in the favourite style of the poet laureate to “Moses and Son.” I cannot refrain from giving a short quotation:

“Would ye fain steal a glance o’er life’s dark sea,  
And gaze though trembling on eternity?  
Would ye *look out, look down*, where God hath set  
His mighty signet? Come—come higher yet,  
To the PAGODA’S utmost height ascend,  
And see earth, air, and sky in one alembic blend!”

“The Pagoda is now open to visitors, and perfectly secure.  
\* \* \* Admittance, 25 cents. \* \* \* 1st April, 1845.”

One of the disagreeable necessities of the tourist is to go under the Falls to Termination Rock. Arrayed in a well-worn suit of oil-cloth, with hard dirty shoes, and no stockings, I was weak enough to submit to it. The left hand grasped firmly by a negro guide, I shuffled sideways along a narrow shingly path cut out of the side of the cliff, the main sheet of water falling far clear of me; the dense cloud of spray soon soaks into every pore, and obscures the sight, while the tremendous noise makes hearing equally impossible. Every now and then, I trod upon an eel, and he would twist his limber, slimy body, over my bare instep, perhaps into the shoe, where there was ample room, and escape through one of its holes. I then descended some rough, steep steps, went a little further and stood triumphant, but very cold, upon Termination Rock; next I groped for a stone to carry back with me to the upper world, that it may descend to my admiring posterity—if I be ever blessed with any—as a memorial of the wisdom and courage of their ancestor.

There is little danger in this particularly nasty and disagreeable performance; ladies frequently go through it: their dress for the purpose is of the same material, but rather more voluminous than ours. With all due deference to the fair adventurers, I do not think it an exploit at all suited to their sex; there is nothing whatever to reward the trouble and nuisance of the visit, and little to boast of in having accomplished it.

I now went up the bank of the river above the Falls, to see the Rapids; they are very fine, but not so striking as the Cedars. Next I was rowed in a boat as near as possible to the foot of the Falls, got rather wet, then crossed to the American side, climbed the vile Pagoda, went to Iris Island—in short, looked at Niagara from above, peered under, stared up, glanced sideways; and, at Termination Rock, I had actually examined the back of it. This is all worse than useless, as well might you do the same with Raphael's "Transfiguration;" as there is but one perfect view for a painting, there is but one for Niagara. See it from Table Rock, gaze thence upon it for hours—days if you like—and then go home. As for the Rapids, Cave of the Winds, Burning Springs, &c., &c., you might as well enter into an examination of the gilt figures on the picture frame, as waste your time upon them.

About three miles below is the Whirlpool, a large, deep sweep, hollowed out of the cliff in a bend of the river. Sometimes there is a horrible interest connected with this place; the bodies of people who have been lost over the Falls have floated round and round this dismal hole for days together; carried on the surface by the whirling eddies back to the main stream; or sucked down, to emerge again in a few minutes and continue their ghastly journey. The rocks around are abrupt, the water unapproachable by boats; so they must remain till decomposed, or by some chance swell of the waters they vary their course a little, and get far enough into the main stream to be borne away by its force.

About once in ten years, generally in January or the beginning of February, the ice 'takes' all across at the foot of the Falls, making a complete bridge from one shore to the other. A great frozen mass, of irregular shape, is formed on the edge next to the cataract, from masses of ice being forced under the surface and raising it up, and from the accumulation of frozen spray; when this breaks up in the spring, the concussion of the several fragments, driven together by the force of the waters, rivals the noise of the Falls themselves. In a mild winter, the ice of Lake Erie sometimes breaks up, large pieces float over the Falls, they are smashed to atoms, and rise to the surface in immense quantities of a substance like wetted snow; a severe night's frost binds this into a solid mass, and forms a large portion of the bridge.

The rise and fall of the great body of the water are very slight at any season; but, as you watch the plunging stream, it seems to tumble down sometimes in gushes, as if

an additional influence came into play every now and then. About the centre of the Horseshoe, or Canadian fall, there is a clear unbroken spout of water twenty feet in depth before its leap; for seventy feet below, it continues deep, pure blue, thence to its gulf it is shrouded in a soft spray which waves like a plume in the wind, at times tinted with all the prismatic colours the sun can bestow: when the weather is very calm, this beautiful mist rises to a great height into the air, becoming finer by degrees, till no longer perceptible. The Falls on the American side of Iris island are a hundred and sixty-four feet high: the Canadian or Horseshoe, a hundred and fifty-eight; but the latter are about twice the breadth, and discharge four times the body of water.

A learned English professor, who has published a most valuable work on the Geology of America, states it to be his conviction, that the Falls recede about one foot in the year; that probably they remained stationary for many ages at the Whirlpool, when a fresh start of some fifteen thousand years at the present rate of travelling, brought them to where they now are. Within forty years, since they have been more closely observed, there has been a considerable change in their shape; indeed slight variations constantly occur. It is also the opinion of the author I have quoted, that they have diminished considerably in height, probably a hundred feet, but that there is no reason to suppose them to have been formerly in one unbroken fall, as they now are.

The first mention made of these Falls was by Father Hennepin, a French missionary, in 1675. I will give a part of his quaint and exaggerated description: "Betwixt the Lake Ontario and the Lake Erie, there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and extraordinary manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. This wonderful downfall is about six hundred feet high, and composed of two great cross streams and two falls of water, with an island sloping across the middle of it. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder; for when the wind blows out of the south this dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off; the Niagara river at the foot of the Falls is more than a quarter of a league broad."

There is already a sad list of fearful accidents at this place, though for so short a time frequented by civilized man; the last few years have been fertile in them; perhaps

the most horrible of all was one which happened in May, 1843. A Canadian of the village of Chippewa was engaged in dragging sand from the river three miles above the Falls; seated in his cart, he backed the horses into the water, ignorant of the depth; it sank, but a box on which he sat, floated, and was soon driven by a high wind off from the land into the strong but smooth current; he, being unable to swim, clung to the box. A boat was on the shore, but by the mismanagement of the bystanders it was let loose into the stream, and floated past the unhappy man, empty and useless. There was no other for two miles lower down; beyond that, aid was impossible. The people on the beach, instead of hastening to get a boat ready in time below, ran along the shore talking to him of help, which their stupidity rendered of no avail; he knew that he was doomed—"I'm lost! I'm lost!" sounded fainter and fainter as the distance widened. This dreadful protraction lasted nearly an hour, the stream being very slow: at first, he scarcely appears to move, but the strength increases, the waters become more troubled, he spins about in the eddies, still clinging with the energy of despair to his support. He passes close by an island, so close that the box touches and stops for one moment—but the next, it twists slowly round and is sucked into the current again. The last hope was that a boat might be ready on the shore at Chippewa; it was vain, there were none there but frail canoes all high up on the beach; by the time one of them was launched, the boldest boatman dared not embark.

For, but just above the Falls, they saw the devoted victim, whirled round and round in the foaming waves, with frantic gestures appealing for aid; his frightful screams pierced still through the dull roar of the torrent—"I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He is now in the smooth flood of blue unbroken water, twenty feet in depth, the centre of the Canadian fall. Yet another moment, he has loosed his hold; his hands are clasped as if in prayer; his voice is silent. Smoothly, but quick as an arrow's flight, he glides over and is seen no more, nor any trace of him from that time.

On Iris island is found one of the very few burying-grounds which are known to have belonged to the departed race; a considerable number of skeletons have been dug up there, all placed in a standing or sitting posture. When this place, of such difficult and perilous access, was chosen by the simple Indians, it must have been from a strong wish that the precious ashes should remain undisturbed. None can now ever know how long they have slept the sleep which even the roar of Niagara cannot awaken.

There was one splendid moonlight night during my stay. At eleven o'clock I went off to Table Rock, took up the favourite position, looked and wondered. There were no boring guides or chattering visitors to mar the effect: the light was not sufficiently strong to reveal the fungi of the place; I was opposite to the Great Fall, saw it and nothing else; unless occasionally, when my eyes followed the soft faint spray, "the everlasting incense of the waters," which rose up against the deep blue sky, undisturbed by the slightest breath of wind. Through its delicate gauze the bright stars twinkled with undimmed lustre, while the full moon shining down, tinted it with the tender beauties of the lunar rainbow.

But, unsoftened by this fair colouring, unsoothed by the gentle silence of the autumn night, the great torrent roared, plunged, and dashed over its leap, in stillest calm as in wildest tempest, the same ever. The fresh springs of life and feeling must be thoroughly dried up in the heart of the man who does not know a new sensation when he looks upon Niagara.

I found, by looking at my watch, that in apparently a very short time it had got very late; the spray and the damp grass had wetted me; the night air chilled me, "foolish old man that I am:" so, coughing, and drawing my woollen comforter tighter round my throat, I turned towards the hotel, stopping many a time to look back. But little space for sleep was left me before the morning sun warmed into life the noise and bustle of the house.—My journey recommenced that day.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA—RESOURCES—TRADE.

CANADA extends from Gaspé, in the gulph of St. Lawrence, in the east, to Sandwich, at the end of Lake Erie, in the west, a distance, as the crow flies, of about eleven hundred miles. Throughout this whole length, the shores are washed, to the west by Lake Huron, to the south-east by Lakes Erie and Ontario, and by the St. Lawrence, as the boundary, to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude; thence the great river flows through the centre of the province to the sea. From the Indian village of St. Regis, where this parallel meets the *St. Lawrence*, it is the boundary for three degrees eastward,

to Hereford; thence, the division between Canada and the United States is an irregular line in a north-easterly direction, partly regulated by the summits of a range of heights, and partly merely arbitrary, to about forty-seven and a half degrees north latitude, and within thirty miles of the St. Lawrence; from this point it turns in a very curved form till it meets the boundary line of New Brunswick, from which province Canada is separated, at the eastern extremity, by the Bay of Chaleurs and the river Ristigouchi.

To the north, no boundaries have been traced between Canada and the Hudson's Bay territory, nor are any ever likely to be.

Many magnificent rivers flow into the St. Lawrence in its course: the principal are the Saguenay and the Ottawa from the north, and the Richelieu from the south. As yet but a small portion of this great country is even partially peopled; the inhabitants are merely crowded along the banks of the great river, its tributaries, and the lakes. East of Montreal lies the widest part of the occupied lands, but nowhere do they reach the breadth of more than a hundred miles. Extensive though may be this splendid province of Canada, it is yet very different indeed from what it originally was. In the fourteenth year of the reign of George the Third, the boundaries of the province of Quebec—as it was then called, were defined by an act of the Imperial Parliament. By that act it included a great extent of what is now New England, and the whole of the country between the State of Pennsylvania, the River Ohio and the Mississippi, north to the Hudson's Bay territory, where now a great portion of the rich and flourishing Western States add their strength to the neighbouring republic. By gradual encroachments on one hand and concessions on the other, by the misconstruction of treaties and diversions of boundaries, have these vast and valuable tracts of country been separated from the British empire.

Throughout all the extent of Canada, from east to west, nature and art have bestowed extraordinary facilities of navigation. The shores of the waters and a large portion of the interior are fertile, in some places to an uncommon degree. All the land was originally covered with a magnificent forest, but, acre by acre, a considerable extent of this has been cleared away, and replaced by towns, villages, and corn-fields. There are no very high mountains, but it can boast of the largest lakes in the world, and of Niagara. The country seems deficient in coal and not very plentifully supplied with minerals; but in its agricultural capabilities it is not inferior to any part of the old or new Continent.



From the north-eastern point, chilled by the winds of the Atlantic, to the south-western, five degrees lower and approaching the centre of the Continent, there is considerable variety of climate. However, in all parts the winters are very severe, and the heat of summer but little inferior to that of the tropics. Nearly everything that grows in England flourishes here also, and the country possesses various productions which nature has denied to us. The climate has in a slight degree changed since the tolerably extended cultivation, but to this day Quebec must rank among the coldest and hottest places in the civilized world. In spring and autumn the variations of the temperature are great and sudden; at noon you will fain hide from the heat of the sun, and at midnight the earth is bound up in frost.

To people naturally healthy the climate will be found healthy too, but to the rheumatic, consumptive, and feeble, it is a severe trial. It is remarked that a great number of children die in infancy in this country, particularly among the French-Canadian population; the weak in years seem injuriously affected, as well as the weak in constitution.

With the exception of a very few bitterly cold days in winter, that season is far from being disagreeable; the pure, dry, frosty air has at times a most exhilarating effect, and the blue unclouded sky above relieves the eye from the almost painful monotony of the snowy earth. The long duration of this sleep of nature is, however, very wearisome; after the third or fourth month the longing for green fields and leafy woods becomes intense and harassing, and the frozen pleasures of the winter have lost all their novelty and zest. While the snow is melting away in spring, the weather is usually beautiful and very warm; but the roads and fields are in an indescribably disagreeable state, and travelling is almost impossible. But, when the young summer fairly sets in, nothing can be more charming than the climate—bright and warm during the day, with the air still pure and clear as ever; and the transition from bare brown fields and woods to verdure and rich green foliage is so rapid, that you can almost fancy you see its progress; while, at night, light frosts refresh the atmosphere, and brace the nerves relaxed by the delicious warmth of the day.

To this succeed July and August, almost terrible in their intense heat; the roads and rocks at mid-day so hot as to be painful to the touch, and the strength of the direct rays of the sun even greater than in the tropics; but the night always brings a re-invigorating coolness, and the breezes of the morning are as fresh and tempered as in *our own favoured land*. The autumn—or the “Fall,” as

they love to call it here—rivals the spring in its healthy and moderate warmth, and far excels it in the beauty of colouring which it bestows.

The population returns of Canada are not by any means accurate; the number of emigrants each year, with the uncertainty of their remaining in the province, adds to the difficulty of arriving at a correct estimate. I believe, from the information I have been able to obtain from the best sources, that about fourteen hundred thousand is the number of British subjects in this country;\* seven hundred and fifty thousand in the Lower, and six hundred and fifty thousand in the Upper Province. Of these, five hundred and fifty thousand are of French descent, the remainder of the Anglo-Celtic race, with about six thousand Indians. The population has hitherto doubled itself in about every twenty-five years.

The annual average number of emigrants for the last fifteen years, has been twenty-five thousand, but it is supposed that a large portion of these have unadvisedly passed on to the United States; some have since returned to Canada, others soon went to rest in the pestilential western marshes, while others have been successful. But in Canada, with common regularity and industry, all are successful: the healthy climate keeps up their vigour for labour; land is cheaper, and not less fertile than that of the western states of the neighbouring republic; there are no taxes; the value of agricultural produce is greater in their markets than on the banks of the Mississippi; and there is no Lynch law.

The late Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report, delighted to extol the prosperity of our republican neighbours, in contrast to the state of our fellow-subjects. A Select Committee of the Upper Canada House of Assembly drew up a counter-report to this, in which they indignantly, and with reason, deny the sweeping statements of the High Commissioner. I extract the following from the Commissioner's Report:—

"Having first described the surpassing prosperity of the United States, for the purpose of contrasting it with the poverty and inferiority of these colonies, his Lordship proceeds to state:—'On the side of both the Canadas, and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely scattered population, poor, and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated from each other by tracts of intervening forests, without towns and markets, almost without roads, living in mean houses, deriving little more than a rude subsistence from ill-cultivated land, and seemingly incapable of

\* The population is at present (1854) estimated at about 2,000,000

improving their condition, present the most instructive contrast to their enterprising and thriving neighbours on the American side.' Let the farmers of all political parties, residing in the districts fronting on the St. Lawrence, the owners of the extensive, beautiful, and well-cultivated lands on the Bay of Quinté, in the district of Newcastle, the Home, Gore, Niagara, London, and western districts, read this degrading account, and ask themselves whether they would feel perfectly safe in submitting their future political fate, and that of their children, to the dogmas of a man who has so grossly misstated their character and condition."

To the emigrant from the British Islands, there is, perhaps, no place in the world offering a better settlement than the eastern townships of Lower Canada. There, in his log hut, with his wife and children around him to cheer his labour, he may speedily cut out his independence from the magnificent forests, and possess the fertile land: in less than twelve months of patient toil, enough is cleared for the production of sufficient potatoes and corn to place him beyond the reach of want, and set him in the road to competence. The first year is the difficulty,—often a disheartening and almost intolerable struggle.

In Upper Canada, also, the prospects of the settlers are not less encouraging. The Canada Company published, a few years ago, a statement of the condition of the people at the settlement of Goderich; the first commencement was in 1829; in 1840 six thousand people had established themselves there, and made improvements in the lands and acquired live stock to the amount of £242,287; nearly half of this was in the possession of families who had originally nothing, or, at most, some few of them had ten pounds to start with; the remainder was accumulated by people who had been slightly better off in the world. Most of the first settlers have already paid out also the full extent of their purchase money, and are now freeholders of the land.

With a sufficient capital and extent of land under cultivation to make it worth while to devote his time to it, a man who understood it would at once be able to live in comfort, and make money on a farm. The French-Canadian gentleman, however, thinks it beneath his dignity, and trusts everything to a subaltern: and the Englishman generally expends so much of his capital in the purchase of the land and stock, that, for years afterwards, he is crippled in the means of working his resources.

Horses and other cattle, though hardy and valuable in *their way*, are far inferior to the English breed, and not *improved* by a recent admixture of American blood. In

Lower Canada the maintenance of live stock during the long winters is very expensive, and the animals are usually miserably poor and thin; in short, but just kept from starving, till food becomes plentiful, in the spring.

The importance of the trade of the St. Lawrence to England is not to be estimated solely by the value of the goods exchanged, though, even in that point of view, it is very considerable; the productions of Canada sent to the British Islands require, from their nature, an immense bulk of shipping, and thus give employment to a great number of the very best sailors. The inhabitants of this province consume a greater proportion of English goods than any people in the world, excepting those of Australia. The Canadian purchases nearly four times as much of the produce of British industry as the citizen of the United States; in return, he obtains highly remunerating prices in our markets for everything he can send us, and in any quantity.

The tariff of the United States of course acts against the colonies, as well as against England; but it is obvious that with the very inefficient preventive force they possess, it must be a dead letter along twelve hundred miles of a frontier, a large part of which is forest or navigable water. A great deal of contraband trade with the northern parts of America is carried on through Canada, but not to such an extent as might be expected from its being greatly profitable, and with very slight risk of loss. It would seem that here the smuggler created, for the "irrepressible energies of commerce," an outlet almost made necessary by the absurd and mischievous tariff. Demoralizing as such a trade must be, it seems almost inevitable. People and capital are alone wanted in this country; the springs of wealth are endless.

I have mentioned elsewhere that a great panic was caused in the Canada timber trade, by the diminution of protection for colonial produce: for the first year from this alarm, there was a falling off in the quantity exported and also in its price; the next, however, rallied considerably, and the export and price, now, are greatly more than when this first step towards free trade was taken. On the other hand, it is a very singular and almost unaccountable fact, that the quantity of corn and flour sent to England while Canada possessed nearly a monopoly in that market, was considerably less than it had been in times when there was no peculiar privilege in its favour.

At the time of the free trade enactment, opinion in Canada was very much divided on the subject of the probable loss of their exclusive advantages in the English corn-market. The agricultural portion of the community were generally

very much alarmed, fearing a great fall in prices at home, and a consequent depreciation in the value of their produce; they talked of ruin—waste, untilled lands, and all sorts of dreary things. Again, some of the timber merchants, in breathless terror, cried out that the relaxation of duties on foreign timber must at once drive them to bankruptcy, altogether forgetting their increased prosperity under the earlier relaxations. A considerable body of the mercantile men hailed this announcement of free trade with pleasure—for instance, the Board of Trade at Montreal, and triumphantly quoted the facts which the last few years had given, as conclusive in its favour.

The present is, beyond all doubt, the time of Canada's greatest prosperity: from the highest to the lowest—merchant, farmer, tradesman, labourer—their hands are full of business, their profits and wages ample: there is scarcely a shadow for the discontented to make gloom of. The country has only now begun to arrive at that degree of maturity, when trade takes its great start. We should recollect that English Canada is more than a century younger than the trading districts of the United States; it is unfair to compare their progress in commerce hitherto, for, till very recently, the conditions of this country were such as to render the former merely anxious for, and busied in the support of life, the primitive pursuits of husbandry being the only occupation of the people. As numbers increased and towns enlarged, wealth and intelligence were brought to bear, and the last five, ten, fifteen years, show a change in these provinces almost incredible.

Within the longest of those periods, the population of Quebec and Montreal, the two principal trading towns, has nearly doubled; numbers of people have risen from very humble circumstances to affluence; handsome shops, with plate-glass windows, adorned with costly goods, replace the small and obscure stores; the roads, bridges, and canals, ships, railways, and steamers, have improved and multiplied in a most extraordinary manner. This is but the commencement; the impulse is only now fairly at work; a few years hence, the progress will be far greater; the feeble time of infancy is past, the first difficulties over, and this vigorous people start, confident in their resources and energy, every sail filled with the favouring breezes of prosperity.

Each year enhances, to a certain extent, the difficulty of the supply of timber; by the banks of the streams and rivers within a moderate distance in all directions, the finer trees *have already* been cleared off, and the 'lumberers' are now *obliged to drag* the fruits of their labour for a long way

through the bush, or else to ascend hundreds of miles to the yet unspoiled forests of the interior. But though the difficulties increase, the demand and the number of people employed increases too, and there is no danger of any failure in the supply for ages.

Three times the former quantity of timber reaches England from the Baltic since the reduction of the duties; this, which the Canadians at first imagined would be their ruin, has, on the contrary, much increased the demand for their produce. In house and ship-building, Baltic and American timber are both required for different parts of the structure; and, since the former has been so considerably cheapened, these operations have increased so as to call for a greater quantity of the latter than was formerly used; while the advantages to the builder and tenant in England are evident from the great diminution of cost.

Canada is totally free from direct taxation, except of course for municipal purposes. The revenue for the year 1845 was £430,000 sterling;\* four-fifths of this is derived from customs, the remainder from excise licenses, proceeds of public works, and territorial and casual sources. A duty of five per cent. is levied on English goods entering the province, and from ten to fifteen per cent. on foreign; on these latter also, generally, an imperial duty is imposed.

Canada defrays all the expenses of her own civil government and judicial establishment. The naval and military forces, and cost of works for the defence of the country, are paid from the imperial coffers; from these sources and the private expenditure of the individuals employed, a sum of more than half a million sterling is annually poured into the colony. The flowing in of a continual stream of money to this amount, is of course a very important element of prosperity. Not only are the inhabitants protected without any cost, but this large sum helps to keep the balance of trade in their favour, and is circulated to enrich them.

From the great number of opportunities of profitable investment, and from capital not being as yet much accumulated, it commands a far higher rate of interest on the best security than can be obtained in England. The legal rate is six per cent., and this can be obtained with undoubted safety.

Manufactures on a small scale have been tried and are still in progress in several parts of Canada: they are fairly remunerative; but surely, in a young and thinly-peopled country, with such immense undeveloped agricultural resources, this is

\* Now more than trebled.

an economical error. I have no doubt that it would advantage the colony infinitely were every tailor and shoemaker at the plough, and the necessary articles of their labour supplied from England. Canada has every natural capability for becoming what, without doubt, she will soon be, a great agricultural and commercial country; but any attempt to encourage manufactures there, till in a far maturer stage of advance, appears vain and preposterous.

The French population have hitherto been little more than a dead weight on the activity of the lower portion of the magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence, and whatever has been done in commercial adventure, is due to the comparatively very small number of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. In matters of general improvement, docks, bridges, &c., they have often to encounter even the opposition of their inert fellow-subjects.

The closing of the ports of the River St. Lawrence, by ice for four or five months in the year is, of course, a great drawback from their mereantile advantages, but not so very great as may appear at first sight. During this time the channels of internal transport of goods are also frozen up, but the produce of the lumberers' winter labours is released in the spring; the rich crops of Upper Canada can be readily shipped in the autumn; while the vessels which leave England early in the year carry out what is required for summer use, and those charged with the fruits of the harvest come back laden with goods for the ensuing winter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## RELIGION—EDUCATION—THE PRESS.

AMONG the subjects of general observation which suggest themselves in considering the state of any Christian country, the first is that of its religion. The influence which it exercises, even in a temporal point of view, are so important, that, though one were to acknowledge no higher interest than the political state and material prosperity, it forces itself upon the attention.

Thirty years after the cession by France, Canada was formed into a Diocese of the Church of England; in 1839 this was divided into two Sees—the eastern, or the Diocese of Quebec, containing the whole of Lower Canada, is given to the care of the Bishop of Montreal; the western, being all Upper Canada, to that of the Bishop of Toronto. These districts are of enormous size, each extending about six hundred miles in length, and the incomes attached to them are far from sufficient for the expenses which such a charge and rank entail.\*

The incomes of many of the clergy are very small; some have not more than a hundred pounds a year, and but few are allowed a glebe-house or other residence. But, though their means are so slender, their duties are most severe and harassing: to convey an idea of their nature, I will give a short extract from the Bishop of Montreal's Visitation Journal for the year 1843, printed for the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel."

"Duties of the clergyman of the 'Mission' of Mascouche—New Glasgow. Sunday morning, service throughout the year at Mascouche, except on the sacrament days at New Glasgow. Paisley and Kilkenny, four times a year each, (as also at Mascouche;) Sunday afternoon, service at Terrebonne, six miles from Mascouche, and New Glasgow, twelve miles; when at the latter, their way is continued to Kilkenny, twelve miles further, on Sunday night, in order to hold service there (fortnightly) on Monday; two miles from the house to the Church, and eleven after service to sleep at Paisley, in preparation for service there on Tuesday, and so back to Mascouche. Occasional visits from hence to the

\* There are now separate bishoprics of Quebec and Montreal.



Nord, forty miles off. A great portion of the road in summer is of the worst description. Parochial visiting cannot be systematic in such a vast extent of scattered charge."

In the thirty-first year of the reign of George the Third, one seventh of all the waste lands was set apart for, as it was worded, the "Protestant Church;" and the Scottish Church and others have claimed a share, and receive it. A late Act of Parliament provides for the sale of these "Clergy Reserves" and the distribution of the funds.

Hitherto the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" has been the chief support of the Church of England in Canada, as well as in the other colonies. In the year 1843, more than fifteen thousand pounds were given by this most valuable body to Canada alone. A Church Society was also established in Upper Canada, in 1841; the next year its income was eighteen hundred pounds; and it has since increased to a considerable amount.

As I stated elsewhere, the census has always been taken under great disadvantages, owing to the scattered dwellings of the population, and to a stupid idea among the lower classes of French-Canadians, that it was made with a view of taxation. It is also impossible to arrive correctly at the number of the members of each different sect, as the people employed are supposed, in their estimates, to have magnified their own at the expense of others. I have before me the attainable statistics, such as they are, but they are so confused and contradictory that one can only hope for an approximation to the reality. I believe that the proportion which the members of the Church of England bear to the population of Canada is under one sixth of the whole.

In the various political troubles which have arisen at different times in England and in her colonies, there was one quality in which the members of the Church were always conspicuous—that of loyalty. Wherever they are found, they are, as it were, a garrison against sedition and rebellion; every holy spire that rises among the dark pine woods of Canada, stands over a strong-hold for the British Crown; and every minister who labours in his remote and ill-rewarded calling, is a faithful and zealous subject.

But the state of the Church of England in Canada is not without its bright side of happy promise; there are people still alive and now not very old, who were confirmed at Quebec by the Bishop of Nova Scotia; the first, and at that time the only Colonial Bishop of the Established Church throughout the empire; at the end of the eighteenth century *there were only six clergymen in all Canada. Within the last few years, especially under the auspices of the present*

able and excellent Bishops, the prospects of the Church have much improved; the labours of the missionaries have been ceaseless, and they are rewarded with success in their sacred calling, though not by their own worldly advancement. Their lives are hard, toilsome, and full of privation; often they live with their families in bare and humble dwellings, unable from their poverty to keep up the outward appearances that conduce to worldly consideration, and deprived of the comforts and enjoyments to which their place and education entitle them. Wherever one of these worthy men is established, he is a centre, and acts as a stimulus for improvement, as far as his narrow means allow. The Church, in the influence of its fixed and steadfast principles, is a happy barrier against the wild and turbulent enthusiasm of dissent; in many instances, various sectarians have joined its fold, to save themselves from their own extravagances.

The fantastic and mischievous absurdities of Millerism, have been widely spread in some portions of Canada; its apostles are chiefly men of little education or character, but many of their followers appear sincere and ardent believers. I shall again quote from the Bishop of Montreal's Visitation journal. "In the meetings of the Millerites, persons acted upon by the vehement proclamation of close approaching judgment, enforced by the expedients usual in such cases for goading the human mind, fall into what are technically called *the struggles*, and roll on the floor of the meeting-house, striking out their limbs with an excess of violence; all which is understood to be an act of devotion with regard to some unconverted individual, who is immediately sent for, if not present, that he may witness the process designed for his benefit. Females are thus prompted to exhibit themselves, and I was credibly informed that, at Hatley, two young girls were thus in *the struggles*; the objects of their intercessions being two troopers quartered in the village. Revolting as such scenes may appear, yet, when mixed up with the awful realities of future judgment, they take a prodigious effect in the wilder and more sequestered part of a country, upon a large portion of the popular mind."

Fully one half of the population of Canada belong to the Church of Rome. The greater part of these are French-Canadians, the remainder Irish, or their descendants. For Lower Canada there are an Archbishop, one Bishop, two Bishop-Coadjutors, one hundred and seventy-five Churches, twenty Convents, and ten Colleges, or Seminaries. In Upper Canada there are two Bishops, and one Bishop-Coadjutor, and about seventy Churches. The Roman Catholic Church is very richly endowed in this country; the Island of Mon-

treas, and many Seigneuries of great value, belong to it; one, St. Paul's Bay, contains a rich deposit of iron ore, also very pure rock iron: this district is not less than eighteen miles in extent, and, doubtless, will be a source of great wealth in future years; it contains, besides, valuable springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur and arsenic.

Very large funds are also derived from those who enter the convents: the rich are esteemed worthy brides of the Church, but the poorer sisters perform the menial offices. The twenty-sixth part of the grain grown by the Roman Catholics is always given, by law, to their Church: lately, this portion of other produce has also been demanded with success, though the claim could not be enforced in a court of justice. When a parishioner changes his faith, this tithe need be no longer paid. The sums levied for Church services, masses for the living and the dead, baptisms and burials, are also very considerable. Not long since, a case occurred of the death of a Roman Catholic, whose sons had been brought up in the faith of their Protestant mother: anxious to pay every mark of respect to their father's memory, they applied to the priesthood for the usual prayers and ceremonies for a person of his condition, and the charge for the various services amounted to one hundred and twenty pounds.

With but few exceptions, the Roman Catholic clergy are very respectable in their education and conduct: loyal to the British Crown in the rebellion, they generally opposed the movement as much as lay in their power; and, although even their great influence was unable altogether to control the misguided people, they kept some disaffected portions of the country in peace. They look with extreme dislike and apprehension on anything tending to bring them under the laws and institutions of the United States; the position of their Irish brethren at Philadelphia and elsewhere, is a lesson not thrown away upon them. Besides, they are well aware that their immense possessions would speedily undergo some new American process, for which an appropriate and peculiar name would, no doubt, soon be furnished; as have been the words "Repudiation," "Annexation," to other characteristic operations of that original people.

The French-Canadian Roman Catholic priesthood are naturally very hostile to the increase and progress of the English Protestant population, as, added to their national and religious prejudices against them, any farms falling into their hands are freed from the tithe to the Church. In the neighbourhood of the towns, and, indeed, in all the *good situations*, this process is going on with, for them, a *most alarming* rapidity. The rebellion in Lower Canada

was, in a measure, against these settlers, and not against British rule; the jealousy of the French-Canadian inhabitants had then arrived at its height, and broke out in that feeble and petulant sedition. The priesthood are by no means free from blame for encouraging this enmity of race, but they may be fairly acquitted of disloyalty to the government.

Among the Roman Catholics in this country, all the lower classes, and the females of the upper, are very devout and attentive to their religious duties; but among the well-educated men there is diffused not a little of the scoffing spirit of Young France. It must, however, be allowed, that the people of all ranks stand very high in the scale of morality: indeed, it has now become almost a matter of history when the provincial gentlemen of the law last reaped aught from domestic misfortunes brought on by the neglect of its principles.

The remnant of the Indians who dwell within the bounds of Canada, profess the faith of Rome; and few are more attentive to the external observance of its duties than they. The squaws are gifted with very sweet voices, and the singing in their rude village churches is sometimes charming.

Among the various sects of Protestant Dissenters, the most numerous and important are the Scottish Church, and the Free Church of Scotland. They are determined in their distinction from the Church of England, but generally by no means bitter in their hostility to it. I find from the Visitation Journal of the excellent Bishop of Montreal, already quoted, that he was offered hospitality on his tour by some of their ministers. This body of clergy is supported by their share of the Clergy Reserves, and the voluntary contributions of their congregations.

I shall not enter into any further notice of the varied, and, unfortunately, numerous shades of opinions and sects, which pride, ignorance, fanaticism, and discontent, have spread among this portion of the Anglo-Saxon race. With regard to the sectarians of Canada, I regret to say that nearly all are united in treating the Church of England as a common enemy; though here it is so innocent of the rich temporalities, which at home are said to give virulence to their attacks.

Before I leave the subject of religion in Canada, I would wish to observe, with sincere pleasure, on the visitation of the Bishop of Montreal, during the summer of 1844, to the Red River settlement. A most interesting account of this was published in London last year, from which I take the following statements.

The Bishop of Montreal left Quebec in the middle of May, and performed his journey of two thousand miles, in about six weeks. From a little beyond Montreal, the whole of the distance was travelled in open canoes, up through the rapid waters of the Ottawa, and by wild lakes and winding rivers into Lake Huron, thence along the northern shore, and by the Manitoulin Islands, once sacred to the Great Spirit of the ancient people, through the little settlement at Sault Sainte Marie into the deep and dreary Lake Superior; thence up the Rainy River, over falls of wonderful height and beauty, through labyrinths of woody islands, and almost unknown lakes, till at length the journey's end was reached.

They encamped usually at night, but sometimes, when it was fair, the precious breeze was taken advantage of even through the darkness; large fires were lighted by the tent where they rested, but it was very cold at times; and, during the day, the bright sun, and the mosquitoes and other venomous insects, were hard to bear.

Numbers of wild but friendly Indians were met, of fine frame and stature, but very low in the scale of human progress; they were willing to assist at the "Portages" and would labour all day long for a very trifle, particularly the squaws. Early on a Sabbath morning the Bishop reached the settlement, when he saw the same people in their Christian state. "Thus on the morning of the Lord's our blessed day, we saw them gathering already round their pastor, who was before his door; their children collecting in the same manner, with their books in their hands, all decently clothed from head to foot; a repose and steadiness in their deportment; at least the seeming indications of a high and controlling influence on their character and hearts; their humble dwelling, with the commencement of farms, and cattle grazing in the meadow; the neat, modest parsonage or mission-house, with its garden attached to it; and the simple but decent church, with the school-house as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying on the face of them the promise of a blessing."

The congregation that day consisted of two hundred and fifty Indians, dressed partly in the European manner. The morning service is performed in English, but the lessons were translated into the Indian tongue by the interpreter, as was also the Bishop's sermon. About two thirds of the congregation are said to understand a simple address in English, and soon, probably, no other language will be required.

*The Bishop considers these Indians to be a thinking and intelligent people. The man acting as sexton had been a*

noted sorcerer or "Medicine" of the tribe. The stay of the Visitation at the Red River settlement was limited to about three weeks, by the necessity of starting in time to finish the arduous journey before the setting in of the winter. The number of persons confirmed was eight hundred and forty-six, and would have been considerably greater, but that a large portion of the people were at that time of the year hunting on the Prairies, or busied with distant traffic to Hudson's Bay. There were also two ordinations for the ministry. There are four Church of England churches in the settlement, two of stone and two of wood, also several well-attended schools, one, a private boarding school of a superior order.

Besides the numerous and respectable officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, there are scattered about the settlement several worthy retired factors or traders, some married to European, others to Indian wives; and, among some of the residents, there is far from a deficiency in comforts and habits of refinement. The whole population of the Red River settlement is upwards of five thousand: rather more than half of these are Roman Catholics, the remainder belong to the Church of England. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are natives, or half-breeds; the rest, Canadians and people from the British islands, with a few foreigners. They possess in plenty, barns, stables, mills, horses, sheep, pigs, and black cattle; the soil is wonderfully fruitful and easy of cultivation, but all produce is consumed on the spot; there is no market for its sale. Notes printed on coloured paper are issued by the Company for circulation in the colony.

The climate at the Red River much resembles that of Quebec, but is rather more severe in winter. Acts of violence by the Indians against any of the people of the Hudson's Bay Company are scarcely known; the general treatment which they receive at the forts is such as to secure their attachment and respect, and they draw largely on the charity of the Europeans in times of want. The many thousand Indians scattered over these vast regions afford a wide field for the efforts of Christian men, but, sad to say, the means are at present lamentably insufficient.

Mr. Leith, a resident factor of the Company, left some time ago a sum of ten thousand pounds, for the Propagation of the Gospel in this district, but it has, unfortunately, remained in litigation ever since. The Roman Catholic Church has two bishops and a very extensive mission in the western country, but the Church of the Empire is humble and poor. In the year 1820, Mr. West, a missionary, first preached the pure gospel on the banks of the Red River.

At the time of the English conquest, there were in Canada several richly-endowed establishments for the purposes of education. The seminaries of Quebec and Montreal were appropriated more particularly to the instruction of ecclesiastics, and the order of the Jesuits was entrusted with the general teaching of the people. These rich endowments are since continued to the same objects, with the exception of the estates of the Jesuits, which have been assumed by the Crown. The grants to the seminary of Quebec are of great value, consisting of more than a thousand square miles of land, and some choice property in the city; those of Montreal are worth ten thousand pounds a year, at a low estimate. The estates of the order of the Jesuits were also great; a part of them have been disposed of by the Crown, but the more valuable portion still remains, and produces a handsome income.

Several amply-endowed nunneries afford instruction to the female children in the towns and villages of this province.

After the confiscation of the estates of the Jesuits, up to the end of the last century, the means of education appear to have been very limited, insomuch that only a dozen or twenty people in a whole parish knew how to read: classics and the sciences were indeed taught at Montreal and Quebec, either gratuitously or at a nominal charge, but these benefits reached to very few. The English were allowed to avail themselves of this instruction; they were received without any distinction or partiality, and exempted from attending the religious duties.

A few years ago, the abuses and mismanagement of the public schools were very great, but at present they are working under a much improved system. It may be said that throughout the whole of Canada there are fair opportunities of elementary education for every one, except in the very remote and thinly settled districts. In the Upper Province these privileges are appreciated to a greater extent than in the Lower; the *habitans* are scarcely yet persuaded of the necessity of being instructed; their better classes are rather indifferent on the subject; and some people go so far as to assert that the Roman Catholic priesthood in the rural districts are averse to the spread of enlightenment: they certainly need not feel alarm at the rapidity of its progress.

As mentioned in the portion of Lord Durham's Report, to which I referred in another part of this volume, the possession of rather a superior education by a certain number of *young men*, perhaps very humbly born, is not attended with

happy or useful results. We find these people too proud or too idle to follow the lowly and toilsome occupations of their fathers; they are not sufficiently gifted to attain success in their ill-chosen professions; and, driven by want, disappointment, and discontent, into the ranks of sedition, they are willing to persuade themselves and others that they are debarred from getting on by political causes, or indeed by any cause, except that of their own incapacity; they dream of independence, *la nation Canadienne*, freedom from foreign rule, and all sorts of absurdities. In this bright and imaginative future, each young village surgeon or attorney fancies he is to play a conspicuous part, and by such inflated ideas he tries to move the sluggish minds and sympathies of his ignorant relations. The most successful of these ambitious embryo Robespierres and Dantons rises perhaps to be the editor of some obscure newspaper, the organ of their innocuous and contemptible sedition; or the representative of some "habitan" district, when the stipend attached to his seat in the provincial parliament saves him from penury and want.

But these seminaries of education in Lower Canada produce also some very worthy exceptions to the class of which I have just now spoken; and there is a considerable proportion of French-Canadian gentlemen, whose character and acquirements entitle them to all respect and consideration.

The merchants of British birth or descent are naturally educated in very much the same way as their brethren at home, in a sound, practical, useful manner; any degree of classical proficiency is of course rare, but not altogether without instances; some are good linguists, all are generally well informed. They acquire at an early age the manners of men of the world, as their business brings them in contact with a number of people of various countries and of all classes. During the long winters, when all are bent solely upon amusement, they have also an opportunity of cultivating the habits and tastes of good society. Both the ladies and gentlemen in the large towns of Canada excel in manner; from their earliest youth they mix in the gaieties and amusements of their native place, and this acquirement is attained, perhaps rather at a sacrifice of others, more solid, but less graceful and attractive.

The young lady who might be sadly puzzled over a passage of Dante or Ariosto, and not very clear as to whether Schiller was a poet or a fiddler, would most probably do the honours of a house with all the perfection and self-possession of a finished matron. But let it not be supposed for a moment, that I make anything like a charge of ignorance against



these fair Canadians, who are really among the most attractive of Eve's daughters—quite the contrary; they are all well educated, to the extent which general society requires of them; beyond that, they have no object to gain, and any one of them who aspired, would be placed in an almost unenviable isolation. Great numbers of the young ladies, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, are educated at the convents, the remainder, generally, at day-schools in the principal towns. Home education is very rare, from the difficulty and expense of procuring suitable governesses. This time of tuition usually ends at sixteen years of age, soon after which period they enter the world, and their career of conquest commences.

At Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere, there are good classical and high schools, which afford fair opportunities of education for young gentlemen, at a very moderate expense; happily, therefore, it is less the custom now than it was formerly, to send them for instruction to the United States, where they were not likely to imbibe strong feelings of affection and respect for the mother country and the British Crown.

The lower classes of British birth and descent are, as a body, inferior in education to their neighbours in New England, but superior to the people of the southern and western States. One-fourth of their present number emigrated from the United Kingdom as adults, and were of a class which the spread of intelligence, now, I trust, rapidly progressing at home, had not at that time reached. Many of the British Canadians, too, were born in settlements then remote and thinly populated, though now perhaps thriving and crowded; and their early life was a constant toil and struggle for subsistence, leaving little leisure for education. The rising generation starts under brighter auspices.

The press in Canada is generally superior in respectability, if not in talent, to that of the United States. It cannot indeed be pronounced free from personalities, or from the wide license of party warfare, for I regret to say that of these some very discreditable instances have occurred; but they are exceptions, the general rule is honesty and propriety. Quebec and Montreal have each eight or ten newspapers; about half of them, and not the better half, are in the French language; Kingston has five, and Toronto seven; and all the towns of any importance in Upper Canada have at least one each. Nearly every shade of political opinion is advocated in these publications, but since the rebellion none of them openly profess republican views, or encourage a more *intimate union with the United States*: during the present

(1846) difficulties with that people, even the extreme radical prints have put forward many articles, warning the Americans that they are not to expect sympathy or co-operation from any party in Canada—that whatever disputes may be carried on about provincial affairs among themselves, they do not desire any foreign interference. William Lyon Mackenzie, the former leader of the Toronto sedition, has since published a book on that and subsequent events, from which it appears that his American sympathies have undergone wonderful diminution.

Canada has as yet contributed very little or nothing to general literature, but the youth of the country and the abundant necessary occupations of the people, readily account for this deficiency. Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto can boast of very respectable libraries, scientific and literary institutions, and debating societies; the latter perhaps more important as affording an innocent and amusing pursuit, than from any great present practical utility. There is also a French-Canadian Scientific and Literary Institution at Quebec, lately founded, and promising well for the future.

I say it with pleasure, that, within the last few years, the tone of the press, the prospects of literature, the means of instruction, and the desire of applying them, have received a great and salutary impulse of improvement throughout this magnificent province.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### MANNERS—POLITICS—DEFENCES.

In Upper Canada, the better class of people have generally the same manners and customs as those who are engaged in similar pursuits and occupations in England. So large a proportion are retired officers of the army and navy, government officials, and men brought up in the old country, who have settled and become landholders, that they give the tone to the remainder, and between them and their republican neighbours there is generally a marked difference in dress and manner. Among the lower classes, this distinction is by no means so evident; unfortunately, no small number of those dwelling on the borders readily adopt the ideas and manners of the Americans; indeed, many of them are refugees from the States. Those in the interior, however,

retain in a great degree, the characteristics of the country whence they or their fathers have emigrated.

With the exception of the Richelieu district, the peasantry of Lower Canada, both of English and French origin, are more pleasing, civil, and attractive in their demeanour, than those of the Upper Province. The people of St. John's and other places, from the Richelieu River west to the St. Lawrence, are singularly unprepossessing; they have all the grossness and insolence of the worst class of the Americans, without their energy and spirit; besides, they are generally very much disaffected to the British Crown. They are a mixed race of British, French, and Americans, and this union is by no means happy in its results. To the traveller coming into Canada from the United States by that route, these people appear in most unfavourable contrast with their neighbours; their farms badly cultivated, their houses poor and dirty, and the race of men mean-looking and discontented.

While at St. John's, I made many efforts to find out the causes of their stagnation and ill-feeling, but it was vain. They acknowledged that they had no taxes, that land was cheap, that Montreal was an excellent market for their produce, that no laws pressed upon them peculiarly or vexatiously. One man, indeed, said that, not being able to elect their Governor was a very great grievance, and, on that account, they could not consider themselves a free people. I suggested to him that this grievance, great as it was, need not have prevented him from mending his fence, through which, while we were speaking, half-a-dozen cattle had entered his field, and were performing polkas on his young wheat. The fact is, that these turbulent mixed breeds are an indolent and worthless set of people, willing to attribute their unprosperous condition to English laws, rather than to their own demerits.

At one time the misuse of ardent spirits, with all its melancholy and disastrous consequences, was very general in Upper Canada; it cannot be said that the evil is cured, but it is, certainly, much mitigated, and the consumption, proportionately to the population, has been diminished for some years past. At one time, settlements were given to a number of disbanded soldiers, with a small commuted allowance for their pensions; this scheme proved eminently unsuccessful: when so many of these veterans were in the same neighbourhood, their old idle, and, in some cases, dissipated habits, were not likely to be at once abandoned, and the dram-shop became the only prosperous place; their farms were carelessly and unskilfully cleared and tilled,

their little capital soon wasted; and, in a very short time, the great majority of them had sold out their land for next to nothing, and were wandering about as beggars, thoroughly demoralized and discontented.

Old soldiers have generally been found to make very indifferent settlers, particularly when congregated; but there are many pleasing exceptions, of worthy, loyal, and prosperous men.

The manner of servants to their masters, and of the lower classes generally to their superiors, is much the same as in England; tradespeople, too, hold a like relative position. Your bootmaker does not consider that it adds to his importance or real independence to sit down in your room with his hat on, and whistle and spit while he takes your measure, as his republican brother in the United States would probably do. I once made a small purchase from a man in a shop at Baltimore, who was smoking a cigar, chewing tobacco, and eating a peach at the same time: with so many pleasing and interesting occupations, he, of course, had not much leisure to spare for civilities to his customer.

With the exception of a few of the lowest class, the Canadians are quite free from those very disagreeable habits which are so unpleasantly general among the Americans. Chewing tobacco is not the fashion, and they reserve their saliva for other purposes than those of a projectile nature. Their manners, customs, and dress, are those of England, not of America; and in this there is a bond of union and sympathy, of which all astute politicians acknowledge the strength and value.

The Legislature consists of two houses, the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly. The members of the first are appointed for life by the Crown, but have themselves the power of resigning; they are chosen from among those of the inhabitants of the country the most conspicuous for character, intelligence, and wealth, and are now by no means limited to any particular party. They are thirty-four in number at present; their functions in the state correspond very nearly with those of the House of Lords in England, but the bishops are not included among the members.

The Legislative Assembly is elected by the people. A freehold of forty shillings yearly value, or the payment of ten pounds rent annually, is the qualification for voters, which, in point of fact, amounts almost to universal suffrage, one out of six of the whole population having the power of voting: generally, however, but a small portion exercise this privilege, and the registration is said to be very loose and imper-

fect. The Legislative Assembly is chosen for four years, but is at any time liable to be dissolved by the Governor's authority. The members receive fifteen shillings a day indemnity for their time devoted to the public service, and a shilling a mile for travelling expenses: a qualification of landed property to the value of five hundred pounds is necessary to enable them to obtain a seat in the House. The Executive Council, or ministry, perform all the duties of administration, under the Governor.

In Lower Canada the numbers implicated in the troubles proved to be very small, compared to the masses of the population. The attention of the Home Government has been, since these events, much more actively engaged with this country; many real grievances have been removed, great sums advanced for public works, the Union effected; and, though some still complain, it is acknowledged by all parties that there is a great improvement in the mode of distributing the provincial patronage. This last always has been—and always will be, a very tender point in Canada, and it is, certainly, but right that all offices in the colony, those of the Governor and his personal staff, of course, excepted, should be exclusively filled by the inhabitants of the province, and with as fair a portion as circumstances may admit of with regard to race.

It would also be highly politic to strengthen the tie of affection between the mother country and the colony, by more frequently bestowing naval and military appointments among the people of the latter who may be properly qualified for them, as also the titles and honorary marks of royal favour, suitable to the merits and services which might be brought under notice. The gallant De Salaberry was surely worthy of such reward, and he by no means stood alone. There could also be found men who, from their civil services, fortunes, and social position, have claim amply sufficient to justify the bestowal of the junior grades of hereditary rank. At this present time, there is not a peer resident in this country, and but two baronets.

With regard to the people, I believe there are none in the world so lightly taxed, or more free, to the fullest extent of rational liberty; the legislation with regard to the titles of land is peculiarly favourable to them; when they settle as tenants on an estate they can at any time oblige the landlord to sell them their holding, if they can produce the purchase money, and this, with common industry and prudence, they may very soon accumulate from the produce of their farms.

*Among the Americans, in discussing the subject of a war*

with England, it is very usual to hear it asserted that, with twenty or thirty thousand militia, Canada could be overrun in a few weeks; and this ignorant belief causes many to long for the opportunity of this easy but glorious conquest. They should be informed that any hopes founded on the state of things in the last war will prove fallacious. In 1812, Upper Canada was a thinly-peopled country and a wilderness, occupied by a rude race of poor and ignorant labourers, who furnished but indifferent *matériel* for soldiers, and were without a class qualified to act as officers. Since then, numerous immigrants of a far better class have joined the original inhabitants, including a very large proportion of retired officers of the army and navy, who have received grants of land from the government. Within the last twenty years, several entire Scottish clans, under their chiefs—MacNabs, Glengarrys, and others, worthy of their warlike ancestors, have migrated hither. Hardy and faithful men from the stern hills of Ulster, and fiery but kind-hearted peasants from the South of Ireland, with sturdy, honest yeomen from Yorkshire and Cumberland, have fixed their homes in the Canadian forests: these immigrants, without losing their love and reverence for the Crown and laws of their native country, have become attached to their adopted land, where their stake is now fixed; and they are ready to defend their properties and their government against any foreign invasion or domestic treason.

When the war of 1812 commenced, there were in the whole of Canada only four regiments of regular infantry, and four companies of artillery, numbering altogether less than two thousand four hundred men. But history tells us how disastrous were the results to the invaders, even when opposed to so feeble a force; the surrender of General Hull with his whole army and the territory of Michigan—the defeat at Chrystler's farm—the rout and slaughter at Queenstown, with the capture of half the assailants. But, in those days, the same false ideas of the facility of the conquest of Canada were held by the great mass of the Americans, as those which delude them at the present day. However, the necessity of great sacrifices and suffering soon brought on a more just and sober view of the question, as no doubt would be the case again.

The British Government has been for the last quarter of a century at a great expense in improving its defences and military communications. Quebec has been placed, as far as human skill is capable, beyond the chances of American war. Works of strength and importance have been erected on the island near Montreal, and others are now in preparation;

from the improvement of roads and steamboats, a large force could be collected to defend them at a very short notice. Kingston is secure in its martello towers and present fortifications against anything but the systematic attack of a large regular army, supported by an overpowering naval force. Toronto would prove defensible against militia, and a serious obstacle even to trained troops. Along the frontier of Lower Canada are several works which would also embarrass the advance of an invading army.

The nominal strength of the Canadian militia is the whole of the population capable of bearing arms; one-fourth of these might be made active and effectual, without putting a stop to the various industrial pursuits of the country; numbers of the retired officers would be able and willing to command them; several thousand non-commissioned officers—arms, ammunition, clothing, and pay, can be readily supplied from England; and the arsenals of Canada are already sufficiently supplied with artillery of all kinds, carriages, and equipment, for the commencement of a war.

In the late war, the strength of the British power was employed in the Peninsula, the East and West Indies, Africa, and Sardinia. Her navy had to blockade nearly all the principal ports and rivers of Europe, she was compelled to keep fleets in the Mediterranean and Baltic seas, in the Pacific Ocean, and off the coast of India: at no period of her history had she such limited means to spare for a struggle on the American continent.

England's means of defending Canada are amply sufficient for any emergency; but the desire to exercise these means would probably last only so long as her protection was sought for by the people of the country, and the connecting tie mutually advantageous. It would be neither policy nor interest to retain forcible possession of a discontented, mutinous, and unprofitable province. But a wise and generous government will prevent the possible occurrence of such a state of things; judicious arrangement of commercial intercourse will secure some of the strongest feelings of the human mind in favour of the connexion, and a liberal and enlightened policy, creating a spirit of attachment to and confidence in British rule, will enlist also the noblest and warmest sympathies in the cause.

When the railway from Halifax to Quebec is finished, with its extension to Toronto, and even Sandwich, on one side, and the extremity of the Golden Arm of Cape Breton on the other, I should rejoice to see all the British North American possessions, Newfoundland included, united under

a central colonial government, and represented in a common legislature; each, however, still retaining its own assemblies for local and particular purposes.

It would have the effect of nationalizing "England in the New World," as distinct from America. Plans for mutual advantage and assistance between the provinces could be more readily and efficiently carried out; the separate and French feeling of a considerable portion of the people would be weakened, if not in their own hearts, at least in its evil influences on the country; the loyalty of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the energy and activity of Upper Canada, would act on each other with reciprocal improvement; then, additional confidence and self-respect would be felt by the inhabitants of what would have become a powerful and important State; and the secondary condition of scattered colonies would emerge into the dignity of a united nation.

With nearly three millions of people, a vast territory, admirable intercommunication, varied and inexhaustible resources, and the military support and protection of the mother country, this British America would not yield in importance to the gigantic but unwieldy and disjointed Republic itself. The principles of government in these united provinces should be, as much as possible, centralization, in order to break or smooth down the differences of origin and local feeling; a perfectly free legislative assembly, with their own executive; patronage fairly distributed and scrupulously confined to the people of the country, a liberal but not extravagant distribution of honours for civil and other services and merits, the perfect independence of the judicial bench, and the legislative council beyond the popular control, but at the same time as little as possible under the influence of the prerogative.

It would be difficult to decide whether Montreal or Quebec is better fitted for the future metropolis of such a country. Montreal stands in a richer district, has better and more general communications, a much more convenient river frontage, and, from the level nature of its site, allows of greater regularity in building, and an unlimited extension; it is also one-fifth more populous and undeniably the handsomer and more thriving city of the two. The objections are, that it is not central, and, what is much more important, that it is unpleasantly near the frontier of the United States, and from the constant and easy communication with them, more liable to the influences of their ideas and example; besides, in case of collision between the two countries, it is the first point of attack that presents itself, and, as a military position, is difficult of defence. The



occupation of the capital by a hostile force is at all times a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to a people.

Quebec would be nearer the centre of the great line of railroad and water communication; its intercourse is much more intimate with England than with the United States; and it is safe from even the apprehension of being overrun by an enemy's army; on the plains of Abraham, beyond the suburbs of St. Roch, and on the northern bank of the river St. Charles, is ample space for any requisite extension: a tract of sand, dry at low water, stretching into the basin of the river St. Lawrence, might very easily be reclaimed to continue the Lower Town for a considerable extent as a river frontage, which would at the same time improve and deepen the channel of the St. Charles. Altogether, from the political and military advantages of the position, Quebec appears preferable.

Many wise and worthy people may suspect a danger in thus strengthening into a nation these detached colonies, and quote with uneasiness the case of the States of America when they met in congress at Philadelphia. But their case was, in reality, widely different; they had been suffering for years under certain wrongs and injuries inflicted by a despotic and feeble government; the rare and difficult communication between them and England weakened the ties of interest and identity, and increased their chances of success in opposition; the profligate administration of patronage, the careless and contemptuous system of colonial management, stirred up a resistance among them which there were neither energy nor resources to overcome. But now, each day brings England and her North-American children into closer and more familiar relation. English prices raise or depress their markets; the population of England supplies vigorous reinforcements to that of these provinces; her victories spread rejoicing and honest pride among her western people;—her difficulties fling their shadows even over the sunny banks of the St. Lawrence.

There are two great tendencies constantly at work in these colonies—one to make them British, the other, American. Some years ago the current favoured the latter; now, it runs strongly for the former; we should foster it, train it, honour it; not by unnatural and unhealthy enactments in favour of some pet portion of their commerce, not by lavish expenditure on works of little importance and enormous difficulty—but we should foster it in justice—train it in justice—honour it in justice—"do to them as we would be done by."

*The tendency towards America, is a rank and noisome*

weed; it grows up in coarse luxuriance among the profligate and discontented, through the mongrel population of the Richelieu and the borders of the eastern townships. In the villages of the Niagara district, where neglected advantages and dissolute morals have brought on premature decay—there it flourishes, there is its strength; among such will it find sympathy.

But among the worthy, the educated, and the prosperous, lies the strength of the tendency to England. The more respectable of the ministers of religion, whatever its form or creed; the wealthy and intelligent merchants, the influential country gentlemen; these form a strong connecting link. But, most of all, the honest emigrant draws close the bond between the fatherland and his adopted soil; he, perhaps, has already half won the prize of competence in this new country, but still keeps treasured in the warmest place in his heart, the memory of his early home—of the village church hallowed for centuries by the prayers of the good and faithful of his people, and of that holy spot beside its walls where the grass grows green over his father's grave.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### BUFFALO—SARATOGA.

BUFFALO causes a total reaction in the mind after Niagara: bran new, bustling, changing every day—going ahead with high-pressure force. It is one of the very best samples of Young Western America: full of foreigners—Irish, French, Germans; principally the latter, but all Americanized, all galvanized with the same frantic energy. The population rush about on their different occupations, railway engines scream, and steamboats puff on every side; waggons rattle about in all directions, men swear, bargain, or invite you to their hotels, in the accents of half-a-dozen countries.

The situation of the town is very good: at the head of the Niagara River is the outlet of Lake Erie; at the end of the great chain of the Western Lakes—the commerce of twelve hundred miles of these broad waters is centred in this point, and condensed in the narrow passage of the Erie canal and Hudson River, till, at New York, it pours out its wealth into the Atlantic.

The site has a gentle dip to the south, towards the lake; across it, lying nearly east and west, is the harbour, sepa-

rated by a peninsula from the waters of the lake. This affords secure and ample shelter for the shipping, numerous though they be, which crowd in day and night. The town was born in the first year of the nineteenth century. The English totally destroyed it in 1814, in retaliation for the burning of Little York, or Toronto, by the Americans. The motley and numerous population increases rapidly.

There are many large public buildings erected by a very enterprising man—among the rest is a jail, where he at present resides: he forged for large sums of money, bought land, ran up streets and market-places, indulged in various speculations, prospered for a long time, arrived at great respectability, till at length he committed the heinous, unpardonable crime of being found out; he was immediately cast into prison, by a virtuously indignant, but highly benefited people. This speculative and unfortunate individual's name is Rathbun.

Lake Erie is but shallow; the length is two hundred and forty, the breadth varies from forty to sixty miles, but there are many shoals and rocks, the causes of constant and dreadful losses. In stormy weather, the seas are short and dangerous. The harbours are few and distant, and, during the winter, the navigation is much impeded by ice. The level is three hundred and thirty-four feet above Lake Ontario. Lake Huron is larger and deeper, Michigan still larger and deeper, Superior largest and deepest of all.

In these waters, the Americans have a far greater quantity of shipping than the English. In the last war, on the 10th of September, 1813, this lake was the scene of one of their greatest triumphs; Commodore Perry destroyed or took the whole of the British squadron under Captain Barclay. After that engagement, the command of the navigation was retained by them. The gallant Barclay was frightfully wounded on this occasion, losing an arm and a leg. When he returned to England in this mutilated state, he did not venture to meet a young lady to whom he was engaged and tenderly attached, and sent a friend to inform her that she was free from her engagement. "Tell him," said the English maiden, "that, had he only enough body left to hold his soul, I'll marry none but him."

The first vessel that ever sailed on these Western seas was of sixty tons burden, built in the Niagara River, in January, 1679: she was dragged up into Lake Erie, and started on her bold adventure, under the guidance of La Salle. In August they entered Lake Huron, through the St. Clair River, and here a violent storm assailed them. The stout hearts of La Salle and his sailors gave way to the terrors of these unknown

waters: they knelt to pray, and prepared for death, except the pilot, who, as our old friend Father Hennepin says, "did nothing all that time but curse and swear against La Salle for having brought him thither to make him perish in a nasty lake, and lose the glory he had acquired by his long and happy navigation of the ocean." They, however, escaped this danger, and passed into Lake Michigan, where, after sailing forty leagues, they landed on an island at the mouth of Green Bay, whence La Salle sent back the ship to Niagara, laden with rich and valuable furs, procured by trade with the Indians of the coasts where they had touched in the voyage. The pilot and five men embarked in her, but they never reached the shore; it is supposed that she foundered in Lake Huron. Such was the first and last voyage of the first ship that ever ploughed the waters of the West.

To protect Buffalo, the Americans are building a strong fort at Blackrock, on the shores of the lake, near the entrance to the Niagara River. On the Canada side is Fort Erie, now in ruins. It was taken from the English, held for some time, abandoned and destroyed in 1814; as it does not cover any points of essential importance, it has never been restored. Near this place, on the river, is the village of Waterloo; the name and situation are worthy of a more flourishing settlement.

Returning, we travel by steamboat to Chippewa and, going down the Niagara River, pass, to the left, Grand Island, belonging to our republican neighbours; a fine tract of land, bearing, in proof of its fertility, a splendid white oak: no timber on the whole continent is more valuable for the Atlantic dockyards. Next to this is Navy Island, in the English territory, of "sympathizing" infamy, far inferior in size and richness of soil to its American sister. A Canadian farmer was settled there, and lived for many years in happy prosperity; he and his family had but little communication with the shores across the dangerous waters, except on one day in the week, when the sound of the distant bell warned them to loose their little canoe, and hasten to the house of prayer. It is not known what has become of them since the blood-stained sympathizers swarmed into their quiet retreat, but the buildings are burnt down, and the improvements gone to waste. The poor farmer's crime was not to be forgiven by these blasphemers of the name of liberty: in his youth he had been taught—and he strove to teach his children the same—"To fear God, and honour the King."

Our primitive railway carried us again to Queenstown: we pass over the ferry to Lewiston, and are soon on board an American steamer bound for Oswego, in the United States.

on the south shore of Lake Ontario. There were a great number of people in the steamer, all Americans, travelling for health or amusement. I talked to every one I could get to listen to me, and found them friendly, intelligent, and communicative, well read, over a very broad surface, particularly of newspapers, but only a surface; very favourably disposed to the English as individuals, but I fear not so as a nation, being rather given to generalize on our affairs; on the state of the poor, from the Andover workhouse; on the nobility, from the late Lord Hertford; on morality, from Doctor Lardner. These are the sort of data on such matters, kept for ever before their eyes by their press, echoed and re-echoed through the remotest parts of the Union, till even the best informed and most liberal-minded among them are, more or less, acted upon by their influence.

Towards night there was some wind, and a heavy swell came on; this put an end to my investigations in national character, for all my samples were soon too ill for further examination. Among the passengers were a lady and gentleman from Georgia, very pleasing people, whose acquaintance I had made at the Falls. I found that their route, as well as mine, lay to Saratoga. Knowing that I had never been in the United States, they made me promise that I would faithfully and without reserve remark to them as we travelled everything which appeared to me strange, in language, people, or customs: particularly with regard to themselves. I gratified them as far as was in my power, and we found it a source of infinite amusement.

Criticism was borne with perfect goodhumour: one only subject I instantly found to be unsafe: its slightest mention made the fire kindle in the southern's dark eye. It is the black spot on the brightness of his country's Future, to which foes point with hope, friends with despair; the cancer eating into the giant frame, deforming its beauty, withering its strength—the awful curse of SLAVERY, which they say they would give all but life to cut out and cast away.

Between an Englishman and an American, or between American citizens of Free and Slave States, the subject cannot be quietly argued or reasoned upon—the very word rouses the angry passions like an insult. In one, the generous blood flushes from cheek to brow as he denounces the unholy law—in the other, where many a high and noble feeling may also dwell, the heart is stung at the probing of the loathsome wound which his trite and flimsy sophistry strives in vain to hide. Nevertheless, I felt and feel it to be a duty, *as it is an impulse*, to give to this great crime the voice of *condemnation*—utterly, unconditionally, be it in public or

in private, among friends or foes; if the subject be touched upon, an Englishman should not hold his peace.

Luckily for me, while carrying out these principles my Georgian friend became exceedingly sea-sick, and seemed to find the remainder of my arguments quite unanswerable. Highly excited by my success in silencing my opponent, I walked proudly on the deck for some time, but several long voyages having deprived me of all sympathy with the principal feeling of my fellow-passengers, I soon became tired of isolation, and went to sleep.

Very early in the morning we landed at Oswego, then, after a short stay, embarked in a canal-boat for Syracuse. The names in this country are very amusing. Mrs. Malaprop could not have furnished a funnier or more unconnected string than those of the towns east from Rochester; for instance—Pittsford, Canandaiga, Shortsmills, Vienna, Palmyra, Clyde, Lyons, Geneva, Waterloo, Seneca, Elmira, Oswego, Ithaca.

The town of Oswego is situated partly on each side of the river from which it takes its name; a large portion of it is built of wood, and it has that temporary look so general in American country-towns; it seems, however, to answer very well as shelter for thousands of active, industrious people. There are places of worship here for no fewer than six different persuasions. The United States government have built two large stone piers and a lighthouse; that the object of this liberality may be understood, it should be observed that Fort Ontario, protecting the entrance of the harbour on the eastern side, has been lately repaired and strengthened. They are quite right, for this is one of the most important naval and military points on the northern frontier.

This being an American town, it is unnecessary to add that steamers, stage-coaches, and canal boats are perpetually issuing forth and entering in on all sides.

Our route was south, the conveyance was much the same sort of thing as in Ireland, the country on the banks cleared, but raw-looking and poorly cultivated; the houses and people had, however, the appearance of prosperity. I could not admire the scenery as much as my wish to please my Georgian friends rendered desirable; for my unmanageable thoughts kept flying away to the canals which lie among the rich, verdant coombes of Somerset.

In this free country, there are plank bridges across the water wherever any free citizen chooses to place them: to these small types of independence the traveller must meekly bow his head, or indeed his whole body, when he passes

under them ; this gives rise to a curious series of gymnastics as you glide along ; particularly among the portly and not very active, but highly respectable class, of which I am a member.

I met here, and elsewhere in my travels, with a great number of old acquaintances ; at least, people who were quite familiar to me from the description of their persons and habits given by different writers. Probably they are government officers, paid by the State to live perpetually in public conveyances, for the purpose of blinding foreigners as to the real manners of the people, lest we Europeans, finding it too charming a country, should flock over in inconvenient crowds. These officers, however, unlike all others, are evidently not removed with each new President, and may therefore become dangerous in time, as forming the nucleus of a conservative body ; but I do not think the increasing strength of democracy is likely to lessen their numbers. To say truth, they do blind and thoroughly deceive you, if they be taken as specimens of the manners of the people, at least of those of the Northern States. There is no doubt there are a few habits exceedingly disagreeable to those who are unaccustomed to them, and that these are of unpleasantly general practice. The American sometimes exhibits rather too strong a regard for his personal convenience and comfort ; nevertheless, kindness, readiness to assist, and a wish to give information, are almost universal.

I am convinced that a lady, no matter what her age and attractions might be, could journey through the whole extent of the Union, not only without experiencing a single annoyance, but aided in every possible way with unobtrusive civility. Indeed, great numbers of Sophonisbas and Almiras do travel about, protected only by the chivalry of their countrymen and their own undoubted propriety. To them, the best seats, the best of everything, is always allotted. A friend of mine told me of a little affair at a New York theatre, the other night, illustrative of my assertion. A stiff-necked Englishman had engaged a front place, and of course the best corner ; when the curtain rose, he was duly seated, opera-glass in hand, to enjoy the performance. A lady and gentleman came into the box shortly afterwards ; the cavalier in escort, seeing that the place where our friend sat was the best, called his attention, saying, "The lady, sir," and motioned that the corner should be vacated. The possessor, partly because he disliked the imperative mood, and partly because it bored him to be disturbed, refused. Some words ensued, which attracted the attention of the *Sovereign People* in the pit, who magisterially inquired what was the matter. The American came to the front of the

box and said, "There is an Englishman here who will not give up his place to a lady." Immediately their majesties swarmed up by dozens over the barriers, seized the offender, very gently though, and carried him to the entrance; he kicked, cursed, and fought—all in vain; he excited neither the pity nor the anger of his stern executioners; they placed him carefully on his feet again at the steps, one man handing him his hat, another his opera-glass, and a third the price he had paid for his ticket of admission; then, they quietly shut the door upon him and returned to their places. The shade of the departed judge Lynch must have rejoiced at such an angelic administration of his law!

The course of the canal lies through the country of Salina, close to Canandaiga Lake, where immense quantities of salt are made: four or five villages, each with six or seven hundred inhabitants, have grown up from this cause. Some of these salt springs are reserved by the State, but by far the greater portion are in the hands of individuals, who pay, instead of rent, a small duty, by the bushel, to the government. The fine salt is made by the evaporation of the brine by artificial heat; the coarse, or solar salt, by the gradual effect of the sun, and is a very pure muriate of soda: no less than three thousand millions of bushels of all kinds are made in the year. Long before the visits of the white men, the Indians had discovered these valuable springs, and used them as far as their narrow means allowed. The reedy, ugly Lake of Canandaiga, though in the middle of this district, is untouched by briny flavour.

Seven hours of this not very agreeable journey carried us to Syracuse, thirty-eight miles from Lake Ontario; but there, a modern tyrant, the conductor of an omnibus, forced us off without breathing-time, to the cars of the Utica railroad. In this town several lines of roads, railways, and canals meet: even our hurried drive through it showed that the usual high-pressure progress was at work here also.

Every one knows American railway cars by description; they are certainly far from comfortable. This is a single line of track, the rate of travelling about sixteen miles an hour. A great part of the way lay through the forest, very grim and desolate; poor trees crowded up together, choking each other's growth; every here and there, where they had been burned, the tall, black, charred skeletons were dismal to behold. At each seven or eight miles of distance are thriving villages, built with the solidity and rapidity of the city of the pack of cards, and all named by Mrs. Malaprop:—Rome is situated in a valley, and looks as if it had been



built in a day. There are also one or two battle-fields, where kindred blood was shed during the revolutionary war.

Utica is a large and flourishing town, or city, as they love to call it. Through all these districts the stranger is astonished at the appearance of prosperity in every place and person; he sees no bad or even small houses, no poor or idle people; every place of business, transit, or amusement, is always full; lecture-rooms, railway cars, theatres, hotels, banks, markets, crowded to bursting. There is something infectious in this fever of activity, and I soon found myself rushing in and out of railway depots and dining-rooms just as fast as any one else. The New York State Lunatic Asylum is here; it looks large and commodious, but there my praise of the building ends.

I do not think it was at all a mistake to visit Trenton Falls, even so soon after having seen Niagara. The body of water, and the scenery around, are so different, that no ideas of comparison interfere with the enjoyment of their beauty; a tedious journey of sixteen miles thither from Utica and back again, on a sultry summer's day, spoiled the effect much more. They are very beautiful, indeed more beautiful than anything I ever saw in the States; the immediate neighbourhood is almost untouched by the cultivation of man; the deep gorge of the stream lies hidden in the woods, till you are upon its brink. For nearly two miles, the river leaps and races, races and leaps again, till it comes to rest in the plains below; in one place there are three divisions of the stream, tumbling into a deep chasm in a direct fall of nearly a hundred feet in height; lofty, bare cliffs of limestone close it in. To get a proper view of this scene, you must nerve your heart for a far more perilous undertaking than the visit to Termination Rock. The only path is very narrow and shelving, close to the giddy waters, and overhung with gloomy rocks. There is an iron chain to hold on by, fastened into the cliff side; few travellers can dispense with its assistance.

In the neighbourhood of Utica, and on to the south-east, the country is fertile and well cultivated. The line of the Erie Canal, passing directly through this district, gives vitality to all the towns and villages on its banks, lying in the rich valley of the Mohawk. The great line of railroad is also of much benefit to them: by it, we turned our course to Schenectady, passing through some fine farm lands and settlements; here and there factories for cloth, paper, anything—and everything. In a thinly-peopled tract like this, *where man's labour is so costly, it seems madness to turn to manufactures; but they do it, succeed, and become rich:*

nothing fails in this extraordinary country, except the strangers' old-fashioned notions of political economy; these are not worth a straw here: wherever there is a "water-privilege," some sort of machinery is sure to be erected, and people come from the clouds to purchase the productions.

But a few miles to the north of this busy district, lies a wilderness of great extent, called the county of Hamilton: some of it is as little known or explored as were the islands of the South Seas a hundred years ago; it is out of the great lines of travel; its land and timber are not supposed to be of much value. The parts which are known abound with lakes and streams, richly stored with trout and other choice fish; while numbers of deer dwell undisturbed among its shades. The people of the neighbourhood can spend their time much more gainfully than with gun or angle, and the pleasure of the sport is unknown to them.

There are sulphur springs at two places south of the line of railway—Sharon and Cooperstown; both are described as very picturesque; the waters are said, by the innkeepers, to cure all bodily ailments.

At Schenectady we stopped for the night; it is Syracuse and Utica over again. In 1690, on one of those nights of horror in the border wars, the Indians swept it with a sudden ruin—leaving nothing for the morning light but ashes and the dead. In 1845, we found a very good hotel there, and slept comfortably without any dreams of the Indians. I found in the morning, that I had indulged too much in sleep to be in time for the regular breakfast, but there was a side-table laid in the corner, where one or two stragglers from the town, and I, seated ourselves: one of the waiters having put on the table what was necessary for his and our use during the meal, sat down himself also, and entered into conversation with us. He spoke quite freely, but at the same time respectfully—his manner was highly proper. I talked to him a good deal; on many points he seemed wonderfully well informed for a man in his situation; some of his notions of England were, however, rather amusing. He understood that it was quite an usual thing for an English lord, when in a bad humour, to horsewhip his servants all round, particularly on a day when his gun had failed to kill a sufficient number of foxes. Perhaps you may think the ideas of the waiter at a country inn not worth being printed; I think they are, in a land where his share of the government is as great as that of a doctor of laws, or a millionaire.

My Georgian friends expressed much surprise when they heard the waiter had been my companion at breakfast; but

I have seen similar cases in several instances: the horse-whipping notion did not astonish them in the least. Our ideas of *their* perfect equality are just as much exaggerated as are theirs of our tyranny of class; servants generally are called servants, and address their superiors as Sir and Ma'am; porters, cab-drivers and all those classes of functionaries, the same. I think there is very little difference between their manners and those to which we are accustomed, and they are quite as civil and obliging.

There is one character perfectly abominable in America; you not unfrequently meet with an emigrant from the old country, who hates the land which gave him birth: usually hunted out of it for crime, he detests the laws he has outraged; from his former fears of their just punishment, he reviles them and his countrymen: if ever you meet with unprovoked rudeness or insult, if ever you observe a more than ordinary length of hair, nasal twang, and offensive speech and manner, the chances are ten to one that you have met with an outcast from the British Islands.

About midday, we arrived at an immense hotel at Saratoga; my Georgian friend introduced me to the proprietor, who shook hands with me and hoped I might enjoy my visit; in short, his reception was such as if he had invited me to pass some time with him, and he was in reality as kind and attentive as if I had been an invited guest. There were, I think, four hundred people staying in the hotel; all the rooms were full, but our host procured me a very nice lodging in a house close by, and I lived at the hotel table. My bedroom had folding-doors, opening into the sitting-room of the family. Unfortunately for me, there was within, a piano, and the young lady of the house was learning the "Battle of Prague." The next morning, returning sooner than was expected after breakfast, I disturbed her in sweeping my bedchamber; not to lose time, she laid aside her brush, and ran over a few of the most difficult passages, till I left the room clear for her to resume her more homely occupation. I do not give this little sketch with a sneer—far from it: I tell it with pleasure and admiration. Would to Heaven that some of our poor household drudges had such innocent pleasures! I would rather hear one of them play the "Battle of Prague" than listen to Liszt for a week.

I was very much amused and interested at Saratoga; there cannot be a better opportunity for acquiring a general idea of the national character in a short time, than that which a stay there in the autumn offers. I was introduced to hundreds of people; and, though the weather was so very hot, all shook hands, as part of the ceremony; there

were Southerners and Northerners, Downeasters and Westerns, New-Yorkers and Bostonians, all different from each other in detail, and very different from Europeans. Though many of the young gentlemen adopted the newest Parisian style of dress and wearing the hair, I could have sworn to them anywhere; there was something Transatlantic about them which could not be mistaken. Some few of the older men, who had travelled and seen the world, were, in their appearance and conversation, free from any peculiarity. I could readily have supposed them fellow-countrymen; it is never an unwelcome thing to an American to be mistaken for an Englishman, no matter how much he may disapprove of our country and our institutions.

There were several families of the higher classes of society, people who would be admired and sought after anywhere; but there was of course a very large alloy of the ill-bred and obscure, who, perhaps, by some lucky turn of trade, had got together a sufficient number of dollars for their summer-amusement, without ever before having had the leisure or the means to play gentility. Opposite to me, at dinner, on the first day, sat a party of this latter class, whose conversation I enjoyed even as much as the very good fare on the table. A gentleman addressed the lady next him—"Ma'am, are you going to Bosting (Boston) right off?" She answered, "No, sir, I reckon I'll make considerable of a circumlocution first," and in this style they continued.

In the evening there was a "hop" as they called it, graced by many very pretty faces. A young English officer, waltzing away at a great pace with the possessor of one of the prettiest of them, was tripped up by a nail in the floor, and fell—his partner sharing his misfortune. The young lady's mother, highly indignant, rushed forward to pick her up, saying to the unhappy delinquent, "I tell you, sir, I'll have none of your British tricks with my daughter." I suppose the old lady's wrath was as easily soothed as roused, for I saw the young couple spinning away again in a few minutes, as if nothing had happened. The higher class of visitors did not mix much in these general amusements, seldom appearing but at meals, and sometimes not even then.

Riding, driving, playing at bowls, and drinking the very nauseous, but, I believe, very valuable waters, were the pastimes of the day. Dinner was at half-past three, in an enormous room, or rather two rooms at right angles to each other, thrown into one; upwards of five hundred people sat down each day, some of the ladies dressed splendidly for the occasion, as if for a ball; they looked rather oddly I thought, afterwards, walking about in these gay costumes under the verandahs, or in the large and well-kept gardens; but there

were much beauty and grace to carry it off; the shape of the head and neck is universally very good, eyes brilliant, features regular; the failing is in the complexion and in the outline of the figure: many of them dressed again for tea, and, twice a week, on the nights of a ball, they dressed again for that.

After dinner, the gentlemen lounged about, or sat outside the bar-room reading the papers, some of them in the extraordinary attitudes we have so often heard of, while they "cigared it," "mint-juleped it," or "sherry-coblered it," as their different tastes suggested. There were billiard-tables and shooting-galleries, where gentlemen with frightful beards and moustaches abounded.

Nor is there any lack of opportunity for indulging the taste for literary pursuits; little boys are perpetually going about tempting you with six pennyworth of Scott, Bulwer, D'Israeli, and indeed all popular authors, with coarse and clumsy translations of French works, from the filthy wit of Rabelais, to the refined and insidious immoralities of George Sand. We were fortunate enough to be at Saratoga at the same time with a lady from New York, who sang brilliantly for the party assembled in the public room, and with as much good taste as good nature and self-possession.

There appears to be a great, and, to our ideas, a very objectionable facility of making acquaintances in such a motley concourse. A good deal of rivalry exists between the people from the different Atlantic cities. The peculiarities of each are strongly marked, especially among the ladies; those of New York were the liveliest, the gayest dressers, and the best dancers; those of Boston more reserved, but with greater powers of conversation; they were, besides, more carefully educated. The southern men were expensive in their style of living, off-hand in their manner, but little nasal in their accent, gay and courteous—the northerners more moderate and tolerant, better informed and more sincere. Both are absurdly sensitive to the opinions of foreigners concerning their country; touched in every thought and feeling by the passion for traffic; jealous, boastful, and wanting in individual character and freedom of thought. This is my opinion of their dark side; what I have said is enough to condemn me for ever in their eyes; they cannot bear censure, or even conditional praise. Now I turn to the far pleasanter task of speaking of their virtues, virtues possessed by no people in a greater degree. They are brave, friendly, and hospitable; keen, intelligent, and energetic; generous, patriotic, and lovers of liberty. Such are the people in whom we see "the Promise of the Future:" even their very faults are necessary ingredients of character, for the

fulfilment of their great destiny; their virtues enable us to contemplate that destiny with less of dread.

I have had the happiness of meeting with many Americans who enjoyed so large a share of the good qualities that they had no room for the evil ones; men by every thought and action deserving of that proud title, "beyond a monarch's gift yet within a peasant's reach"—the title of gentleman. It is a pleasure and a duty to express, as I do now, my heartfelt gratitude to some amongst them, for their kindness and hospitalities.

Within four miles of Saratoga is the village of Stillwater, memorable as the scene of General Burgoyne's disaster in 1777; a disaster of so much influence on the fate of the revolutionary war, that it may be almost said to have been decisive. Who dare speculate on what would have been our position now, had that struggle ended differently? The man whose voice was inferior only to prophecy, foretold ruin to liberty in the success of our policy at that time, and the freedom of the human race in its defeat. By the light of Lord Chatham's wisdom, we may read the tale of disaster in that fatal war, with a resigned and tempered sorrow for the splendid heritage then rent away from us for ever.

The army of the ill-fated Burgoyne was the best equipped and the most effective of any that had entered the field during the contest: high hopes were cherished of its success, but the insurmountable difficulties of the country, the inclement weather, and the energy and skill of its opponents, were its ruin. Harassed by fatigue, and imperfectly supplied, its fate was hastened by two successive actions—the first a victory, the second a stubborn resistance, but both equally mischievous in their results.

After the second engagement, on the night of the 7th of October, Burgoyne silently abandoned his position. Embarrassed by heavy rains and deep roads, as well as by the number of the wounded, they retreated for three days. On the 10th they took their final stand above the Fishkill river. To retreat further was impossible. The Americans swarmed on every side in overwhelming numbers. Supplies failed; water could be got only at the price of blood, for the river was guarded by the deadly rifle; every part of the camp was exposed to the cannon of the enemy and to the marksman's aim; there was no place of safety; as long as daylight lasted they were shot down like deer. For six days the spirit of English chivalry would not bow; at length, hunger and toil, the deadly sickness and the hopeless struggle, could be no longer borne; on the 17th of October, Burgoyne and all the survivors of his troops surrendered as prisoners of war.

to General Gates and the republican army. From that day America was a nation.

I have often been surprised that they do not attach more importance to this event, and to the services of General Gates; but an American cannot bear that any one should share the laurels of his Washington.

Wherever the sad story of Saratoga is told, the names of two high-bred women will not be forgotten. In courage and endurance they were an example to the bravest; in tenderness and devotion they were themselves again. Nor will due praise be withheld from the general victors for their considerate kindness to Lady Harriet Ackland and the Baroness Reidesel.

Some time after the close of the war, Captain Ackland, the husband of the former lady, who had been badly wounded at Saratoga and shared in the generous treatment she had received, on some public occasion in England heard a person speaking of the Americans in terms of hatred and contempt, and at last calling them "cowards." He indignantly rebuked the libeller of his gallant captors; a duel ensued the next morning, and the noble and grateful soldier was carried home a corpse.

The morning I left Saratoga was made remarkable to me by almost the only instance of rudeness, or indeed of the absence of active kindness, which I met with in America. As I was walking in front of the hotel, a button came off the strap on the instep of my shoe. Seeing a shoemaker's shop close by, I stepped in, and in very civil terms asked the man to sew it on for me; he told me to sit down on a box and give him the shoe, which I did. He turned it round, looked at it, and then at me, and "guessed I was a Britisher." I owned "the soft impeachment." He then put the shoe on the counter, and took no further notice of me. After about ten minutes, I meekly observed that as I was going by the twelve o'clock cars, I should be much obliged if he could sew it on at once. He "guessed" that he had not time then, but that, if I called in a quarter of an hour, perhaps "he'd fix it." I hopped over for my shoe, and, curious to see how the affair would end, returned in about twenty minutes, and again urged my request. "Sit down and wait" was the stern reply. Another quarter of an hour passed, and, though my patience was not in the least exhausted, I was afraid of missing the train by indulging my curiosity as to his intentions, so I again alluded to my button, and to my time being limited. He then called to a person in an inner room, "Fix *this* button for that man on the box, if you have nothing else to do." A minute sufficed. I laid a dollar on the table,

asking what I owed him, at the same time thanking him as quietly for the job as if he had been all kindness. He threw me the change, deducting a shilling for the button, and as I left the shop said, "Well, I guess you're late now." His guess was, however, a bad one, for I was just in time.

I confess my anger rose a little, a very little, but I drove it down, and determined, above all, that I would not let the rude act of one unchristian churl give me, even for a moment, a false impression of a great and generous people.

With much regret I parted with my Georgian friends here. My next destination was Albany. I had to retrace my steps to Schenectady; thence to Albany is sixteen miles, over a tract of sandy land, covered with stunted pines, and of rather a dreary character. The cultivation shows that human labour is there more valuable than land: there was no attempt at anything like neatness or ornament in the few farms.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### ALBANY—WEST-POINT—NEW YORK.

WHEN you arrive at the entrance of an American town by the rail-cars, the locomotive is removed, and instead, horses are harnessed thereto; the railways are continued through the level streets to the depôt, usually in some central place, and perhaps, on the way, you may be set down at the very door of your hotel.

Albany is one of the oldest cities of the Union; the choice of its situation proves the judgment of the men of those days to have been very good. The name was given in honour of James II., then Duke of York and Albany; but it had previously been called, at different times, after half-a-dozen Dutchmen, probably quite as worthy people as he whose baptism has been most permanent. This place is the capital of the state of New York, and is rich in very creditable public buildings; the museums, lecture-rooms, academies, and other educational arrangements, are very good; there are a handsome square and neat walks shaded by trees—the latter, an improvement which we do not sufficiently cultivate in England. During the summer, it is said that, on an average, a thousand passengers pass through the place every day.

The names of great numbers of the people are Dutch, but their character is become purely American. The hotels are very good, as indeed they now are all through the States; that is, good of their kind, for I do not like their system of management.



About a mile off, from a height over the Foxeskill, there is a magnificent view of the town, the beautiful Catskill mountain, and part of the Hudson river. At Albany I met with some very pleasing people, and with the unvarying American kindness and hospitality; but I cannot go quite so far as an enthusiastic historian of the town, who says, "There are few cities of the same size anywhere which can exhibit a greater or more agreeable variety of society and manners. In Albany may be found talent and learning, accomplishment and beauty. The towns of Europe of the same size and relative importance can in this respect bear no sort of comparison with it." Though this sort of flourish, and the feelings which dictate it, are extremely ridiculous to strangers I believe them to be greatly effective among the Americans in fostering a love of country, and that they are thus a positive element of strength. If you persuade a man that he possesses any particular good quality, the chances are that he will acquire it.

I met, in my travels, with several charming instances of this, their happy conviction of superiority in anything and everything. A young lady from a small town in Georgia told me that a friend of hers, a gentleman just returned from Europe, had not seen so much beauty in London and Paris put together, as in the city of Augusta, where she lived. She looked thoroughly persuaded of the truth of his statement, and exceedingly pretty at the same time.

Their great admiration of all that belongs to themselves would appear more amiable if they did not so often illustrate it by unjust and absurd comparisons. A very intelligent man, who showed me the Mint at Philadelphia, pointed to a machine for stamping coins, of which he seemed very proud; he was not content with telling me that it was a very fine machine, but must needs add that it was "allowed to be the finest in the world." As I had seen many quite as fine among the button-makers at Birmingham, the statement lost some of its effect upon me.

I went down the Hudson in one of the splendid steamers which torture its waters day and night. We passed to the left, the lands of the Van Raensalaer and Livingstone's Patents—as they are called—the Tipperary of America. These estates are held from original royal grants, by the descendants of the first possessors. They are of great extent, and, under a strong government, would be of immense value. The tenantry paid the very moderate rent charged on their farms pretty regularly, till some years ago, when they came to a determination to put a stop to such an old-fashioned and disagreeable custom; they therefore "repudiated" the rent, and tarred and feathered the men sent to collect it.

The militia of the State was called out, but the men composing it were like the spirits of the "vasty deep" and would not come. At length, the anti-renters murdered two of their opponents; this turned the tide of public feeling against them, and more active steps were taken to put them down. The affair has since ended in a compromise, the landlords having been glad to get anything they could.

I was rather disappointed with the much-extolled beauty of the Hudson river, except with Westpoint, where I stopped, and with its neighbourhood: they are indeed worthy of great praise, but still far inferior to the St. Lawrence, at and below our beautiful Quebec: I find myself already infected with the spirit of comparison. The military college of Westpoint stands on a high table-land, in a magnificent situation; there is a very good hotel near it. As the land belongs to the government, the license forbids the use of any fermented liquor in the house or neighbourhood, on account of the students. In summer, many people stay here for the enjoyment of the scenery, and of the air, which is purity itself.

The buildings belonging to the institution are, I presume, meant to show all the different styles of architecture, ancient and modern, being varied in the most fantastic manner. The rooms where the cadets sleep are small and inconvenient, those for study are rather better. When I was there, the young men were encamped on the common, with a guard mounted, and all the formalities of military life; several guns and mortars, of rather a primitive appearance, were placed in front of them. The uniform is a light grey, and rather unsightly. The number of cadets is two hundred and fifty, by Act of congress; the age of admission from sixteen to twenty; the length of time necessary to qualify for a commission, four years, during which period they receive sixty pounds a year. Thirty-four officers and professors are attached to the institution. All officers of the army must pass through this ordeal, and a very severe one it is; fully one-half fail. The course of study resembles much that at Woolwich in nature and quantity, but the system of discipline is widely different.

At Woolwich everything is trusted to the honour of the cadet; his punishment is an arrest by the word of his officer; no one watches that he keeps it. Often, for an entire week, he is confined to his room for some boyish freak, looking at his companions playing at cricket or football outside, and longing to join them; but he is shut in by something far more effectual than bolts or bars—by his honour; whatever other rules he may violate, to break that is unknown. Again, when an irregularity is committed, and the offender

cannot be identified, the officer asks for him on parade; the culprit instantly falls out and says, "I did it," and is punished accordingly. To establish a system of this sort among boys from fourteen years of age, upwards, is a very delicate and difficult matter, but when accomplished, it is invaluable; the boy must be thoroughly corrupt who does not imbibe a spirit of truth and honesty under its influence. It teaches to love what is great and good, and hate all that is false, or mean, or cruel.

At Westpoint, to establish a system like this would be almost impossible. An officer of the institution told me that sometimes boys arrived at the college utterly ignorant of everything, especially of the difference between right and wrong; they find it more difficult to qualify many of their pupils in matters of honour and principle than in mathematics and fortification. The appointment of the cadets rests with the members of congress, each having one; in spite of this, and of its being of such essential consequence to their army, there is every year the bitterest opposition to the vote for the expenses of the college. A great ground of jealousy is, that there is a decidedly aristocratical feeling among the officers of the army. I have had the pleasure of knowing many; America may well be proud of them, they are highly educated and gentlemanly, upright and honourable, zealous and efficient in their profession: with the greatest pleasure I bear witness that I have met with no exceptions. They are a most valuable class as citizens, and their high tone of feeling and good manners are not without an influence on society. They, at least, are clear of the eternal struggle for gain, and have leisure and taste for cultivating the graces of life. The enemies of America may rejoice when the institution of Westpoint is abandoned by the government.

The senior class of the cadets are allowed to go on leave, each year, for three months; but many on account of the distance of their homes, do not avail themselves of the privilege. Till within the last few years, the different services were chosen by the senior cadets who had the power, as follows:—Engineers, topographical engineers, artillery, infantry, cavalry. Now, I believe, the cavalry has become the favourite service, and is usually taken by the most successful students. The pay of the officers is rather more than in the English service, and they are besides rendered much more independent by the cheapness of living, and from not being liable to mess expenses. The promotion is by seniority up to the rank of colonel, the other steps are by selection. At the chapel at Westpoint, the Church of England service is always performed; all the cadets are obliged to attend it, whatever their religious faith. One of the officers kindly

gave me a place in his pew the Sunday I was there; the decorous conduct of the young congregation was highly praiseworthy. At present nearly all the officers of the army are members of the Church of England, or, as it is called in America, the Episcopal Church.

I cannot speak so favourably of the rank and file of the army; one-third of them are Irish and Germans of the very lowest class. Although their term of enlistment is only for three or five years, thirty in a hundred desert annually. Their pay is about a shilling a day above the cost of their clothing and living. The uniform is not calculated to show them off to advantage; their performance under arms is very inferior; at drill only I mean, for we know that they can fight very well. Their barracks are generally much better than those of our troops. At first sight it appears strange that while the officers are so very good, the private soldiers should be so much the reverse; but the evil of the short period of service, aggravated by the frequent desertions, and by their discontent at being worse off than their civilian fellow-citizens, tend to destroy the military spirit. They are not regarded in a very kindly or respectful light by the lower classes of the people. It seems an instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race to dislike regular soldiers, though they themselves make such good ones; perhaps it is from military authority being associated, in their ideas, with despotic power.

I heard dreadful accounts of the suffering and losses of the American troops during the Florida war. There is a neat monument at Westpoint, to the memory of the men of a small force destroyed by the Indians, after a most gallant defence. There is another to Kosciusko. The cost of war to the United States is enormous, the expenses of the commissariat incredible: it is calculated that each Florida Indian taken or slain cost, I think, ten thousand dollars, and many lives—but the latter were not reckoned so jealously.

The total strength of the regular army, including officers, before the Mexican war, was under nine thousand men; their militia force is, however, enormous, being, in fact, the whole population fit to bear arms. A gifted English traveller, who lately published letters from America, quoting from a pamphlet by Judge Jay, states that the cost of this force is fifty millions of dollars a year; that of the army twelve millions; making a total of thirteen millions of pounds sterling—more than the cost of the army and navy of England put together at that time. In estimating the expense of the militia to the country, the principal item is the loss of the labour of the population while drilling.

*General Scott, the commander-in-chief of the United States army, was staying at Westpoint Hotel at the time of*

my visit; he is a very fine-looking soldier, of dignified and pleasing manners. He was much distinguished for skill and valour in the sanguinary campaign of 1814, and is now the great living object of that strong love of successful military leaders so remarkable in his countrymen: he enjoys unbounded and deserved popularity.

I left Westpoint, and its enlightened and gentlemanly inhabitants, with reluctance. The Hudson, thence to New York, is still beautiful, but the best is passed. Many objects of interest were pointed out to me by the way; that which most interested me, as being most characteristic of the country, was an immense work erected in the river, round a place where, years ago, Captain Kidd, the celebrated pirate, is said to have sunk his treasure-laden ship, in order to baffle his pursuers. I believe that tradition and dreams are the only grounds for fixing on this place. Thousands of dollars have been expended in the search; that they have got hold of some wreck or other there is no doubt, but whether the right one or not remains to be proved. When the works are finished, the water is to be pumped out, and Captain Kidd's honest earnings are to reward the speculative adventurers.

On the right bank, for twenty miles,—beginning about three miles above New York,—are the Palisades, a range of rocks faced with natural columns, varying from fifty to four hundred feet in height. In one place they rise perpendicularly from the water's edge; their appearance reminded me of the cliffs near the Giant's Causeway.

The island on which New York now stands, was discovered by Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailing under the Dutch flag, in 1609. The Indian tribes inhabiting it were called *Manhattans* (the People of the Whirlpool), for near at hand is Hellgate, where the waters rush and eddy with great violence. In 1613, New Amsterdam was founded by the Dutch; fifty years afterwards, the English wrested it from them, and called it New York; for one year, 1673, the former possessors regained it, but yielded it again by treaty, and it was held by the English till the revolution; at that period it contained only twenty-four thousand inhabitants. The Americans point with great complacency to its much larger rate of increase since their becoming free from English rule; but it is an undoubted fact, that the rate of increase in the whole Union, since the separation, has been precisely the same as before. Nearly one-fourth of the population of New York are natives of the British Islands.

There is but little doubt that, for many years to come, New York must be the capital of the United States. The Hudson River, the canals, and railroads open to it nearly as great an extent of country as the Mississippi does to New Orleans; while the superior climate, the greater energy of the people,

the excellence of the harbour, and the shorter voyage to Europe, cast the balance decidedly in its favour. Many far-seeing politicians tell you that Cincinnati or St. Louis, the great inland cities, must, even in the time of living man, be the seat of government. That Washington can long remain the capital, appears impossible; the increase of the interior States, and the establishment of American population and commerce on the Pacific coast, every day more extended, will naturally throw the centre of political power upon the rivers of the West.

This island of New York is long and narrow, the greatest breadth not more than two miles. On the west lies the Hudson, still and deep; on the east an arm of the sea, called the East River, and the Harlem, which last joins the Hudson twelve miles above the city, by the Spuyten Duyvil Creek. To the south is the Bay of New York, spacious and sheltered, with anchorage for the largest ships; the end of the island washed by it is now covered with buildings. The city still spreads northward, and assists also, by its overflowing prosperity, the rapid growth of large towns on the opposite sides of the waters; ferry-boats without number ply to them all day long.

Perhaps there is no place in the world better situated for commerce than this city of New York: deeply-laden vessels, large enough to navigate the most distant seas, can discharge their cargoes, the handiwork of the thickly-peopled countries of the Old World, upon the very wharves, receiving in return the productions of the exuberant soil of the New, the superabundance from the wants of its scanty population.

In appearance, this is almost an European town; foreigners, of every nation, swarm in the streets. The stranger, as he walks along, is positively confused by the bustle and activity; his eyes are bewildered with advertisements and signboards up to the fourth story of the houses, printed in all sorts of shapes and colours, to attract attention. The Broadway is very long and very broad, the pavement bad and dirty, the buildings irregular; the shops well stored, but to the European eye far from handsome; the public conveyances are showy, the private carriages, generally, quite the reverse.

The heat in summer is very great: in the beginning of August the thermometer stood at 96° in the shade for several days, and once reached 100°. At this season every one, who can afford the time and expense, leaves New York for a tour in the North, the springs, or some of the numerous watering-places along the coast. Newport is the most fashionable of these, having usurped the former position of Saratoga as the

most select and popular resort ; the sort of life led by the visitors is much the same at all of them.

A large portion of the Americans live altogether at hotels and boarding-houses, always sitting in public rooms, where every one possessing the requisite number of dollars to pay for board may obtain admittance. It argues very well for them that they can at these places allow of such general acquaintance : the fact is that, in many of them, very objectionable people do intrude themselves, but under the strictest necessity of propriety : for, at the least suspicion of their conduct, or the slightest breach of decorum, they would be ignominiously ejected. This public life, led by so large a part of the people, leavens in no small degree the national character : the tone of feeling of each individual is formed by the masses, not by the narrow but more sacred influence of that of his household ; there is but little trick of manner or speech peculiar to a family ; you can trace nothing closer than the State they may belong to.

There is so little, too, of mutual dependence between members of the same family, that I cannot but think the bonds of affection lose much of their strength. Each man works and struggles on his own account : if his brother fail it is no affair of his, or if a man rise to eminence, it does not at all follow that his relations share his elevation. I will not say that the Americans are deficient in the holy feeling of family love, but that certainly their institutions and habits of life tend to weaken it. By the system of boarding, a much greater degree of luxury is obtained at a small expense than could be enjoyed in a separate establishment at the same cost.

At New York, the hotels are very numerous, the tables well supplied, and the arrangements carried on with clock-work regularity. One of the hotels, the Astor House, is quite a curiosity from its great size, furnishing four hundred beds ; it is a granite building, handsome and solid, in the best situation in the city, and frequented by people from all parts of Europe and from every State in the Union.

A great number of buildings were burned down this summer, near the Battery. The destruction was hastened by a tremendous explosion, the cause of which remains still unknown. The ashes were scarcely cold before these wonderful people were again erecting houses and stores, handsomer and better than those destroyed. There are annually twice the number of fires in New York that take place in London ; the passing of a fire-engine causes no more excitement than that of an *omnibus* ; the brigades employed in this necessary duty are *very numerous and well arranged*, consisting of many of the

most respectable young men of the city, who are in consequence exempted from militia service. In Philadelphia they are so formidable a body that they can sometimes afford to set the city authorities at defiance, and have lately occasioned considerable disturbances.

There are great numbers of militia and volunteer corps at New York; their drill on certain days appointed for the purpose is an object of great admiration to the citizens. Amongst others is a regiment of Highlanders, splendidly dressed with kilt and red coat, the exact uniform of the 42nd. I thought Yankee-doodle sounded rather strangely on the bagpipes. The Americans have a great love for military displays; the visitors to Canada in the summer are more pleased at the parades and the bands of the English regiments than with anything else they see in their travels there.

The public amusements are very fair: a French company of some merit were performing at the Park Theatre. Niblo's garden—though not, I believe, considered fashionable among the New York exclusives, is a prettily-arranged place, with a stage partly open to the air, where there is very tolerable acting. There are several other theatres, and a sort of peep-show and fire-work affair at the Castle, on the Battery.

There are numerous public buildings, many of them of great size, and very costly, but generally badly situated, and without much beauty. The Hall of Justice is a most extraordinary masterpiece of ugliness; it goes by the name of the Egyptian Tombs, and possesses about as much architectural grace as a pyramid. The Merchants' Exchange, to secure it from the fiery fate of its predecessor, is built of a very fine granite, no wood having been employed in the structure; it is ornamented by eighteen magnificent pillars, thirty-eight feet in height, each a solid mass of granite.

There are one hundred and sixty churches, the Presbyterian the most numerous, the Episcopalian the next. I heard a very eloquent and useful sermon in one of the latter; the faults were excess of ornament, and a constant effort for effect; the clergyman wore his hair in the fashion of young America, and a beard which gave him rather too much the appearance of a dragoon to be suitable to the pulpit. The congregation was very numerous and attentive; but there was no public pew or place for the poor. The Americans have made several alterations in the words of our Liturgy, but the spirit is purely the same. Trinity Episcopalian Church, now nearly finished, is by far the handsomest building in New York; it is in the very best style of modern ecclesiastical architecture, or rather of the judicious revival of the old. The Episcopalian Church in this State is very rich, from former grants, now grown of great value; its



members are rapidly and steadily increasing here, as well as everywhere else in the Union. At the present time, the greater number of the wealthy and well-educated classes of the North are Unitarian. New York is, however, an exception to this rule; here it possesses only two churches. Out of the four hundred guests at the Astor House, I do not think that a dozen went to divine service anywhere. Except in New England, the young men of America do not seem to be much of a church-going people. Tolerance among the members of the various sects is carried, in most instances, to the extent of indifference: a very favourite boast is that "they all meet on the broad basis of Christianity." In the provincial towns, in the list of churches for the different sects, you not unfrequently find that of "Christians" among them. This is Universal without being Catholic.

The New York Theological Seminary is under the direction of the Presbyterians, but open to all Christian denominations. A valuable library is attached to this very liberal institution.

In the Bay, opposite to the battery, at the distance of half a mile, is Governor's Island, strongly fortified, and well situated for defence. Bedlow's and Ellis' Islands contribute to the means of resistance; they would render the attack of the city a formidable undertaking; great loss would be sustained in overcoming the difficulties; but steam power has changed the old axioms of naval science: for the modern school, Acre was the "First Proposition;" its ruins, the demonstration. Heaven forbid that those guns which crushed the maiden stronghold of the East under their fire, should ever be called upon to disturb the echoes in the harbour of the great city of the West, unless in a salute of friendship!

There are several other islands less grim than these, said to be worth visiting, and adding much to the Bay. Staten Island is a very favourite place for the pleasure-hunters of New York; the little voyage thither and back gives, perhaps, the best opportunity of seeing the harbour and the city. The Croton Waterworks, on the north side, are the glory of the State. For more than forty miles the stream is carried through an immense artificial conduit, passing over ravines, and through tunnels, into two great reservoirs near New York: it is a magnificent work, worthy of the wonderful energy of this wonderful people. The aqueduct over the Harlem River is a quarter of a mile in length, supported by eight arches, and built with great solidity, of handsome stone; it runs a hundred and twenty feet over the river. *No fewer than twenty other streams, some of them considerable in size, are passed in its course.*

There is much in the consideration of these great works painful to an Englishman: the headwork is furnished by Americans, the result is for their benefit, but the bone and sinew come from our islands. These proud and prosperous Republicans disdain the labourer's common toil; *they* are overseers, master bricklayers, and carpenters, engineers, and clerks of works; but the mere drudges are our countrymen. The worldly condition of these last is vastly improved by emigration; their wages here are twice as good as at home; food much cheaper; after three years they become naturalized, and enjoy the sweets of being solicited for their votes by the different candidates for election with as much earnestness as their wealthy employers. In a few years, with common prudence and industry, they can save the means of purchasing and stocking a farm, and look forward to an evening of life of ease and plenty. Their children do not cry to them in vain for bread; abundance dwells in their households, the best education is open to them, and they have as good a chance of being President as any other person's children, if they can only hit upon that happy medium between popularity and obscurity, which is necessary to please the majority without exciting their jealousy.

It is very natural that this country should appear a Paradise to those who have left want and misery behind them; they soon become thoroughly Americanized, and, sad to say, speak generally of the land of their birth with anything but affection. They readily allow themselves to be convinced that the hard condition of the poor at home, is the work of a tyrant aristocracy, enriched by their unrewarded toil, and imagine that a good catalogue of wrongs excuses their throwing off allegiance to their country; by bitterness of speech they keep their resentment warm against it. At any time of international difficulty, when the odious subject of war is in every mouth, none are more fierce against England than this class of people. An Irish waiter at an hotel in Boston told my servant that there were enough British subjects in the States to defeat any force England could send out. This worthy at the same time used every inducement in his power to tempt the man to leave my service, telling him that it was a fine country, every one a gentleman. "As soon as I have done my day's work," said he, "I dress in my best clothes and walk about, or go into the smoking-room as well as any of them, with plenty of money in my pocket." In this class of people, where the higher sentiments are little felt, who can be surprised at such feelings towards a country where their situation was so different?

The American ships, especially the ships of war, are filled with our seaman, but always in subordinate situations. In their employments, both by sea and land, they act on a principle of which we used to be justly proud—"a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Their higher class of public officials, however, are exceptions to this rule; their salaries are generally insufficient to be at all an equivalent to well-educated and gifted people, for the abandonment of other pursuits.

An American, in arguing with an Englishman on the defects of the two countries, is sure to bring forward the condition of our millions, as an effectual set-off against slavery, repudiation, and plunder of copyright. They will seldom take into consideration the density of population in England—in proportion to the power of producing food to the extent that an Agrarian law could never remedy; nor the infinite complications of interests in an old country, that cannot be disregarded in any measure of amelioration.

Censure, in however measured and friendly a tone, any of their national institutions, habits, or manners, when its truth is too obvious to be denied, this is their invariable apology:—"We are so young a country." I must do the tender babe the justice to say, that it can swallow any quantity or quality of praise without the least injury to its delicacy, or even diminution of its appetite.

The plentiful employment and prosperous condition of the working classes in this country are not without exceptions. In the reaction from commercial prosperity which took place in 1837, numbers were thrown out of work, and in the winter of 1845-6, the damp cast on the movements of trade by the rumours of war, was fertile in influences inimical to their interests. The value of houses and lands is also subject to very great fluctuations from similar causes: no commercial barometer is more sensitive than that of New York; a cloud gathering in any part of the political horizon instantly affects it.

The police of New York has long been famed for its inefficiency: a late alteration is not likely, I think, to add either to its usefulness or popularity. Its officers are dressed in plain clothes, and mingle with the people in the streets and all public places, without any distinguishing mark. I saw, the other day, a noisy sailor, struggling violently between two of them, loudly proclaiming that they were common landsharks, and that he could tell by their clothes they were no policemen. This occurred near Five Points, a haunt of vice and misery, not yielding to the old St. Giles's, or to the *cité* in Paris. There are a great number of negroes in New York; indeed this is an observation you make in every

American town; they are all labouring under the same social ban, but one degree better than slavery itself. Between them and the Irish the most determined animosity exists, being rivals for the hardest and simplest work that the community requires. The free negro is always a conservative; whenever he is allowed a vote, he gives it to the Whig candidate. The Irish are as invariably Democrats, and are so numerous and united a body, as materially to influence the elections. In some of the Western States, the native Americans hold them in equal fear and dislike. I met, in my travels, with a very amusing character from Chicago, in Illinois, whose fixed idea was horror of them: "Dogins" was the name by which he called them. He said that their delight was in drinking and fighting, that they only agreed occasionally among themselves, that they might quarrel the better with every one else; that in some parts of the Western country, they would soon have things all their own way. But he could not deny that they were hard-working, honest fellows, always ready to lend each other a helping hand; nor that their children made as good citizens as any others.

The man of whom I speak was a capital sample of a certain class in the New States—active, energetic, boastful, vain, fiercely democratic, violent in his hatred of all European powers, particularly England; quaint beyond measure in conversation, and much given to ornament and illustration. He left New Orleans, his native place, some years since, on account of an awkward affair, in which he and a bowie knife acted principal parts, and is now a dealer in bread stuffs at Chicago. He said that war would be the making of the Western States; that they would "chaw up" Canada in no time, and humble the bloody-minded aristocracy of England; that France was only waiting for an opportunity to revenge Waterloo, and would assist them, or at least be neutral; that they would say to her, as the Kentuckian said to Providence when he met the bear, "If you lend a hand to either, I say give it to the poor Kentuckian; but if you don't, why only just look on, and you'll see an everlasting fine fight." He let out afterwards that the main reason why he was so warlike against the Britishers, was that "they are such eternal fools as not to buy my bread-stuffs, and they just starving outright."\* These enlightened views were delivered on board a steam-boat, near the bar: his eloquence being assisted by numerous draughts of "gin sling," he soon became exceedingly confused in his ideas, and ended by vowing everlasting friendship to all creation.

\* This remark was, of course, previous to the repeal of the English Corn Laws.

The roads and streets in some of the suburbs of New York are almost impassable in bad weather. A railroad runs from the heart of the city to Harlem; horses being used instead of steam, the progress upon it is but slow. The visitor to New York at the end of summer, will not be able to form any idea of its society; letters of introduction are delivered to empty houses; in some instances, indeed, he will find the doors and windows bolted, not even a servant remaining behind. Fortunately for him, however, a portion of the inhabitants have only fled to villas a few miles up the Hudson, where the usual kindness and hospitality of America are sure to be found.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### PHILADELPHIA—BALTIMORE.

I CROSSED to New Jersey city, and thence started by railway for Philadelphia. Part of this six hours' travel is through the richest country I have yet seen in the United States. Pennsylvania is a highly important state, and has at times cast the balance between the northern and southern interests. In the election of President Polk, when the numbers were pretty equally balanced, her influence was decisive. The coal and iron resources of this district are now being developed to an immense extent, and are already a source of great wealth; several contracts for Russia have been undertaken, by companies, on very profitable terms.

The financial condition of this community was very interesting to many people in England; their moral condition even more so; for there is no doubt that want of inclination, more than want of means, was the cause of their defalcation. The principal opponents of the taxation imposed to meet the interests of the debts, were the German portion of the population, who are sunk in the grossest ignorance, but are apparently numerous enough to influence the State Government. The stinging satire of a late eccentric and witty English divine had no small share in at length bringing about the tardy payments which have since been made. The people of the solvent states are very strong in denunciation of their less honest neighbours, and bitterly complain of the injustice of the general charge of repudiation against the American people, made by men unacquainted with the subject. But, as long as they are part and parcel of the same empire, and share in its advantages, they must not expect to escape altogether from the odium which attaches to such immense collective roguery.

*Many of the buildings at Philadelphia are very handsome,*

particularly the banks; their outside appearance is sterling and solid. There are no small or shabby houses; generally they are imposing-looking and showy, the doors white and very clean, with glass or plated handles; the bricks are very bright red, the Venetian blinds very bright green. The rows of trees in the streets have a pleasing effect, while a large portion of the town has that quiet, lonely air about it, which marks some of the great squares of London; not that Philadelphia is by any means an exception to the usual bustle and prosperity of American towns, but that there is more separation between the districts of business and those occupied by the dwellings of the wealthy classes. The principal streets are called by the names of trees, and are contained in the old couplet—

“Chesnut, walnut, spruce, and pine,  
Market, larch, and peach, and vine.”

Those crossing these main channels of communication are known by numbers.

I went to see an admirable painting by West, shown in a room with very good light; but a horrible little daub was hung on either side of it. The Post-Office, formerly the unfortunate United States Bank, is very handsome; but the Girard College, outside the town, is by far the handsomest building in North America. It is a square, each face the same, and bearing some resemblance to that of the Madeleine in Paris, but is built of pure and solid white marble, inside and out, pillars and roof—marble white as snow. There are two other blocks of buildings of the same material on either side, of a heavy style, rather marring the effect. This college is built by the will of a French banker, who left an immense fortune to build and endow it for the education of orphan children, and to provide for them afterwards in life: from what I hear, the building will have absorbed most of the legacy. The testator insisted that the education should be wholly secular; indeed no one suspected of being a clergyman is allowed to enter the college at all.

This “city of brotherly love” has been notorious for several very serious disturbances—the burning of the Roman Catholic chapels, and the houses of the Irish population, followed by retaliation, were attended with much loss of life. Again, fights between the Irish and the negroes, and lastly the flames of war lighted by the fire brigades.

On the dinner-tables, as you travel southward, there are many very original-looking dishes, with names as odd as their appearance. “mush,” “squash,” &c.; many of these are not at all disagreeable. There are also quantities of fruit—*melons* especially, but not of a very fine flavour. At

some places, as, for instance, near Charleston, these are in such incredible abundance that they infect the air as they ripen. Among the delicacies of the sea, the soft crab is in great request; he is much like ours in shape, but wears only a silken doublet instead of a coat of mail at a certain season, and consequently can be carved and eaten without the trouble of undressing him. The hotels were as usual, full, many of the people being resident in them. This place is not quite free from the gold-chained and ringleted American dandy; but generally there is still a little, a very little, of the meek, sleek style of the Quaker ancestor, to be traced in the appearance and manner of his descendant of the present day. I do not think, however, that you observe the broad brims and single collars of the demure brotherhood much more than in other towns.

The prison, penitentiary, workhouse, and charitable institutions may be briefly and satisfactorily described as well conducted and highly creditable to their founders and administrators. There is also a plain, unostentatious building of dull-coloured brick, held in great respect by this new people; it is the State House, where the independence of America was declared. They urge the traveller to visit this sacred and venerable place, dwelling much on its antiquity. It is strange that antiquities and military glory should be the great passion of the Americans: some malicious spirit seems to have suggested to them these unattainable ornaments, like the roc's egg in the Arabian fable. The water-works of Philadelphia are very fine and advantageous to the town; but in them, as in wealth and trade, she must yield the palm to New York.

In this town, as well as in the others of America, there is certainly a very fair exterior of morality; through their streets flows not that noisy stream of glaring vice, which, in the well-regulated mind, at the same time attracts attention and creates disgust. But, from this semblance, let not the Christian and the moralist deceive themselves with the hope that what does not meet the eye at the first moment, does not exist. The haunts of profligacy are as dark and as numerous as in the crowded cities of the Old World, and the silent and clandestine advertisements of their localities as little to be misunderstood.

Every year, some of the Southern States afford an awful catalogue of crime, violence, and blood. The population, of a mixed race, their passions heated by a sultry climate, their coarser impulses fed by the exertion of unlimited power over their slaves, reckless of their own or others' lives, *scarcely educated*, familiar with the bloodiest and most *fierocious duelling*—the voice of public opinion is but feeble

against the blackest Cain, provided he can adduce some received wrong or insult in his defence. In a ball-room at New Orleans, in the winter of 1844-5, a young man, while waltzing, trod on the foot of another. When the dance was over, he was asked, in a private room, if he had done this intentionally. The reply was a disavowal of any intention to give offence in the former instance, but accompanied by a hasty and angry remark upon being called to account. An altercation followed, and a blow was at length given, by the man who had sought the explanation. They separated—the striker went into the dressing-room before re-entering the ball-room, to cool his excitement and arrange his hair. The other went down stairs, put on an appearance of composure, and asked the cabmen at the door if any of them could lend him a bowie knife, as he wanted to cut a piece off the sole of his shoe; they either could not or would not furnish him with what he sought, so he went into a neighbouring street and purchased one at a cutler's shop, trying the sharpness of several of them on the counter before he made his choice: he then went to the dressing-room where his victim was still standing before the glass, and seized him unexpectedly from behind; before any one could interfere, he had given him three deadly wounds.

This was, no doubt, a villanous murder, but in all countries individuals may be found capable of any atrocity; knowing this, the horror that such a crime creates is not accompanied by astonishment. But that a jury of twelve men could find a verdict of "justifiable homicide," and that the laws of any country should sanction such a verdict, is indeed startling to our ears. A friend of mine saw the murder, assisted in apprehending the assassin, was a witness at the trial, heard the law of the case laid down, and the decision which followed—"an insult may be washed out in blood!" And the people who made this law profess to hold the faith of "Him of Nazareth!"

In other cases, where the sympathies of the people are against the accused, they sometimes cannot tolerate the forms of trial and the uncertainty of conviction. I only add one to thousands of previous well-known instances, when I give the following, from one of the American papers now before me, headed "Arkansas Tragedy." "A mulatto boy had murdered a mother and two children—at least, he was lodged in gaol under the accusation. The people of Hickory Bridge, on hearing all the facts, became furious; the cry of 'Burn the murderer!' soon ran from one to another. They suddenly became calm, and resolute to their purpose, armed themselves with gun and knife, and came down to the town *last Saturday*, deliberately broke open the gaol-door, put a



rope round the murderer's neck, and compelled him to run alongside their horses twenty-five miles, to the scene of the murder. They then formed a court, went through a trial, and found the prisoner guilty. He was to be burned! The next day, Sunday, they chained him to a tree, and had the wood piled round him to roast him by degrees. They kindled the fire, but the cry soon rose to hang him; he joined in the cry. They did hang him, to the gate-post, covered with the bloody shirt in which he was supposed to have committed the awful deed."

The tone assumed by the press with regard to these atrocities is a dreadful index to the sentiments of the masses, whose tastes and feelings it reflects and consults. The first instance I have quoted, the murder at New Orleans, is gently chidden as "the over-hasty resentment of a deadly insult;" the other, as a "generous but unlawful outburst of indignation in an excitable people."

For many years, Philadelphia was more a place for spending money than for making it; there were a great number of people possessing property independent of the fluctuations of trade, gifted with the leisure so necessary for the higher and more refining pursuits of life, and forming, from community of tastes, a compact and exclusive body, with more of the features of an aristocracy than in any other city in the Union. But even these people have not escaped from the levelling system of the last few years, and are now, to all public appearance at least, stirred up into the mixture of the democratic caldron.

Seven hours of railway and steamboat conveyance carried me to Baltimore. In entering Maryland the day's journey was rendered memorable to me, but it was by an occurrence very natural in the Southern States. At the last stopping-place before arriving at the town, there was a sight which filled me with a new and strange emotion—I saw a being which not one among thousands of our English people has ever seen. He walked, he spoke, he was tall and erect, with active, powerful limbs, and shape of fair proportions. He was made in God's own image—but—he was a SLAVE!—Poorly, scarcely decently clad, he had carried to the station a load of peaches, which little negro boys sold in small baskets to the passengers. He stood beside them directing the sale, between whiles staring at us with a stupid gaze. He had the receding forehead, coarse neck, and thick lips, the symptoms, or effects, of the merely animal instincts and intelligence. His complexion was very black—black as the cloud hanging over the land of his captivity—black as the *sin of its accursed law*.

*The suburbs of Baltimore were different from those of any*

American town I had yet seen; there were as wretched houses and as miserable-looking a population as Manchester or Glasgow could show. This, as every one knows, is the first city you meet with, in travelling southward, which is under the laws of slavery—that remarkable exception to the famous Declaration of Independence, that “all men are equal;” that exception being recognized as a fundamental part of the Constitution of this free, enlightened, and Christian Republic.

The difference between the free and slave States is seen by the traveller when he passes the line of division, in the comparative prosperity of both town and country, as distinctly as the colours mark them on the map; in none more decisively than between Pennsylvania and Maryland. The former cut out the cancer, and immediately the wound healed, and the body became robust and vigorous; the latter had several times nearly made up her mind to the operation, but courage failed, and the disease still continues working in deeper roots, while the patient sinks in decay. In Maryland the climate does not even afford the unrighteous and narrow-minded excuses of expediency or interest, for the continuance of slavery. It is known and acknowledged, that free labour is there more profitable; but then, the deadly rice-swamps and sugar-mills of Louisiana are capital consumers of their superfluous negro stock; raising it pays tolerably well; they are unwilling to divert their capital into new and non-human channels.

In the older northern slave States, the condition of the negroes, when they are employed as domestic servants and farm labourers to amiable and educated people, is often very comfortable; but the state of those who are sold to the lawless villains of Mississippi and Texas is woful beyond belief.

This subject of slavery is one in which I take a deep interest, and I am fain to dwell a little upon it, taking Maryland as my illustration; first, because it is the State wherein are greatest the feeling for and probability of abolition; secondly, because it is the only one of the southern States which I have visited, and of which I can speak from personal observation.

The population of Maryland is four hundred and fifty thousand; of these, one hundred and fifty thousand are blacks, ninety thousand being slaves, the remainder free. Since the year 1790, the white population of the principal slave-holding counties has diminished two-sevenths. In the greater number of these, the slaves at the present time are more numerous than the whites: there is a great extent of country, once tilled, now gone to waste: the land is held in farms of large size; when it ceased to be abundantly pro-

ductive, the clumsy and wasteful process of slave labour could no longer be applied to it. Tobacco is the only production of this State that seems to require slave labour; but in Ohio even this can be raised by free labour to undersell the Maryland growers.

The abolition of slavery tends to divide properties into small farms; this process would in a few years double the value of the crops, and consequently of the land. In the course of time the soil of each State subject to slave labour will be quite exhausted by its pernicious influences; manufacturing, or improved agriculture must then be the resource. Moreover, the produce of slave labour here can no longer bear competition with the result of that on the rich lands of the southern valley of the Mississippi. The effect of this slave agency is fatal to the energies of the white population: they become accustomed to consider labour as servile; all pursuits in which activity and industry are required, are monopolized by men from the northern States, who speedily enrich themselves in this undivided field.

The southern States become poorer every day, while the northern are rapidly made rich. I do not mean to say that the present inhabitants of the south become poorer, but that the country does; the vitality—the soil itself, is exported in the cotton, sugar, and rice, to the north; and to Europe, where it is consumed. Payment is received in all the handiwork of man, especially in the machinery used for the very purpose of more speedily drawing out—and of course exhausting—the natural wealth of the ground—their only capital.

The barren hills of New England produce little more than the industry and indomitable energy of the people who till their soil: there, the more the land is worked, the more rich and grateful is the return. But the pestilential hot-beds of the south, luxuriant though may be the rank vegetation under the unnatural forcing of slave labour, must soon find a limit to their productive power. Then will the undrained morasses exhale their noisome breath; and the deadly fever will finish the work, begun in crime, pursued to poverty and ruin.

To do the intelligent planters justice, few or none of them pretend to be blind to the evils of slavery, as it regards their own material interests. But, as a part of the social system, as a degraded condition of a portion of their fellow-countrymen, they will defend it to the uttermost. I have heard it argued by the hour, on those very rare occasions when the subject can be argued. St. Paul is referred to thus, "He has given precepts for slavery, and thus recognised it as one of the various forms of social organization, bearing with it its peculiar duties and obligations. Let us reverently acknow-

ledge the overruling power of Providence, by whose disposition an unrighteous traffic has been made the means of benefit to a benighted race. Through the ordeal of servitude in the United States, the negro has passed over the threshold of civilization into the portals of Christianity."

This is indeed unanswerable, for contempt and disgust at its foul falsehood and hypocrisy deprive you of the power to speak. Heaven save the wretched negroes from the sort of Christianity into whose portals they have thus passed! They do not feel its benefits in religious instruction, for teaching them to read their Bible is punished as a felony: they do not feel it in the sacredness of their domestic ties, for these the public sale violates every day: they do not feel it in the wholesome principle of morality, for they may be at any time the helpless victims of the grossest outrage.

I can give but these few, from the long catalogue of evils inflicted by slavery, on the interests of both the oppressors and the oppressed. In 1831, the people of Maryland became so convinced of the injury done to their material prosperity by this institution, that they came to a sort of compromise between the emancipative and the slaveholding principles, as a first step of getting rid of the evil. Through jealousy of the, perhaps injudicious, interference of the northern abolitionists, this tendency to better things received a check. However, four thousand pounds were voted annually by the Legislature for twenty years, to colonize with free negroes, going by their own consent, to a district on the western coast of Africa. As far as the means extended, this plan has been carried on with prudence, energy, and success. The colony, called Cape Palmas, begun with forty emigrants, now numbers a population of seven hundred. It is of course organized as a republic; Governor Russwurm, a negro, is placed by the Board of Directors at the head of it; the other officials of the little State are elected by the people, or appointed by the Executive. There are houses of worship, courts of justice, schools, militia, officers of police; roads have been opened into the interior, and a trade is carried on in the productions of the country. To prove, moreover, that they have a dutiful wish to imitate their Transatlantic mother, they have already annexed a considerable and important territory; the imitation, however, cannot be said to be perfect, for they obtained their extension by honest purchase, and not by astute and shameless spoliation of a weaker neighbour.

This colony from Maryland is perhaps the most successful of any of the American settlements on the African coast. An expedition sails from Baltimore every year for Cape Palmas; but as, in fourteen years, only seven hundred of the coloured population of the State have been disposed of, the speedy

absorption of the one hundred and sixty thousand still remaining, is not very hopeful.

It has long been apparent that, in case of emancipation, the difficulty of having fully one-third of the population of the State of an inferior caste, unprotected by the bonds of interest, cannot be avoided. Then let it be boldly met: in this land of equality, give them the citizen's right to vote; then they will have at least the power to make terms with the dominant party; they will remain no longer excluded by law from any appointments they may prove capable of filling. Surely these will be of the humblest sort; for the white man cannot dread their competition in any other. Already nearly half of the black population has become free, and the inconveniences have proved by no means so monstrous as the alarmists predicted, although the mixture of slaves and free blacks creates a complication of the difficulty. Even in Jamaica, the dawn of better things is apparent; for years, the American slaveholder had pointed with triumph to its embarrassments—although caused by an infinitely greater disproportion of free blacks to whites, than any of the States could present.

To the interests of the south, the result of slavery is certain ultimate decay; the result of emancipation, at least an uncertain evil. If in the scale, against its advantages, be placed every doctrine of Christianity, every honest impulse of the human heart, every principle of eternal justice, the balance is decisively cast in all minds but those of the dealers in all human flesh.

To any English people who may look over these pages, the joining of my weak voice to the loud outcry from all the Christian world, for the freedom of their fellow-man, even though his face be dark, is of course not of the slightest use, as—thank God—it will not, through their startled ear, fall on a guilty conscience. But I know that the work of every Englishman who attempts a sketch of America, however feeble his powers or humble his pretensions, is read by some of the people whose country he describes. I have therefore given these remarks, that they may see that I am not an exception—that every son of our own free land agrees in the denunciation of this stain upon humanity, and in earnest prayer that it may soon be blotted out for ever.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BALTIMORE—WASHINGTON.

BALTIMORE, during the war, had an immense trade, as long as the Americans remained neutral; but when England

was found to be struggling against enormous odds, that neutrality gave way; the opportunity to wound her was too tempting. At this critical moment, the virtuous and patriotic indignation against her inordinate pretensions suddenly became uncontrollable; the wrongs borne patiently, if not uncomplainingly, for years, were no longer to be endured, and the United States threw their whole weight into the scale of the apparently winning side. When, however, the stubborn will of England was worked out in Europe, and her inveterate and terrible enemy subdued and in captivity, the warlike storm from the West subsided into a peaceful zephyr, and the "inordinate pretensions" and the "wrongs of many years" were left just as they were before.

But this unfurling of the "stars and stripes" had a very great effect upon Baltimore, though so little upon the international questions: its trade all but ceased; it passed into other channels, and even now requires all the matchless energy and enterprise of Americans to be regained.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a large and imposing building. Most of the old families of that faith, the descendants of the original settlers, have gone elsewhere, or merged in the population; the present congregation is principally of Irish, and other foreigners. The portion of the town inhabited by the wealthy classes has a more solid and lasting appearance than in the other Atlantic cities; the private houses are very good, but the crop of grass in some of the streets gives them a dreary look. The Washington Column is one of the best specimens of that kind of building I have ever seen; it is one hundred and sixty feet high, of excellent proportions throughout, the material a fine white marble: a large statue stands on the summit: the situation is very well chosen; even from the base of the pillar there is a commanding and magnificent view. A few printed words on a board hung on the railing, entreat that this monument may not be spat upon or otherwise injured: in spite of this appeal for respect to the memorial of their greatest hero, it is defiled in a sickening manner.

Near the hotel where I staid, is a monument to immortalize those who fell during the defence of the town in the last war, in the attack when General Ross of Bladensburg was killed. The scene of this skirmish lies a few miles from the city, on the banks of the Patapsco. On the morning of this event, two boys, the elder not more than sixteen years of age, took muskets in their hands, and walked off towards the English advance, declaring their intention to "shoot some Britishers." They concealed themselves behind a hedge by the way-side for some time. Unfortunately,

General Ross and his staff happened to pass by this road, and the youngsters had the cleverness to distinguish him; both fired, and both shots took effect.

The Americans speak of great atrocities having been perpetrated by the English soldiery in these expeditions; our accounts, and the unimpeachable evidence of distinguished officers there present, give these assertions a positive denial. I have no great opinion of the tenderness of an invading army, even consisting of our own countrymen; but, at the same time, judging from the degree of exaggeration in American descriptions respecting which we have satisfactory testimony, it is evident that they never lose an opportunity of holding up the British army to execration; for instance, the stupid and mischievous invention echoed and re-echoed by their press, that the watchword given by the English general at the attack on New Orleans was "Beauty and Booty." I place no belief whatever in the unusual cruelties attributed to our countrymen at Baltimore. It is much to be lamented that the talented and erudite author of the magnificent "History of the French Revolution" should have preferred American to English testimony, on the subject of the atrocious watchword now referred to.

I had the good fortune, through the kindness of one of the officers, to see the evolutions of a troop, or, as they designate it, a company of horse-artillery, on the drill-ground near Fort Mac Henry, a few miles from the city. It was said to be the best troop in the army, modelled in a great measure on the English system. The *matériel*, the harness, and carriages, were decidedly inferior to their professed examples, and in some respects quite different, such as the use of the exploded system of the pole instead of shafts. Their brass guns were polished so brightly that they were painful to look at in the sunshine, and that to lay them correctly must be impossible; they would afford a dangerously conspicuous mark for the shot of opponents. From their equipment, there were available for the working of the piece, only four men, a number quite insufficient, and they were neither active nor soldier-like: the uniform is much like that of the French artillery. The horses were good, but too light for this service. The drill was slower and more complicated than the English. In either appearance or evolution it would be unjust to compare with them the horse-artillery or batteries of Woolwich. The officers were very well informed, gentlemanly men, zealous and efficient in their profession. I have said this generally, I believe, half-a-dozen times before, but I cannot repeat it too often. They have especial difficulties to contend with in

this service: by the time a soldier becomes competent for its numerous duties, he gets his discharge, or he deserts; they have no settled or general system equipments; indeed all they now have, may be said to be experimental. In spite of these drawbacks, I should pronounce them, in my humble opinion, to be efficient, and fit for immediate service.

The fort is well situated for commanding the entrance of the harbour, but its means of offence or defence are not very formidable. When I saw it, a number of workmen were employed in strengthening it, under a very skilful and intelligent engineer officer. Several of the minor arrangements were ingenious, though somewhat unfinished; with them, indeed, they had the merit of invention, but in Europe they have long been used in a more perfect form. This invention of things long known elsewhere, is by no means confined, in the United States, to the military equipments of Fort Mac Henry.

I went to the museum, where there is a very fine and complete skeleton of the Mastodon, found, I think, near the Ohio. There was nothing else particularly worthy of attention; so I went upstairs to the top of the building, where there is a theatre; a performance was going on quite as good as could be expected. A man near me put his feet upon the rail of the seat before him and stretched himself out till his head was as low as was consistent with staring at the stage between his upraised legs. The sovereign people seemed to disapprove of this graceful position, and a cry of "Trollope, Trollope," had at length the effect of influencing him to restore his head and heels to their usual relative altitudes. I have been told by very good authority that the satirical works of English writers have had a decidedly beneficial effect upon the habits and manners of the Americans; within the last ten years, the improvement has been perceptible to the most careless observer. If this be true, the state of things formerly, in some of the public conveyances, and the smaller inns, must have been such as to palliate any amount of sarcastic bitterness. Even now, I defy any one to exaggerate the horrors of chewing and its odious consequences; the shameless selfishness which seizes on a dish and appropriates the best part of the contents if the plate cannot contain the whole; and the sullen silence at meal times. But it is only fair to say that the most eminent heroes of these performances belong to a class of people with which the traveller in England is not brought into contact at all: indeed I believe that there, such a class—in manners at least—has no existence; I have never met with



such, though thrown, at different times, among men in great extremes of social position.

The Trollope question being satisfactorily settled, I tore myself away from the pleasures of the stage, to read the newspapers at the bar of the hotel. This was a fortunate step for me—an earnest observer of the peculiarities of human nature; for there I saw collected, four more perfect specimens of the ruffian than I had ever hoped or feared to meet with in the course of my pilgrimage. I should have thought their appearance the most villanous and offensive thing I had ever encountered, had I not heard them speak: their language outdid their looks—filthy, blasphemous, ferocious, deepening in abomination as they drenched themselves with liquor. The bar-keeper—who was addressed as “Doctor,” to do him justice, seemed thoroughly disgusted with them, and relieved when they were gone.

The custom of carrying the bowie knife is universal in these southern States; even boys at school are not exceptions, and, not unfrequently, they have been known to use it for the settlement of their disputes. Education is far from being so general or so well conducted here as in New England, and is diminishing in many places as the population increases. The growth of ignorance is always followed by a corresponding strengthening of democratic feeling: in this statement I quote the speech in Congress of a Loco-Foco member, as reported in all the papers. This person also boasted of having patriotically used his influence to discourage the schoolmaster in his neighbourhood.

I conclude, from one or two circumstances which fell under my own observation, that Baltimore is not remarkable for the security of property. I was advised not to leave my hat in the hall one evening, while paying a very pleasant visit to an agreeable household; the weather was extremely warm, all the doors and windows were open, and they seemed to think this possible opportunity of stealing my hat would certainly be taken advantage of. In the hotel, an excellent one by-the-by there was a printed notice, earnestly requesting guests to keep their doors bolted at night, as frequent robberies had occurred from the omission of this necessary precaution. Here it is only necessary for the safety of your property; further south, it is equally so for the safety of your life.

From the specimens I saw of the lower classes of the slave States, and the information which I obtained about them, I consider them to be, to a frightful extent, rude, demoralized, and ferocious; some of the gentry appear only to *the greater advantage* by the force of the strong contrast in

which they are placed with the masses of their countrymen.

In travelling by railway in America, there is an excellent arrangement about baggage, which might, I should think, be very advantageously adopted in England: for every separate article you receive a small plate of tin, with a number stamped upon it; a duplicate of this is tied on the luggage at the same time. When you arrive at your destination, you deliver your number to the porter at the hotel, who gets the articles from the clerk at the railway station by producing it. So, from the time you part with your baggage on entering the railway, you see no more of it till lodged safely in the bed-room allotted to you.

Nothing particular occurred in my journey to Washington, except that I had a good deal of conversation with a very singular man, a Polish homœopathic doctor; he worked himself up at last into such a state of excitement, in speaking of the wrongs of his country, that he made it quite a personal affair with me that England had not interfered to prevent its partition, though I positively disclaimed having been the foreign minister at the time it took place.

Washington is so well described in the epithet of "The city of magnificent distances," that it is scarcely possible to add anything to convey a clearer idea of it. It is indeed a rich architectural joke—a boasting, straggling, raw, uncomfortable failure, of infinite pretension in the plan, wretched and imperfect in the execution. The situation is very fine, that is, the situation of the Capitol—the city is everywhere. Hotels, lodging-houses, the dwellings of the official people, the public offices, dockyard and arsenal—scattered about at the most ludicrously inconvenient distances, on muddy, back-settlement-looking roads, of enormous width—are the component parts of this inflated absurdity.

I admired the Capitol very much. My ignorance of architectural science I suppose blinded me to the faults of which it is so freely accused. Two statues, by Persico, have been lately placed on the left-hand side as you enter—one, of Columbus holding the globe in his hand, (the character of his position and face I could not quite understand;) the other, an Indian woman, stooping forward to look up to him. The latter struck me as very beautiful; an expression of vague terror and yet of admiration is given to her face with exquisite art. It is said that some American ladies do not quite approve of the arrangement or quantity of her draperies.

At a little distance from the Capitol is the gigantic statue of Washington, by Greenhow. The sitting attitude appeared to me stiff and undignified, but the head is the redeeming point. The figure is covered in by a wooden building, to

guard it from the weather and from being injured; the latter object has totally and disgustingly failed. Among the minor outrages was the name of "John H. Brown," written in large letters on the upper lip, so as to look like moustaches; it must have required some active exertion to get up there for the purpose of putting on this ornament.

The interior of the Capitol is judiciously arranged: both the Hall of the Senate and the House of Representatives are handsome, and of the most convenient form. The entrance of the building is circular, of a fine height and proportion; some historical paintings ornament, or disfigure it, according to the taste of the observer.

I went to the top of the building; as the thermometer was at ninety-four degrees in the shade, it may be imagined to have been tolerably, or rather intolerably, hot upon the roof.

The view was splendid, but I was not prepared to suffer so very painful a death as being roasted alive, for the sake of seeing more of it; one glance round was all I could afford. I then jolted off to the dock-yard and arsenal; both are on a very small scale, and not remarkable in any way but for the kindness and courtesy of the officers who are good enough to show them. The post office is a handsome edifice, of white marble, and the patent office is well worth seeing, being filled with models of all inventions by Americans; many of these are very ingenious and useful, others only complicated means of performing the simplest possible operations. The electric telegraph between Washington and Baltimore is very simply and cleverly arranged; the mode of conversation is much more easy and rapid than that in London, which I have since visited, and only one wire of communication is made use of. The public offices are convenient, plain in appearance, and with but little bustle observable in them.

There was no public reception during my very short stay, but I had the honour of being presented to the President. At eleven in the forenoon, we arrived at the White House, under the shade of our umbrellas; from the intense heat, a fire-king alone could have dispensed with this protection. The house is a handsome building, of about the same size and pretensions as the Lord Lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park, in Dublin; but much as I had heard of the republican simplicity of the arrangements, I was not prepared to find them what they were. We entered, without ringing at the door; my kind guide, leading the way, passed through the lower premises and ascended the staircase, at the top of which we saw a negro, dressed very plainly, in clothes of the same colour as his face. He grinned at us for a moment, *and calculating, from the respectability of my companion, that I did not mean to steal anything, was walking off, till*

he saw me, with a simple confidence, which seemed to him too amiable to be allowed to suffer a betrayal, place my umbrella in a corner, before entering the gallery leading to the private apartments: he immediately turned to correct my error, informing me that if I had any farther occasion for its services, I had better not leave it there, "for some one would be sure to walk into it." I took his counsel and my property, and proceeded till we arrived at the door of the President's room. My guide knocked, and the voice of the ruler of millions said, "Come in." Before obeying this command, I of course left my unfortunate umbrella outside; this done, I walked into the presence and was introduced. At the same moment, the watchful negro, the guardian spirit of my endangered property, thrust it into my left hand, with another and stronger admonition to my simplicity; but this time his tone of compassion for my ignorance had degenerated into almost that of contempt for my obstinate folly. In the mean time, my right hand was kindly shaken by the President, according to custom; he told me to be seated, and conversed with much urbanity. I of course trespassed on his valuable time but for a very few minutes, and then departed.

He was sitting at a round table covered with papers; another gentleman, I presume a secretary, was seated at a desk near the window, writing. Mr. Polk is a remarkable-looking man; his forehead massive and prominent, his features marked and of good outline. The face was shaved quite close, the hair short, erect, and rather grey. Judging from his dress and general appearance, he might have been either a lawyer or a dissenting minister; his manner and mode of expression were not incongruous with his appearance. Although, a few years ago, his name was unknown, every one is now aware that Mr. James Polk was a lawyer in the state of Tennessee, holding a respectable, but by no means a commanding position. At the eleventh hour of the last presidential election, the democratic party, fearful of further delay, agreed to support him, as a man not sufficiently conspicuous to have made himself obnoxious to any of their sectional prejudices; and, by a small majority, they succeeded in placing him at the head of affairs.

Although the Whig party were at first highly indignant at so comparatively obscure a person being made the instrument of their defeat, they submitted with a good grace to the exercise of the presidential authority, and afterwards became, in general, not unfavourably disposed to the individual possessing it. Most of the offices under government, down to the very lowest, to the number, it is said, of more than sixty thousand, changed hands on this occasion, as the punishment, or reward, of political opposition or support.

It is by no means a matter of surprise to me that the framers of the American Constitution should have been so jealous of the presidential authority. The patronage is now becoming enormous; the immense quantities of offices to be given away, is far more important than their value, in a community where the bestowal of political power depends on numbers. As long as the Executive acts in accordance with the general party views of its constituency, it enjoys, in particular instances, the possession of almost despotic power. Politically, the President is the mere organ of the masses, the mouthpiece to express their passions and prejudices, not the strong arm to repress their excesses. The effect of this on their domestic affairs is their own "look-out," but the inaugural address and the "message" of the above-named President are specimens of its pernicious influence on their foreign relations. The poor apology, that these threatening and high-sounding manifestoes are only meant as political capital, to tell on the minds of the grasping and turbulent population of the West, is but little consolation to the fund-holder or the merchant, whose property is damaged by the alarm which they excite. By degrees, the people of Europe are beginning to set the proper value upon them; from causing uneasiness, the next step will be to cause contempt.

As for the bombastic absurdities and virulent attacks upon the governments of the Old World, upon that of England, especially, that have at times disgraced the House of Representatives, and even the Senate—their mischief is incalculable. They have not seldom been the cause of changing a simple matter of right, and diplomatic arrangement, into a question of national pride; and of placing at the council-board the passions of the people, instead of the wisdom of their rulers.

After the States of America had succeeded in throwing off the rule of England, it became, obviously, necessary to establish one of their own instead. In 1787, all the States excepting Rhode Island, sent delegates to Philadelphia for the purpose. After two years' consideration, and reference to the different districts concerned, the Constitution was declared, and put in operation. The powers of government were placed in the hands of three authorities, the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, each of these being directly and frequently subjected to the ordeal of election, and all emanating from the same source, being neither more nor less than different organs to express the popular will. On this subject, Mr. Biddle says, "*The tendency and danger of other governments is subserviency to courts; that of ours, is submission to popular excitement,*

which statesmen should often rather repress than obey. Undoubtedly, the public councils should reflect the public sentiments; but that mirror may be dimmed by being too closely breathed upon; nor can all the other qualities of a public man ever supply the want of personal independence: it is that fatal want that renders so many ostensible leaders only followers, which makes so many who might have been statesmen degenerate into politicians, and tends to people the country with the slaves, or the victims, of that mysterious fascination, the love of popularity."

The President is elected for the term of four years, by the majority of all the male naturalized inhabitants of the United States. He commands the naval and military force of the country; he nominates all officers of the Federal Government who are not elected by the Senate, but all his nominations are subject to be annulled by that body; he has the power of making treaties, but these require the ratification of the Senate; he may grant pardons for all offences but treason, and can place his veto on the acts of the other two Estates; if, however, an act be returned by two-thirds of the Elective Houses, he can no longer forbid its passing. A Secretary of State, and Secretaries of the Treasury, of War, and of Naval Affairs, assist him. These are not, however, allowed to have a place in either Houses of Congress.

The Senators are elected by the members of the legislature of the different States, two from each, whether large or small; they are chosen for six years, one-third going out every two years. Each member must be thirty years of age, nine years a naturalized citizen of the United States, and a resident of the State which he represents. From this body committees are formed, for foreign affairs, &c., which perform a large portion of executive duties confided in other countries to the Secretaries of State.

The members of the House of Representatives are elected every two years, on the basis of population; in most of the States by universal suffrage, at the rate of not more than one member for thirty thousand inhabitants; none can be elected under twenty-five years of age, or who is not a resident of the State for which he is chosen. The owners of slaves are allowed to vote for them, at the rate of three to five for the number in their possession, besides voting in their individual capacity. Each member must have been at least seven years naturalized.

All legislation and taxation must be approved of by these three authorities; in the Senate and the House of Representatives, the majority being the will of the body; while for any change in the Constitution, two-thirds of each must consent.

From these few statements, it will be seen that all power, Executive and Legislative, not only emanates, but is held almost directly from the hands of the majority of the people. As far as external relations are concerned, their control over the minority is absolute, no matter how strong that minority may be in virtue, wealth, and numbers. At one time it was the inclination, and, perhaps, the apparent interest, of the Western States, to go to war with England; in the older and better districts of the Atlantic coast, the inclination and the interest were to remain at peace. The former party might have proved more numerous; war might have been brought on; and the latter have had to suffer the loss of its trade, and, probably, injuries from the enemy, in a contest to which it had been throughout opposed; while the Central States, heedless of the sufferings of which they could feel no share, looked forward to the conquest of valuable neighbouring territories as the reward of their efforts.

In carrying out this Constitution, two great principles have been acted upon, by two different parties—Conservative and Democratic. In Washington was embodied one, in Jefferson the other. Washington stands among Americans “first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” Jefferson was his treacherous enemy. Jefferson disclaimed alike reverence for the past and regard for the future: the attainment of present advantage was the sole object of his school of policy; to the means and the consequences he was equally indifferent.

Of these two principles, the high-minded, the educated, and the wealthy, adopted the former; the unscrupulous, the ignorant, and the needy, the latter; and to the hands of the latter, as the more numerous, has the working of the Constitution fallen. But there is such a weight of all that is good and sound in this great Anglo-Saxon Republic, that on several occasions it has returned, for a season, to the rule of this worthy minority: the stream of Democracy could, however, only be delayed; now, it has swept it quite away, and the men of character, talent, and wealth, are borne unwillingly and helplessly on the turbid waters.

So, the principles of Jefferson have triumphed over those of Washington.

The results are unjust aggression, the dishonesty of whole States, the injury of social liberty, and the debasement of public men. One of America's most gifted sons, in his “Essay on Heroism,” gives these words:—“Who, that sees the meanness of our politics, but inly congratulates Washington that he is already long wrapped in his shroud, and *for ever* safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him?”

There is only one court in which the Judges are not subject to the perpetual action of the popular will : the Supreme Court of the United States is independent, none other. By this elective arrangement, they have attained as near an approach to the system of Judge Lynch as could be decently managed. The man to whom the power of life and death is intrusted, is often a very inferior lawyer : no successful one would be contented to take the niggardly salary of the office, instead of his practice. The judge will, most likely, be dependent on his re-election for his bread. In Mississippi or Arkansas, the people have far too lively a regard for their liberties to elect to the judicial chair a man who would throw obstacles in the way of the free use of their beloved bowie knife. Even in the enlightened Philadelphia and Boston, we have seen the attempt to punish popular rioters end in a failure and a farce. In this strange community, the very class of people who most need the restraints of civil and religious law, choose and pay the ministers of the law, and can discard them when they cease to be complainant.

In the machinery of the Constitutions of the different States, there is a great variety, but in the principle, none ; "the people are the source of all legitimate power ;" numbers are represented, not property—stake in the country, intellectual power, character, confer not a feather weight of political strength on their possessors. Many of these do not vote at all ; it is well known that in some districts not half the number of the inhabitants exercise their franchise ; the hustings are crowded with the idle, the rapacious, and the interested. Their choice often falls upon the scheming, briefless lawyer, who, without talent or industry enough for his profession, is gifted with the necessary degree of assurance, pliability, and cunning, to persuade them, not that he has merit, but that he will be their readiest tool. In this creature their vanity, as well as their power, is concentrated ; and, unless he can, by his turbulence and verbosity, consume the share of the public time which their dignity requires to be given to them, he is ejected, to make room for some noisier demagogue.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### BOSTON.

My time being very limited, I was obliged to return by Baltimore and Philadelphia, that being by far the shortest and easiest route. I found New York as hot and busy as when I left it, and highly excited by the first arrival of the



Great Britain steamship from England. Thousands of people assembled to see her enter the harbour; they seemed generally disappointed in her apparent size, but much struck by the beauty of her model. They were unanimous in their indignation at being obliged to pay for going on board; and when they saw her decked with the flags of all nations of the earth, except that of America, the state of public feeling became quite alarming, and the papers of the day contained tremendous articles on the supposed insult. It turned out that, by way of the greatest compliment, the English and American flags had been joined together in the most affectionate manner, and had proved such a curious mixture that no one was able to make out what it meant. There had been a good deal of betting as to the length of time the vessel would take in her first passage; some were so near in their "guess" that the difference between Liverpool and New York clocks, raised points to be decided by "Bell's Life."

There was great eagerness for English news; all the names and actions of our public men seem quite as familiar to the Americans generally as to ourselves—the state of the markets much more so. They have a profound respect for the English press; indeed, the leading article of the "Times" they seem to think the undoubted exponent of the feelings of the wealthy classes in England. The power and severity with which that magnificent journal sometimes remarks on Transatlantic affairs, though it exasperates them, has a decided influence on their opinions. However, the extraordinary ability and zeal displayed by its writers in attacking the Corn Laws were certain passports to their approbation, and in some measure reconciled them to the offences against their national vanity.

In my short wanderings, I had opportunities of seeing a little of their navy: every one knows that their ships are excellent in their construction and performance; those I saw were also highly creditable in the appearance of order and discipline on board. The ships are all, of their kind, of the very largest size; some of their frigates are of as much tonnage as our old line-of-battle ships. Of the number of seamen employed, one-sixth only are Americans—the remainder being nearly all English. Their pay is very high, from three pounds to three pounds ten, sterling, per month. The American navy is a most formidable force to the enemies of the country, as well as to its country's exchequer; in proportion to its numbers, the expense is far greater than that of any other power.

The officers stand very high in public estimation; but the rank of Admiral is denied them by the absurd jealousy of *their countrymen*, as, though popular demagogues may be

militia Generals by the score, they have not yet made their naval commands elective. The short history of this force is very brilliant and adorned by many gallant actions; by far the greater number of these having been performed against ourselves. They always wisely worked with the choicest tools; in their successes, the size of their ships, the weight of metal, and the strength of the crews, were invariably greater than ours. In the contests of these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, both by sea and land, the circumstances of skill in the individual commanding, the strength and discipline of the force employed, or local advantages, have always been the causes of victory declaring for either party. As to the boast of superiority in national valour, of either the one or the other, the bloody decks of the Java and the Chesapeake, and the indecisive carnage of Lundy's Lane, bear witness to its vanity.

The American people are justly proud of the achievements of their navy, and treat it with far greater liberality than the other departments: they also modestly refrain from interfering with its arrangement and discipline; in short, where it is concerned, they can stand anything but Admirals. At both New York and Boston they have very fine line-of-battle ships for the commodore's flag—the North Carolina and the Ohio. I should think the patience of the officers must be often sorely tried, from the number and nature of their visitors.

From New York to Boston, I proceeded by the Long Island railway, and by steam-boat at an incredibly small expense, and with a party large in an inverse proportion. The quantity of luggage on these occasions is enormous, although many American gentlemen travel very light, the great coat pocket carrying all the necessary paraphernalia for the toilet; those, however, who do use portmanteaus, use very large ones, generally of strong but light wood, bound round with straps of iron, and ornamented with brass nails. The initials of the proprietor, and those of his town and State, are marked on them in immense letters, either in white paint or in these brass nails. There is usually, too, something very complicated in the locks. Altogether, there is a peculiarly cautious and knowing look about an American portmanteau; I could recognise it anywhere, among thousands.

Among the number of my fellow-passengers there were neither old nor young, at least there were no venerable grey heads or cheerful boyish faces. In no part of the United States do the people seem to arrive at the average length of life of the Old World. The great and sudden changes of temperature, while, perhaps, they stimulate the energies of those who are exposed to them, wear out the stamina of the

body and exhaust its vitality. The cares of manhood and the infirmities of second childhood are equally premature, denying the population the two loveliest but most dependent stages of existence; the idle but fresh and generous morning of youth; the feeble but soft and soothing evening of old age. In this country, we find even the climate in league with the practical, in its influences on the powers of man—a goad to material prosperity. The child is pushed, with a forcing power, into the duties and pursuits of maturer years; the man, when he ceases to be of active use, is hurried out of the busy scene, his part played. The cumberers of the ground are few, all work, none play. They go more awkwardly about their amusements than any people I have ever seen elsewhere: theirs is a dark and sombre path through life, though every step were on gold. Sarcastic wit will win from them a sarcastic grin; the happy conclusion of some hard-driven bargain may raise a smile of satisfaction: but the joyful burst of cheerful laughter, the glee and hilarity of a happy heart, you must go elsewhere to seek. They are not a healthy-looking race; the countenance is sallow, and marked, early in life, with lines of thought. The fresh, pure glow of the Saxon cheek is never seen here. The men are tall, but not robust or athletic; they have no idea of the sports of the field, and rarely or never join in any more active game than bowls or billiards. They do not walk, if they can ride; ride, if they can drive; or drive, if they can go by railway. Mind and body, day and night, youth and age, are given up to the one great pursuit of gain. But this inordinate appetite for acquiring is, in their character, deprived of some of its most odious features; it is rarely accompanied by parsimony or want of charity. I believe no people on earth can be more hospitable to their equals in worldly wealth, or more open-handed to the poor. Their establishments for the relief of the distressed are almost unrivalled in liberality and excellence of arrangement; and many among them are as lavish in their expenditure, as energetic in possessing themselves of the means to supply it.

That money should be the great stepping-stone to the consideration of their fellow-men is both the cause and effect of this universal tendency. Of course, the lower in the scale of rank and education you descend in your studies of character, the more openly and odiously is this trait developed; you must go very high indeed before you cease to trace its influence.

It is a painful consideration to any one whom the sense of *truth obliges* to make general remarks of this nature, not *altogether* favourable to the national character, that many *of those whose kindness he has experienced* may feel hurt.

and be disposed to look upon them as evidences of ingratitude. I cannot however but hope, that the effort—though it may be unsuccessful—to present fairly both sides of the picture, may not be mistaken for a wish to give offence, or even for a want of full and grateful appreciation of the kind offices received. I look upon it as the duty of an Englishman to be unrestrained by any personal consideration, from giving the full weight, but not an atom more, of the evil effects produced on the character and manners of a people, by a system of government and education so distinct from that under which he has been brought up—that which his honest conviction and his experience assure him is the best yet devised by man's finite wisdom.

If the words I have written should prove in the least degree offensive to any of those kind friends in America to whom I am so much indebted for disinterested and most agreeable hospitality, let them attribute their spirit to prejudice—ignorance—to anything but want of gratitude and friendly feeling towards them.

The distance from Newport to Boston is two hundred and twenty miles, of a most fatiguing journey; rushing from steam-boat to railway, and railway to steam-boat, crushing into the dining saloon, a disgusting dinner, wonderful alacrity in despatching it by one's fellow-passengers, heat dreadful, smoke from the engines annoying—in short, we arrived at Boston extremely tired and in a very ill humour. When we—I include two English officers whom I met and joined company with at New York—when we arrived at the Tremont House, we were informed that every bed in the establishment was engaged, except three in the same room. While we stood aghast at this intelligence, some other people came in to look for accommodation, saying they had tried several other hotels in vain. So we made the best of it, and ordered our valuables upstairs, where we found that the three beds for ourselves were in the same room with three more beds for other individuals, each engaged couch being flanked by one of those American portmanteaus I have so particularly described, with the lock well secured, and no loose articles lying about. However, it was very late, and we had had quite enough locomotion for that day, so it ended in our remaining; being further influenced by a promise to provide separate rooms for us the next day, which was faithfully fulfilled. I found this altogether the best hotel in which I had been in the States. We had one corner for our three beds, our luggage was piled up in a central situation, and, confident in numbers, we went to bed and slept. I was fortunate to waken just as the American gentlemen came in, for it gave me an opportunity of seeing

a despatch in going to rest, rivalling that in the dinner department. From the time the door opened, there appeared to be only a hop, step, and jump into bed, and then a snore of the profoundest repose. Early in the morning, when these gentlemen awoke from their balmy slumbers, there was another hop, step, and jump into their clothes, and we saw no more of them. We found breakfast everything we could wish, the people of the house very kind and obliging, and comfortable rooms an hour or two afterwards.

I found several of my Saratoga friends staying here: we had all been travelling about in different directions, and had now arrived at the same point; some of them were bound for England by the next mail steam-packet, as were my companions and myself. We had however left ourselves ample time for sight-seeing, sowing our letters of introduction, and reaping, as usual, an abundant crop of kindness and attention.

The hotel is divided into a family and bachelor establishment; but, at meals, the lonely, unblessed ones are allowed the privilege of joining the ladies, if they are acquainted with any of them, or, indeed, if they feel inclined. There was a large drawing-room, with a piano, and a gay circle was always to be found in it. The bar and the smoking-room evidently offered much greater attractions to most of the gentlemen; the expenditure of cigars and saliva in these localities was enormous. The reading-room was a very good one; there were heaps of papers belonging to all parts of the States, from the "Bangor Whig" to the "New Orleans Picayune" and "Arkansas Democrat;" in a corner, from a pile in a frame, "The Times" hung out its broad and well-thumbed sheet. The wall was hung round with maps of the city, the States, and the United States, in which the blue of the American territory always thrusts itself up into the red of the English, to the farthest line of the different disputed points. At the top, each was ornamented by some appropriate national design, such as the American eagle carrying the globe in its talons, with one claw stuck well into Texas, and another reaching nearly to Mexico. While the noble bird's feet are thus profitably employed, his beak is not idle, for there he holds a staff, from which the flag of the "stars and stripes" floats over the prostrate world.

Boston, the social and commercial capital of New England, is, in trade and opulence, inferior only to New York, among the cities of North America. The harbour is excellent, but, beyond that, it possesses no great natural advantages; the *soil* around is poor, and the country deficient in the mineral *productions* necessary for the uses of man. No navigable *river* opens the resources of distant districts; on one side is

the ocean, on the other, the stern hills and ungenial climate of New England. But this unpromising territory was fixed on by a set of men, of a courage, hardihood, and energy, capable of overcoming any danger or difficulty that presented itself. Their descendants have inherited these virtues, and by their exercise have changed this barren shore into a city of luxury and wealth.

Boston was founded in 1630, about ten years after the landing of the pilgrim fathers. For half a century it made but little progress. When the colonies became independent it rapidly increased, like all the other Atlantic cities; for, from the Old World, especially from England, religious enthusiasts, adventurers, disaffected men, and admirers of republican institutions, flocked over in crowds to swell the population. Of late years, Boston has been favoured by particular commercial enactments, and has progressed more rapidly than ever. Building is going on to a prodigious extent. I have visited it at different intervals, and at each period the increase was plainly visible.

The city stands upon a peninsula in Massachusetts Bay, marked by three bold hills; from north to south, three miles long, from east to west one third of that length, but of an indented and irregular outline. As the number of the inhabitants so rapidly increased, this piece of land became too small for their accommodation, and they have spread themselves over the island and other parts near at hand, keeping up still their intimate connexion with the town on the Peninsula by bridges and ferries. Of the former there are six, of great length but no beauty; the material of their structure is wood. Canal Bridge, leading to East Cambridge, is the largest, measuring nearly a thousand yards. In the old parts of the town, the streets are narrow and inconvenient; in the new, they are wide and regular, with massive and comfortable dwellings, built chiefly of a bright red brick, and having doors and blinds of lively colours; many have also windows of purple glass, giving them, altogether, a cheerful but fantastic appearance. Everything in Boston is scrupulously clean; from the roof to the road not a speck or stain; no one is allowed to enjoy the selfish indulgence of smoking in the streets, and chewing is not nearly so popular here as in the south. The harbour is excellent, easy of access to friends, difficult to foes; when within its shelter, there is ample space and safe anchorage for a great amount of shipping. Fort Independence, more formidable by nature than art, protects the narrow entrance of the channel, at a point-blank range. The wharves are extensive and solid; of late, great ranges of store-houses *have been built close at hand, of commodious size and lasting*

materials; these districts are scenes of constant and active industry

On the island opposite, in the harbour, is East Boston, only ten years old, but already in maturity; the English Mail Steam-packet Company have their dock and stores there, and a steam ferry-boat crosses between this offshoot and the main city every five minutes. The State House of Massachusetts stands on the highest point of the peninsula; from the cupola on the dome at the top, you see the city and the surrounding country under you like a map, and get the best idea of its extent and position; for, as long as you move about below from street to street, you are sadly puzzled among the numerous bridges and ferries. This dome is a copy of that of St. Paul's; of this it is necessary to be informed, for the likeness is not very striking. You will probably also hear that the view from it is the finest on the earth; this too it is essential that you should be made aware of by the authority of your guide, for, without being told it might perhaps escape your observation that such was the case. But, in truth, it is a fine and interesting sight whether it be the finest in the world or not. In an architectural point of view, the Custom House is the most remarkable edifice; it is built of solid granite, rather heavy in its general effect. There are numerous churches for every variety of religious faith. One, called King's Chapel, was many years ago devoted by its founder to the Church of England: the will declared that divine service should always be performed according to the Rubric, under penalty of the endowment being forfeited. In course of time the majority of the parishioners became Unitarians, and adopted the Jeffersonian principle that the dead should not have any influence over the living: there is, however, a law in Massachusetts independent of the popular feeling, and the congregation could not seize the funds without submitting to the will. A sort of arrangement was therefore entered into, by which the English Liturgy was still used, but carefully purged of anything alluding to the objectionable Trinitarian doctrines. I once attended the service there without being aware of this extraordinary compromise, and without having heard the American Church of England Liturgy anywhere else, and I certainly was sadly puzzled to know what had happened to it in this instance. A very clever sermon was preached afterwards, commencing with a profession of avoiding all doctrinal points, and of addressing the congregation on the broad basis of Christianity; nevertheless the spirit of the preacher's faith breathed through every word he spoke. *I understand that a great many worthy and amiable people joined in this arrangement for setting aside the dead man's*

will by a side-wind ; indeed, I do not recollect having heard any one there speak of it with disapprobation. The Unitarians are very numerous and influential at Boston, and the clergymen of the highest repute.

The Faneuil Hall is an interesting place, it is called after its founder, who gave it to the citizens for public meetings. It is nearly a hundred feet square, and three stories high. In the centre story, which is the one more generally used, there is a desk and a row of seats for the principal speakers. When I saw it, this room was being fitted up with branches into a sort of honeycomb of bowers, where stalls for an Abolition bazaar were to be placed the next day. Close by this building is the magnificent Faneuil Market, five hundred and thirty-six feet long, and fifty wide, much to be admired for the abundance and variety of good things to be purchased under its walls, as well as for the style of its structure.

In my visit to this place I was fortunate enough to have for my companion, a gentleman of great worth, and of the highest estimation among his fellow-citizens : his head was grey, but his kindness of heart as warm and fresh as if he had been still in early youth : but lately returned from a visit to England, he had been confined by indisposition since his arrival : as he walked through the market, several of the keepers of stalls to whom he was known came out, with evident pleasure, to meet him, shaking hands with him in the most cordial manner, and expressing their joy at seeing him again. In spite of this familiar and apparently equal greeting, the respect they bore him was evidently shown, and as little to be misunderstood as if they had only doffed their caps to him. We had much conversation on this little scene afterwards, and he was gratified that a stranger had been witness to it, as in its way so characteristic of the manners of New England.

One evening he was kind enough to take me to the meeting of a sort of club, held for the purposes of social intercourse, every second Friday, at the house of one of the members. About a dozen gentlemen were present on this occasion, all of them past the noon of life, except the host, who was a very distinguished lawyer, well known elsewhere as well as in Boston ; one of the others held a high judicial situation. Some were leading members of the press, others medical men of the best standing, others connected with the manufacturing and commercial interests. Among the latter were two who had begun life before the mast, and by their own abilities and merit arrived at great wealth : both in manners and conversation they were exceedingly pleasing.

At about ten o'clock we sat down to supper at a round



table covered with all sorts of good cheer, and remained in very animated and interesting conversation till midnight, when the party broke up.

It is highly gratifying to an Englishman to find that in America—and particularly at Boston—where his introductions point him out as not undeserving of kindness, his country is at once a passport to the good offices of the people; and the higher they ascend in the social scale, the more strongly this is marked. At the same time, they are exceedingly keen in their observation of manner and conversation: I have no doubt they could at once detect, and treat accordingly, any one who might try to impose upon their sagacity, by representing himself to belong to a class of society, in his own country, to which he had no pretensions.

The Common is a park of about fifty acres, laid out with gravel walks, and ornamented with fine trees; many of the houses of the wealthiest inhabitants range along one side of it; both in health and beauty, this space is a great advantage to the people of Boston. This city stands first in America for the number and excellence of its public schools, which include a Latin grammar-school, and a high school for mathematics and the more advanced branches of an English education. They are all sustained at the expense of the community. It is singular that, although the opportunities of education are so much better in the great towns, even for the lowest classes, the inhabitants are not usually so successful in the pursuits of life as those of the country. I know several instances of country lads who had commenced by sweeping out an office of business, and afterwards, by their skill and industry, had become among the richest in the state; but this seldom happens with those "raised" in the cities.

The Athenæum contains one of the most valuable libraries in the States: between thirty and forty thousand volumes. Good private libraries are very rare; if, indeed, they have any existence.

I went, of course, to see the monument on Bunker's Hill, and, in spite of the warning of the thermometer, climbed to the top of it; the view is very fine, but not so good as that from the dome of the State-House. I found several visitors at the top, looking out, two of a most singular class; they were Texian frogs; large, toad-like-looking reptiles, squatted on the hot stone of the battlement, staring down with their beautiful bright eyes: they were covered with thick scales, and spotted with black, their feet like those of aquatic birds. They belonged to a man almost as extraordinary-looking as themselves, who told us that he had just arrived from Texas, and was going back thither immediately; that

it was a delightful country, with no troublesome restrictions of laws. As soon as his strange pets had looked long enough on this scene sacred to liberty, he put them carefully in his bosom, for, he said "they were very particular how they travelled."

The column is two hundred and twenty feet high, and thirty feet square at the base; the hill is merely a gentle inclination; but, when defended with breastworks, it must have been a most formidable position. On the 17th of June, 1775, was fought the battle that has made it memorable, and Englishmen never showed more determined courage than on that day. They *were* all Englishmen then, though ranged on adverse sides—for the Crown and the Colony. When Howe was at length successful at such tremendous cost, he had good reason to say, with the old Cavalier, of the Puritan army,—

\* \* \* To give  
The rebel dogs their due,  
When the roaring shot  
Poured thick and hot,  
They were stalwart men and true.\*

It was a gallant fight, and the Americans may well be proud of it.

Boston has made great and successful efforts to create the internal advantages of communication which nature has denied her. The Middlesex Canal, the oldest in the United States, joins to the Merrimack River, at Concord; railroads branch out in all directions; by them the Hudson, and the canals and railways of New York open the line of travel to the far west. Lines of packets run regularly to all the principal sea-ports of the Atlantic. The shipping of Boston is second in quantity to that of New York only, and no inconsiderable part of the trade of other ports is carried on by it. The exports are very large—cotton and woollen manufactured goods to China and elsewhere; tools and machines of all sorts for the southern States, and not least on the list, three or four million pairs of shoes every year. Whatever skill or industry can supply, is plentiful in New England; the surplus finds its way elsewhere, through the port of Boston. There is just the same evidence here of activity and prosperity as at New York, but not the same bustle and fuss: everything is more orderly and steady. Even the dray-horses seem to partake of this character; they are larger and fatter, more English-looking than any I have seen elsewhere. In hot weather, every horse, no matter what his

\* Sir Francis Doyle.

station in life may be, is provided with a netting to keep off the flies; and they all seem well fed and cared for.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### BOSTON—LOWELL—PLYMOUTH FESTIVAL—WINTER JOURNEY TO CANADA.

THE beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn is the sight best worth seeing in Boston and its neighbourhood. The grounds are extensive, containing a great variety of hill and dell, the miniature features of a picturesque country. It was laid out only in 1830, and many of the tombs are still unoccupied. I think the impression which the sight of this cemetery leaves on the mind is far more sad than that of Père la Chaise, or any other place of interment I have ever seen. Its duties have scarcely begun, but, in a few years, many among the troubled thousands we have just left, will sleep in its shades; their cold beds are ready for them, the inscriptions written for them, nothing is wanted but the date of their going to rest. As, in the course of time, the busy swarms of the neighbouring city multiply and spread over her space, so will the silent population of this dark rival swell and fill its limits. The new and thinly-peopled cemetery seems more to intrude its offers of ghastly hospitality upon the living, than to guard the slumbers of its solemn household of the dead.

Deep woods, of many and various trees, clothe the undulating surface; at this autumn time of the year, the shades of their foliage are very rich and beautiful. No sounds disturb the echoes; there are no birds, no noisy insects; silence and the dead dwell there together. The tombs are, in general, very unsuited to this lonely place: showy, obtrusive in their pretensions, very white and very new; the epitaphs speak to you more of earth than of heaven. There are no humble graves covered with the soft green turf; here the grass is tall, and rank, and withered.

The neighbourhood of Boston is very pretty; there are many neat villas, some on a handsome scale. The roads are good, the fences well kept; you can easily fancy yourself in England; there is more of a rural appearance about it than any other place I have seen in America. It is quiet and tranquil looking, neither are there everywhere the signs of money-making. An Englishman cannot fail to be much pleased with Boston, its vicinity, and its inhabitants; it is *his own country* over again, deficient indeed in the charm of *association* with the virtues and glories of antiquity, but, on

the other hand, free from the blight of poverty and the sorrows of ill-rewarded toil.

About two miles from the cemetery is the town of Cambridge, containing nearly nine thousand people. Twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, a college was founded here, which now exists, in great prosperity. Harvard University is more richly endowed than any other in the Union; it has a President and twenty-seven professors and instructors; from four to five hundred students are generally upon its rolls; they are younger than those at our colleges; in many respects it more resembles one of the large public schools. No particular religious tenets are inculcated; the youths have the option of attending the doctrinal exercises or not, as they think fit.

The Navy-Yard of the United States is at Charlestown, about a mile from Boston; it is of considerable extent, containing about sixty acres. There is a magnificent dry dock, of hewn granite, fit to receive vessels of the largest size; also large wooden sheds for ship-building.

I passed a very pleasant day at Nahant, with a most agreeable family, who had a nice and roomy cottage near the water's edge at this favourite bathing-place. On my way there, I passed by the village of Lynn, containing six or seven hundred people; every one of these who is old enough and strong enough to carry an awl or a needle, is a shoemaker; they make millions of pairs of boots and shoes every year, which are afterwards sent off and sold to tread the cotton-fields of the South, the prairies of the West, and the streets of the Atlantic cities. From this useful little nook, when the tide is out, part of the road lies along the sandy beach, and is as hard as granite.

Nahant is a peninsula, bare, rocky, and uneven; the shore, towards the Atlantic, is bold and precipitous, but there are sheltered places, with an inclining beach for bathing. The air is said to be very healthy, and much cooler than that of Boston. I can vouch for the truth of the latter statement. In the evening we went to the hotel, where some very good *tableaux vivans* were got up by the visitors, the subjects all taken from Master Humphrey's Clock. The author of that work, in spite of their soreness about his "Notes," is universally admired by the Americans. There were about a hundred people staying in the house, leading much the same sort of life as at Saratoga; but the company appeared to be less mixed in rank: nearly all of them were from Boston.

Nahant is the place where the great Sea Serpent was included by the papers among the fashionable arrivals, for several successive seasons. This announcement, no doubt,

greatly increased the number of visitors, all hoping to witness so remarkable an arrival, and was proportionately useful to the hotel-keepers and the proprietors of houses in the neighbourhood. At present the accommodations are always speedily taken, usually at very high rates, so the huge fish has not lately found it necessary to appear upon the coast.

I think Nahant affords the most extraordinary instance of religious tolerance I have ever heard of. There is a small church, of the simplest structure, for the use of the inhabitants and visitors, in which the clergymen of different persuasions who happen to be staying in the neighbourhood, perform service according to their own views, either in turn, or as their leisure may allow. All the people, at least all those who would go to any other church, attend this; not knowing, perhaps, till they enter the door, whether their pastor may be a Roman Catholic or a Baptist. These unprejudiced people are furnished with a very favourable opportunity of judging of the merits of every different shade of Christianity, and modifying their views on the subject accordingly. The only thing my informant seemed to think singular about it was, that it astonished me.

There were few things in the United States that I had a greater wish to see than the factories of Lowell, and I accordingly took early steps to accomplish it. It is, by railroad, twenty-six miles from Boston, on the Merrimack River; the site was chosen on account of the extensive available water-power which it possesses; a canal sixty feet wide supplies the stream to the wheels of the mills. It extends to the length of a mile and a half from the head of some falls higher up the river, called by the euphonious name of Pawtucket. In 1820, Lowell was a solitude, now it furnishes employment and competence to a numerous and thriving population. The average wages of men are ten shillings a week, of women seven, over and above their expenses of living. They are well fed, and have neat and airy dwellings. I was shown over some of them; they were very clean, and a few had little book-cases, bird-cages, and boxes of flowers, with altogether a great air of comfort.

Any flagrant case of immorality is punished with dismissal, when brought to the notice of the authorities; both sexes are generally well conducted, considering the temptations of so populous a town. It is, however, I grieve to say, insinuated, that their moral state is not so immaculate as many people fondly believe, nor does the increase of purity keep pace with the progress of the town. There are a great many schools, *with wise regulations for the education of the people employed, and no fewer than fifteen places of worship, of dif-*

ferent denominations. The place was named after Mr. Francis Lowell, of Boston, the great founder of the cotton manufactures in his country.

There is little doubt that, without tariff protection, these works could not have prospered and increased as they have done. The duty has been nearly prohibitory to the produce of English looms, and thrown a great part of the home trade into the hands of the American manufacturers. Now, they have so much improved their arrangements, and are so firmly established, that in China, and in other foreign markets, they can rival the English in the coarser kinds of cotton cloths; for in them they can afford to put a better material, as they get it cheaper, and but very little labour is required. Their advantages are, that their choice of cotton is at hand, water-power cheaper, and poor-rates less. In England, on the other hand, wages are lower, capital demand less return, and machinery is better and cheaper. In the fabric of the finer sorts and in the printing of all, Lowell cannot compete with Lancashire; in the manufacture of woollen cloth it is far inferior to Yorkshire.

But, in an infinitely higher point of view, Lowell stands unquestionably pre-eminent among manufacturing towns; the interests and welfare of the people are attended to with the most enlightened liberality, and as yet, it is comparatively free from that dark mass of crime and misery which defiles our large communities. But it has had no stormy times, no working short hours, with crammed warehouses and none coming to buy. I fear the evils which have hitherto been found inseparable from the system of great congregations of people, are beginning to appear: the alteration of the tariff will bring on the day of trial.

The establishment of any sort of manufacturing industry here, from shoes upwards, appears to me an error. The men so employed could get higher wages in the agricultural labours of the West, where they would be free from the dangers of contamination in crowded cities. The repeal of the English Corn Laws must render the cultivation of these grain-growing districts still more profitable; while, by a removal of the American prohibitory duties, should such an enlightened measure be taken, all articles of clothing could be obtained at one-third less price than that now exacted and paid in food, to England.

The factories are well built and ventilated; from water-power being used, cleanliness has not got smoke to contend against. There were three hundred women in one which I visited, all young, and not more sad or unhealthy-looking than the generality of Americans; but I cannot say that I was so much struck with their beauty and neatness of apparel as

many of my predecessors have been. I saw, however, one very pretty girl, her hair smoothly braided, with a bow of blue ribbon placed coquettishly among the folds; her manner was very pleasing, and her conversation highly intelligent. She looked so gay and happy that I am sure the dark brown hair, and the blue ribbon, and the still bluer eyes (for whose glances I found the spinning-jenny a most formidable and successful rival), had just made some conquest; I mean besides myself; for I certainly was one. I went to the extent of purchasing a periodical written by the factory girls, called the "Lowell Offering," for her sake, but my constancy failed me, and I could not read it. Should this ever happen to meet those bright blue eyes of hers, I wonder whether she will recollect a fat elderly gentleman admiring her through a pair of spectacles, and saying as many agreeable things as the quick ascent of a long flight of stairs had left him breath to utter!

Boston is not, at present, much given to dramatic amusements: in the winter there are two or three theatres: one, the "Howard Museum," is a large, rickety affair, which is constantly examined by the city authorities, to learn when it will probably tumble down. It was built as a place of worship for the "Millerites." The proprietor of the ground—on the bold speculation of the world's lasting longer than, I think, the year 1843—the limit they considered fixed, by their knowledge of the prophecies, let it to them for a short period, at a fair rent, on condition that, in case there should be a world at the end of the time agreed upon, the portion of its surface in question was, together with the buildings to be erected upon it, to become his. To the great surprise of the Millerites, and to the great profit of this enterprising speculator, the unlooked-for contingency did occur, and he immediately converted the church into a theatre.

The night I was there, "Money" was the play upon the stage. Sir F. Blount was dressed in the newest style of New York fashion that the tailors' pictorial representations could supply. I must say that the audience seemed to appreciate highly the heavy hits at English failings and climate, so numerous in this piece. There were no divisions of pit, gallery, and boxes; every one had a chance of getting a good place; mine was a very bad one, so I did not stay long in any one's way. The audience was very orderly, the manifestation of applause or displeasure very slight. The mixture of people was curious enough; the country clown *in his fustian*, sitting next to the gold-chained, long-haired *dandy*, looking much the better and honester fellow of the two, *by the bye*. The Americans are very fond of wit and *humour*, and no joke passes unobserved: in their own pecu-

liar way they abound in them, and there cannot be a surer road to their favour than by their exercise. From their grave manners and exterior, this love of humour is not at all observable at first sight; it is developed in so quiet a way, particularly if played off upon yourself. No people are better able to put any absurd peculiarity or groundless pretension in a more ludicrous light; and I believe any degree of wrath might be turned away, if you could only once get them to laugh. With them, even jokes must appeal more to their reason than their fancy, and be more or less connected with the train of their familiar ideas. Some years ago a New England newspaper gave the following, headed "Shocking dishonesty." "The inventor of the perpetual motion decamped last night, without even paying the man who turned the crank in the cellar." Every one has heard this before, but I bring it forward here as a sample of humour purely American.

The usual family dinner-hour at Boston is from three to four, and, unless for a very large party, this rule is not infringed; the hours of evening reunions are also very early. Among people who are tolerably intimate, the greater part of the visiting is carried on in the evening. Dancing is not usual at small parties, and, indeed, where society is so very agreeable, it would be great waste of time. The ladies, particularly, struck me as being well informed, and much more efficient in conversation than—certainly the younger portion of, the men. Perhaps they do not altogether conceal their knowledge of this fact, and, in some measure, but very slightly indeed, take rather a tone of instruction, looking upon the initiative as their duty, as also the explanation of any difficulties which may arise. A very pretty young lady, one evening, quoted three or four words of a well-known Latin sentence while speaking to me, and, lest I should feel puzzled, kindly translated it before continuing her observations. This must have been from habit, for as she had never seen or heard of me five minutes before, she could not have had time to discover any classical deficiencies on my part.

There are many comfortable and almost handsome equipages to be seen in the streets of Boston; crests and armorial bearings are not uncommon, but liveries are seldom used. The horses are very good, but the shape of the carriages is not sightly, and the work rather clumsy, reminding you more of France than of England. The business parts of the town are so filled with conveyances of every sort that you are often detained for minutes at a crossing. In cases of collision with a foot passenger, the laws are always against the driver; whether through his awkwardness or



not, he is sure to get the worst of it in the event of an accident. The public conveyances are very good, and under strict police regulations. For a short time in winter, sleighs are in general use, but they are not usually got up with such taste and expense as in Canada. Some of the ladies of the wealthy classes are seen in the very cold weather driving about in a covered conveyance, enclosed partly with glass; it is a monstrously grotesque-looking affair, and its name is worthy of the appearance; it is called a "Boobyhut." In the coldest weather it is unusual to see people wrapped up in furs as at Quebec or Montreal; they brave out the frost in common bonnets and hats, even when the thermometer is below zero. The harbour is occasionally frozen over; the mail steam-packet for England had, once, to be cut out, for a considerable distance.

I was, on another occasion, for some time at Boston during the winter, and was present at the two hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the day when

"A band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore,"

the 21st of December 1620. In December 1845, the 21st fell on a Sunday, so the celebration was appointed for the Monday after. The small town of Plymouth was the first place of settlement of the pilgrim fathers, and the scene of the festival held to commemorate the event of their landing. A railroad had just been completed from it to Boston, by which thousands of people were conveyed on the appointed day. The morning was very cold, the thermometer some degrees below zero, the sun shining with a dazzling but frigid brightness. The snow lay deep on the ground, trampled into a dry white sand by the crowds of people swarming in the roads. Plymouth is a dreary, irregular place, the buildings chiefly of wood, the streets very wide, with large gaps between the blocks of houses, and two or three staring new white and green hotels, with summer verandahs round them, adorned by close rows of icicles, long and sharp, like some monster's teeth. I shouldered my carpet-bag and soon took possession of a room in one of them, engaged for me beforehand by a friend, where a warm stove consoled me for the absence of any other furniture.

At twelve o'clock, the members of the Pilgrims' Society and many strangers, myself included, formed into a procession, walking two and two, commencing at the railway station and proceeding to the principal place of worship, which belongs to the Unitarians. We passed by the "*Plymouth Rock*," the first stepping-place of the pilgrims in the *New World*; it has been carried into the principal street of

the town, where it is surrounded with an iron railing on which the names of the "Fathers" are engraved. Opposite to this was paraded a body of militia of about fifty or sixty men, in handsome uniforms; these are called the "Standish guard," in honour of Miles Standish, the military leader of the first expedition; they appeared to bear the cold with uncommon fortitude.

The chapel is a large square building, capable of accommodating about a thousand people; on this occasion more than treble that number managed to squeeze in. The ladies, who had gone in before we arrived, filled up the pews around the walls, and not a few of this fair portion of the congregation wept during the service.

In the pulpit were two clergymen of most striking and venerable appearance, one a Unitarian, the other a Baptist. By the reading-desk were two others; one also a Unitarian, a man more than fourscore years of age, very handsome and still vigorous, with long white hair falling down to his shoulders, and with an air, altogether, of a sort of patriarchal dandyism. On either side of the pulpit stood a marshal of the ceremonies.

In spite of the difficulty of obtaining seats, or even admission, perfect order, courtesy and respectful attention to the service prevailed; the same good feeling afterwards pervaded the dinner and all the other proceedings of the day; and I was informed that there was no policeman or constable of any kind in the town at the time.

The choir, accompanied by an organ, sang an ode written for the occasion, describing the landing of the pilgrims in hardship and poverty, and alluding to the now great empire of their descendants. The air was "God Save the Queen." After this the Baptist minister read several portions of Scripture suited to the time, in a clear, impressive voice; a prayer by his companion, the Unitarian, followed, at first of much merit, but it became too long and fell off into verbosity and repetition. Next, all joined in a hymn, beginning, "Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!" to the air of the magnificent "Old Hundredth Psalm," the man of fourscore years giving out the words of each line before it was sung. A benediction from the minister who had given the prayer concluded the service.

Then, one of the marshals, with a loud voice, proclaimed that we were to form in procession on leaving the church, in the precedence which he would give out; that we were to proceed to the shore, pass over where the "Plymouth Rock" had been, and "heave a sigh on the spot." He first called out the presidents and vice-presidents, then the clergy, next the invited guests, next the members of the New York and

other distant pilgrim associations, then those of astronomical, historical and all sorts of societies, lastly the Boston and Plymouth pilgrims; the whole of those who remained then rose and made their way out with much good-humoured crushing. The foremost ranks of the procession had reached the dining-room before more than half of their followers had "heaved their sigh" and uncovered their heads, in passing over the hallowed bed of the stone. The consequence was that some of the hungry pilgrims in the rear finessed this altogether, hurrying on at once by short cuts to the goal of their pilgrimage for that day—the dinner-table—leaving those behind with increased appetite, and diminished chances of satisfying it.

Covers were laid for six hundred people, in the railway station-house, on about twenty tables ranged in rows. On the left side of the entrance sat the President, in a chair which came over with the pilgrims in their ship, the Mayflower. His table was on a dais, and about a dozen of the heads of societies and the principal guests were seated near him. The tickets for this dinner are obtained by purchase; but the names of the applicants are all examined by the committee before they are issued, so that the admission of objectionable people is guarded against. Beside each plate were put a few grains of dried Indian corn, to keep up the memory of the first gift of the friendly natives to the exiles in their distress. The dinner was well arranged and went off with order and regularity; but the room, large as it was, was crowded to excess, and painfully warm. No wine was put on the table unless called for; a great proportion of the company did not drink any, many being members of Temperance Societies. A band was in attendance to play something suitable to each toast or sentiment given.

At about four o'clock, the President rose, and spoke for some time with fluency and effect; his subject was the event that had caused their assembling that day. He sketched, in a very interesting manner, the landing of the pilgrims, the difficulties they met with, the persecutions they fled from, their gradual advancement, the present prosperity and power of their descendants. Frequently, during the evening, he had occasion to speak, and performed his office admirably, with infinite tact and good-humour, readiness and wit. After each toast or sentiment, the President named the person to respond, who immediately rose and made his way to the dais, whence he delivered his speech. All being, of course, prepared beforehand, the effect was that all said very much the same thing, beginning with—*English* persecution, continuing with—the landing in the howling wilderness—ice-bound waters—pestilence—starva-

tion—so on to foreign tyranny—successful resistance—chainless eagles—stars and stripes—glorious independence;—then, unheard-of progress—wonderful industry—stronghold of Christianity—chosen people—refuge of liberty;—again, insults of haughty Albion—blazes of triumph—the Queen of the Seas deposed for ever—Columbia's banner of victory floating over everything and everybody—fire and smoke—thunder and lightning—mighty republic—boundless empire:—when they came to the “innumerable millions” they were to be a few years hence, they generally sat down greatly exhausted. One gentleman gave us all this in verse also, very cleverly and neatly done.

One of the speakers, on rising, was greeted with long-continued applause: he spoke with considerable eloquence and much energy of action, but occasionally approached very closely to the sublime's dangerous neighbour. One expression he made use of, I confess, rather startled me; in referring to the Plymouth rock, he said: “This spot, sacred as Runnymede, sacred as Bunker's Hill, ay, sacred as Nazareth itself.” At the close of the evening, the President proposed ‘The Strangers,’ with some friendly and neatly-expressed allusions to England, calling on Mr. Everett—lately the American Minister in London, to respond. Hearty cheers and expressions of regard hailed him as he rose. He was suffering much from indisposition at the time, and gracefully claimed indulgence on that ground; however, he spoke at some length, and the impression he left on my mind was that of unqualified admiration. His manner and delivery were perfectly gentlemanlike and singularly pleasing, his style classic and finished, without a taint of pedantry, animated, eloquent, and totally free from effort, while good taste and kindly feeling were in every sentence he uttered. In the latter part of his speech, he announced a strong conviction that, “Though the relations of America and England seem at this present moment in difficulty, they will ultimately be arranged to the honour and satisfaction of both countries, which, of all the nations of the earth, are the most capable of mutual good in peace, and mutual injury in war.” The whole assembly, to a man, cheered heartily this promise of peace. Would that all the people of the Union were of the same class of intelligence and worth, as the hospitable and courteous assembly at the Plymouth festival!

At about eight o'clock, the train for Boston was in readiness, and in a few minutes the room was empty, the whole proceedings having concluded without an angry word or the slightest breach of good order. An hour afterwards, some five hundred people assembled in the Pilgrim's Hall

for the ball, some few from Boston, but far the greater number from the neighbouring towns; there were many very pretty faces, and, though evidently by no means an exclusive affair, there were wonderfully few to be criticized or quizzed. The dresses of the ladies were quiet and in good taste, leaning rather to the French style; the hair was generally worn much off the face, plain in front, at the back of the head either in ringlets or voluminous folds. Their figures, though not so much to be admired as their faces, had much elasticity and freedom of movement; very few being afflicted with those dreadful laced-up enemies to natural symmetry, which sacrifice so much grace as well as health among our fair countrywomen. Many wore dresses made in a very peculiar manner, appearing as if a long garment of equal width all the way down were put over their heads, and gathered close round their throats and waists, with running strings; then, a pair of tight sleeves, getting wide at the wrist, like the mouth of a blunderbuss, made the costume complete.

The dances were a sort of quadrille bewitched, called Cotillon; occasionally, a waltz in which very few joined; an intricate performance named a Spanish dance, of which I protest that Spain is perfectly innocent; and a country dance with the latest American improvements and complications.

The room was well-lighted and prettily ornamented, hung round with portraits of grim old Puritans frowning down on the revels. The music was very fair, and the performers were highly amusing; they stretched themselves out on their benches in a most independent manner; of the double bass there was nothing visible but a pair of boots, and the head of his huge violoncello, over the side of the orchestra. The leader gave out all the different movements of the dance, timing and attuning his voice with the music as he spoke, or rather sung, "hands across," "ladies' chain," "turn your partner," and so on. The musicians gave us the pleasure of their company in the supper-room afterwards.

There were some gentlemanly-looking men in the room, free from any peculiarity of dress or manner; but also some striking contrasts, with Byronic neckcloths of rainbow colours, every sort of hirsute abomination on their faces, besides ringlets, and flat greasy locks on the back of the head, waistcoats of dazzling magnificence, coats with collars scarcely visible and skirts of enormous size, pantaloon with enormous plaits round the hips, and ample width down to the foot, where they suddenly contracted into a sort of gaiter, leaving visible only the square end of a boot of vast breadth and wonderful acuteness of angle, and

in short, altogether the very worst style of Young America. By-the-bye, New York is much more fertile than this place in those bearded cavaliers, "dealers in bread stuffs;" and "importers of dry goods," with moustaches to make colonels of hussars die with envy.

Let it be remembered, however, in the sketch which I have just attempted, that this Plymouth ball was quite a country affair, with an admixture of various classes of people.

The same courtesy and good order that had characterized the dinner, was carried on through the evening. The greatest respect and attention were paid to the ladies present; as soon as each dance was over, they returned to their seats and chaperons, so that their bearded beaux appeared to have but little opportunity of adding the charms of conversation to the impression which their engaging appearance must have made on their fair partners.

At three o'clock, the festival was over; at four, I was in the car of the railway for Boston, at seven, in the train for Concord, and at eleven in a stage sleigh, from thence to Burlington. This conveyance is a long narrow coach with two cross benches, one at each side of the door, having a broad leathern strap as a support for the back, thus giving four seats, on which eight people sat, two and two. What becomes of all the passengers' legs I am not prepared to say; indeed mine were so cold and benumbed that I cannot to this moment tell what happened to them. Stuffing oneself into this human pie is a great difficulty, but that labour fades into insignificance when compared with the achievement of getting out again. Buffalo robes are crammed in to fill up the interstices, and over all appear eight faces, blue with cold, thoughtful and silent, evidently impressed with the profound importance of something or other. Two pair of sleigh runners supported this coach and its jolly load; those in front on a moveable pivot, like the fore axle of a carriage. Four very good horses, necklaced with merry, jingling bells, carried us along. All this time, the thermometer had been sinking, till, at length, it reached twenty-one degrees below zero, almost a phenomenon of cold for that part of the country, causing really great bodily suffering to us poor travellers.

At eleven that night we stopped at a wretched inn, at a place called Royalton, and received our sentence to start at four in the morning. As we entered, some half-scowling ruffians were smoking and chewing, with their usual accompaniments, round the stove in the public room; the walls and floor stained, and the house reeking with filthy fumes; when the puffs of rank tobacco ceased for a moment.

it was only that their mouths might emit language of grossness and discourtesy still more nauseous. The supper was well suited to the company; without being over-fastidious, the appetite may well fail when your next neighbour—one of the chewers—after having used his knife as a spoon, stretches across you to cut the butter with it, or to take salt from the salt-cellar. At most of these country inns, the knives are of a peculiar form, made round and wide at the end, with the edges blunted, to save the lips, and I may almost add, the throat, from the dangerous wounds which the swallowing process would otherwise inflict. The sister instrument is usually a two-pronged iron fork, used to assist in piling the provisions on the knife, to prepare the mouthful.

In the bed-room, where, by-the-bye, they for some time insisted on putting my servant in the second bed which it contained—the water in the jug was frozen. After much difficulty I lighted some wood in a small stove, which blazed and roared but gave no heat. I prayed for a little hot water. “No, it is too late.” I begged to be awakened in the morning in time for the stage, “I guess you had better look to that yourself.”—I had, in the course of my life slept in a bivouac, among the fierce Chapelgorries of Biscay—in a mountain hut among the wild Celts of Connemara—in the “bush” of Canada, with the Indians—but from the white savages of Royalton I had something still to learn of barbarous manners. The next night we reached the neat town of Burlington, the next, St. John’s, Lower Canada, of which but little favourable can be said, and by noon the third day arrived at Montreal, having crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice, three miles below the town.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE FAR WEST—OREGON.

In one of my Transatlantic voyages on board a steamer, I met with a very singular man, a German by birth, who was on his return from Europe to America. He was about thirty years of age, of a rather small but active and wiry frame, his features very handsome, of a chiselled and distinct outline; his bright black eye never met yours, but watched as you looked away, with penetrating keenness; the expression of his mouth was wild and somewhat sensual, with two perfect rows of large teeth, white as ivory; his hair was black, worn long behind; complexion fresh and ruddy, but swarthed over

by sun and wind. He was never still, but kept perpetually moving to and fro, even when seated, with the restlessness of a savage animal, always glancing round and behind as though he expected, but did not fear, some hidden foe. His voice was soft and rather pleasing, very low, but as if suppressed with effort.

This strange being had been educated in a German university, and was very well informed; the several European languages were equally familiar to him; he spoke them all well, but none perfectly, not even German; in several Indian tongues he was more at home. While still young he had left his country; struggling out from among the down-trampled masses of the north of Europe, he went to seek liberty in America. But even there, the restraints of law were too severe; so he went away for the Far West, where his passion for freedom might find full vent, under no lord but the Lord on high. Hunting and trapping for some months on the upper branches of the Missouri, he acquired money and influence enough to collect a few Indians and mules, and drive a dangerous but profitable trade with the savage tribes round about. In course of time, his commerce prospered sufficiently to enable him to assemble twenty-four men—hunters, Canadian voyageurs, and Indians, well armed with rifles, with many mules and waggons laden with the handiwork of the older States.

He started with his company, in the beginning of April, for the Rocky Mountains, from Independence—the last western town, originally settled by the Mormons, four miles from the Missouri River. They travelled from twelve to fifteen miles a-day through the "Bush" and over the Prairies, and were soon beyond the lands of friendly or even neutral tribes, among the dangerous haunts of the treacherous and warlike Blackfeet. By day and night the party was ever on the watch; though they rarely saw them, they knew that enemies were all around. The moment there was any apparent carelessness or irregularity in their march, they were attacked, with horrible whoop and yell; if there was sufficient time, they ranged their waggons round, and used them as rests for their rifles, and for protection from the bullets and arrows of the Indians.

Once, they were suddenly surrounded by a more than usually numerous and determined body, all well mounted; there was no time to form their accustomed defence; so each man fell on his face; the bowie knife, stuck in the ground, gave him in its handle a rest for his aim, and the hunter of the Prairie seldom shoots in vain; when he had fired, he turned on his back to reload, thus always exposing the *smallest possible surface* to the unskilful eye of the Blackfoot



marksman. Many of the assailants were slain, and the survivors attacked openly no more.

These travellers carried no tents, sought no shelter: wrapped in their blankets, they braved the wind, dew and rain; their rifles gave them abundance of buffalo, deer, and mountain sheep; and they sometimes had the luxury of wild potatoes, roots and nuts. They did not burthen themselves by taking with them spirits, salt, flour, food, or luxury of any kind; for their horses there were rich and plentiful grasses. Sometimes, but that very rarely happened, they ate their beasts of burthen, when the chase had been for a long period unsuccessful; fuel was not always to be had, and then they were fain to devour their meat raw. There was one great salt prairie, where some white men of the party, straggling in pursuit of game, lost their way, fainted and died of thirst. Occasionally all these adventurers had lack of water, but when they got five hundred miles on, and into the Rocky Mountains, they found abundance, with many mineral springs, some of them of rare virtues, and a few salt lakes. The peaks of this grim range are here ten thousand feet high, always white with snow; but the company, keeping in the gorges and the valleys, felt no great cold at any time. They steered their course through the wilderness by the compass.

Besides the Blackfeet, they had fierce but seldom unprovoked enemies, in the huge grizzly bears. Some of the hunters were dainty in their food and liked the flesh of this monster, and they were very vain of his spoils, the rich fur and the terrible claws: he can run very fast and may be struck by many a bullet before he drops and yields: he knows no fear, and never declines the combat when offered; if he once get within reach to grasp, the hunter must perish: but, somehow, these white men, weak in body, strong in mind, in the end crush alike the stalwart and active Indian, and the fierce, grizzly bear.

For five hundred miles more, their way lay through these Rocky Mountains; for six hundred beyond them, they still steered for the north-west, till they struck on the upper forks of the Columbian River. Here they met with more friendly natives, and some of a race mixed with French-Canadian blood, besides a few lonely hunters and trappers. Here, and further on, they traded, and got great quantities of rich and valuable furs, in exchange for their blankets, knives, guns, and other products of civilization.

Now, a great part of these vast lands on either side of the river are poor, wild, and desolate, and offer no home to the *hardy settler*. This inhospitable and distant country is

called Oregon—God grant the name may not be written in blood!

California, to the south of these regions, has a soil of exuberant fertility; the climate is genial, rich woods cover it, lakes and rivers suited to the uses of man intersect it; San Francisco has a noble harbour: but the people are vile and degraded down to man's lowest level. They live chiefly on a large species of grasshopper, found in the valleys in incredible numbers; they roast them and break them between stones into a mixture, with Indian corn. They are nominally under the Mexican government; but at that distance, its sway is merely a shadow. An adventurous German, called Captain Suter, raised an army of five hundred Indians, drilled them with words of command in his own language, equipped them, besieged the Mexican governor in his capital of Monterey, and drove him out with shame. American emigrants are crowding in every day, they are already nearly strong enough to seek annexation to the Giant Republic, and to drive out the feeble Mexicans.\*

The adventurer prospered much in his traffic, the next few years' gain enabled him to increase his party of traders to the north-west to sixty or seventy men, with three or four hundred mules; while he, with a smaller body, crossed the Rocky Mountains to the south-west from Independence, and journeyed nearly a thousand miles, entering the province of Santa Fé, and bartering his goods, with great advantage, for the gold and silver of the rich Mexican mines.

In this district, the people are a mixed race of Spaniards and Mexicans, lost and degraded, free in name, but in reality slaves to the twenty or thirty landholders who possess the whole country, and tied down by the bonds of debt, mortgaging their labour for months together for some such miserable necessity as a blanket or a knife. They are cowardly, servile, and treacherous, retaining the vices of their European and the weakness of their Mexican ancestors. Not one in a hundred of the inhabitants is of pure Spanish blood, and even these are redeemed from contempt only by a certain degree of ferocious courage above that of the rest of their countrymen.

The vast central region of North America, between Canada and Oregon on the north, and the United States and Mexico on the south, is inhabited, or rather haunted, by four great Indian nations, the Blackfeet, Crows, Apaches and Comanches. The first are the most dangerous, the last the most powerful and warlike; all are and ever have been alike in their

\* Such was California in 1844!

hatred to the pale faces. It is impossible to arrive at a fair estimate of their numbers; but it is known that they are decreasing very fast: their war against civilization is constant, its result of defeat is constant too.

As surely as day dispels night, as eternity swallows up time, the steel of the white man sweeps them away.

Among the followers of the German was a French-Canadian, who had been several times over the Rocky Mountains: he was of daring courage, capable of enduring great hardship, and one of his most valuable hunters. This man wandered one day from the encampment into the neighbouring town of Casa Colorada, in Santa Fè, where there are about two thousand inhabitants; being at the time unarmed, he was insulted and beaten by the people, and could make no resistance. When he escaped from their hands he hastened to his tent, seized a rifle and ammunition, and returned to the town, to the dwelling of his principal assailant. The Mexican saw him coming, and bolted his doors. The Canadian ran round the house, firing in at the windows, vowing vengeance against the unhappy inmate. The people of the town fled terrified, in all directions, barricading themselves in their houses till some of the other travellers came and removed the enraged Canadian. Some time after this, at Chihuahua, he was killed in a drunken scuffle with one of his companions; their leader, who happened to be absent for a few days, learning on his return the disaster that had taken place, gave the slayer a horse and some money to assist his escape, and heard no more of him.

Meanwhile, the priest of Chihuahua had gone to the encampment, and buried the Canadian with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, sending in a bill of four pounds to the German, for the burial expenses of his follower, and prayers for his soul; this he refused to pay, as he had not ordered them, nor did he think them very useful for the journey either of the departed spirit, or, what he considered much more important, that of his company. He was summoned before the Alcalde, where he found the priest ready to substantiate his claim by the oaths of two witnesses, who swore that the German had, in their presence, ordered all the services for which payment was claimed. As it was an object to keep on good terms with the inhabitants, the money was paid. The adventurer, however, upbraided the priest for unfair play; not for suborning the witnesses, for that was a matter of course; but for not giving notice of it in time to give him an opportunity of getting three other witnesses, for three dollars, to swear the contrary. The priest and the Alcalde, having applied all their energies to getting these dollars, had none to throw away on the pursuit

of the murderer; so they did not trouble themselves any more about him.

The burning of the Prairies is one of the dangers and hardships to which these traders are exposed. In the autumn, the tall rich grasses dry up and wither; the slightest spark of fire suffices to set them alight, and then, whichever the wind may carry it, the flame only ends with the mountain, the lake, or the river. The heat is but for a few moments, as the blaze sweeps by, but it leaves no living thing behind it, and the smoke is dense and acrid. When the fire approaches, no man mounts his horse and trusts to its speed; that would be vain; but they fire the Prairie to leeward and follow the course of the burning, till enough desolation lies between them and their ravenous pursuer to starve it into tameness. The German once found the blackened track of the fire for nine hundred miles, and could only obtain scanty grazing for his cattle by the borders of the lakes and rivers on his route.

In the year 1844, he was delayed much beyond his usual time in collecting mules sufficient for his expedition, and could not start for Santa Fè till the middle of September. There is a low, hollow country, many miles in extent, about fifty days' journey on their road; it is covered with gravel, sand, and stone; there is no hill, rock, or shelter of any kind; it supports no animal or vegetable life, for a strong, withering wind sweeps over it, summer and winter. The adventurers have named this hideous tract—probably from the wind—the Simoom. Great caution is always taken to pass it before the winter begins; this year they were late, and the rigour of the season set in very early; and, when they were well advanced into the danger, a thick snow-storm fell. There was no track; the cattle moved painfully; they were without fuel, and the stock of forage was soon exhausted. Many animals dropped by the way; and, at length, in one night, a hundred and sixty mules died from cold, weariness, and hunger.

Then, the hunters, who, before, had faced many great dangers and hardships, became appalled; for the snow still fell heavily, and the way was far and dark before them. The next morning they consulted together, and agreed to abandon the convoy and hasten back, to save their lives. An old hunter, who had served long and faithfully, and was known to be much esteemed by their leader, was chosen to state this determination to him. The delegate came forward, and, in a quiet but determined tone, declared the mutiny. As he spoke, the German shot him dead: the rest returned to their duty. Leaving orders to his company to remain where they were, the leader, escorted by two Indians, rode

back to the settlements: they had but little food with them; the journey was seven hundred miles, and they had to cross many rapid, swollen streams, but they arrived safely, procured supplies, returned to the convoy people, and, after a prosperous expedition, they all came back in safety.

His narrative of these events was as free from bravado, as from the expression of human feeling or remorse.

The adventurer, being now wealthy, went to Europe, with the intention of settling, or at least of spending some time with his friends in Germany. He remained, for a month, in London, where he met some connexions who treated him with kindness. But the bonds of society proved intolerable to him; he gave up his plan of going home, and once again turned to seek the wild but fascinating life of the Prairie. This strange man was thoroughly well informed on all the political and social conditions of the nations of the earth, in their poetry, philosophy, and even their novels. He had read and thought much: with an anxious effort to overcome this love of savage life, he felt deeply the evil of yielding to its influence, but succumbed. By this time, he is again in the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, or chasing the buffalo on the Prairies of the West.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### RELIGION—EDUCATION—MANNERS.

THE first great point which we notice in the frame-work of American society, is, that it is without any provision for religion, as a State. Perhaps they consider their State so perfect that it has no necessity for connexion with Christianity. In this respect they stand alone among the nations of the Christian world; England, France, and Russia may each be mistaken in their conviction of theirs being the only true church; but they are all equally persuaded of the necessity of having some one or other to minister to the people: they, of course, choose that Church which they believe to be the true one, and assist it with their temporal influence.

In America, no means are allotted for any system of religious education. The State, in some places at least, pays very great attention to a boy's progress in arithmetic, that he may in due time become a useful money-making citizen; such an important matter as this could not be left to parental solicitude; but, as to mere matters of religion, the youth is allowed to pursue his own course unrestrictedly. The clergy are supported, like favourite actors, by the houses

they draw, and by the gifts of their audience. In this, as in all other pursuits in this active country, there is a good deal of competition. In every considerable town there are many churches, devoted to a great variety of sects and shades of sects; there is no sort of influencing principle in the choice of that to be frequented: if the Presbyterian Church happen to have the most exciting preacher, its pews rapidly fill; if the Socinian be more fortunate, the result is the same for it.

All the pastors are elected by their congregations, and maintained as long as they please to keep them. The spiritual power is rarely used as a political engine, but in social life it acts very powerfully, particularly among women; this standing aloof from the turmoil of civil life is wise and proper. The Unitarian faith, as I mentioned elsewhere, generally comprises the most influential members of the community, the Episcopalian the most fashionable, the Presbyterian the most numerous, and the Roman Catholic, apparently, the most devout. The Episcopalian increases the most rapidly at present, by secession from others, over and above the regular increase of population and by immigration.

Except in New England, I was much disappointed with the general signs of religious feeling among the American people. In the South, a great proportion of the men do not attend any divine service at all, and their habits and conversation are such as might be expected in consequence. It is said that, in the rural districts of New England, the manners and principles of their Puritan ancestors are still strong; and to that influence on the government of their States, is due the support of many of the severe ancient moral laws. In the original settlement of America, the men whose race has had the greatest share in leavening the now national character, were, undoubtedly, those who left the mother country from a determination to resist what they considered an unholy ecclesiastical authority, and for the sake of exercising free individual opinion in religion. In this they succeeded, and a similar disinclination to acknowledge any civil rules which did not emanate from themselves, was a natural consequence. This junction of religious feeling with a peculiar political tendency has given such an impetus to the latter, as to render it now irresistible.

The Irish Roman Catholics, a very numerous body in the States, who left their country during the action of the horrible penal laws, have, from their youth up, been accustomed to look upon any favoured classes as the enemies of their religion, and they have always thrown their full weight into the scale of extreme democracy. Their union, more than their numbers, renders them at the present day the most

important, in a political point of view, of the religious divisions.

The clergy in the United States, besides being well known to keep clear of party interests, exercise but little sectarian zeal even in attempts to proselytize; but their real influence is great and salutary: to them, in a most important degree, is due the barrier, still in many places remaining between the extreme of rational liberty, and the anarchy and licence which lie beyond. By acting on the minds of a majority of individuals, in the cause of virtue, they enlist on its side the powers of government, which only represent the mind of this majority.

Although there is a very great number of churches in the United States, the actual accommodation in many of the thinly-peopled districts is, necessarily, but small: there is, also, a deficiency of ministers in proportion to the number of churches. The only source of income for the building of a church, and the support of its clergyman, being voluntarily supplied, the people who may have, as they think, only sufficient for their temporal wants, and no particular care for their spiritual necessities, are left without any provision for the latter; and those who most stand in need of the offices of a minister of religion, are the very last to make any effort or sacrifice to obtain them. At the present time, the American people are nearly all so prosperous, that they can without difficulty supply themselves with this assistance; but, as population increases, and as the value of labour and individual prosperity diminishes, the poor can have no resource. Already there are millions who have no place of public worship open to them at all.

As this state of things proceeds, the powerful incentive of virtue afforded by attendance at public worship, and by the example and instructions of their ministers, will cease to act upon individuals to the extent to which it now does; their majority may cease to be virtuous, and the powers of government would then be ranged against virtue. The immediate evil, however, of this voluntary system is, that its tendency is to silence the minister on the subject of any darling sin in his flock; far be it from me to say that this is always the result, but that such is its tendency there can be no doubt. Setting aside the pecuniary loss which the minister must undergo in being removed from his sacred office by a displeased congregation, he dreads it as destroying his means of being useful in his generation. He is thus tempted to adapt his words more to their tastes than their wants, and liable to follow, instead of directing their spiritual course.

*Religion, in America, in spite of the difficulties under*

which it labours, and the innumerable sects into which it is divided, is the ark of even its political salvation. Its professors, all meeting on the broad basis of Christian morality, predominate, at present, so decidedly, that in this strength is its safety: and no act of the government could take place directly and ostensibly contrary to religion or moral right. The wise among the Americans make certain efforts to prepare the minds of the people by the purification of religion, so as to enable them to bear free institutions, considering this the only safeguard from the threatened dangers by the latter. Happily for this great country, the interests of religion and of rational freedom are indissolubly bound up together.

From different forms of belief being adopted by every one, merely from inclination or circumstances, like a civil profession, and also from its admixture with the earthly and practical, the inexpressible beauty of religion becomes less radiant. Christianity is here more a belief than a faith, more a certainty of present advantage, than a promise of future good.

The great number of sects, and their perfect equality, tend much to weaken the bonds of family affection. It is not at all unusual for four or five different persuasions to have members in the same household. The father, who perhaps is a Presbyterian, may use his best efforts to bring up his son in the same belief; but, as the youth proceeds in his education, he is taught that all Christian creeds are the same in the eye of the law, and that each man should choose according to his own taste; so probably the first proof of his independence is given by selecting one different from that of his father. Members of the same family, who travel by different roads to heaven, are not near enough to each other to hold out the helping hand in the dark and stormy day of life; the strongest, holiest tie of sympathy is severed, when they are deprived of a common hope beyond the farewell at the grave.

The people of New England are, without doubt, very generally educated; rich and poor, indeed, have apparently the same opportunities, but practically they are different. The poor man's son has to lay aside his books for the axe or the plough, as soon as his sinews are tough enough for the work; the rich man's has more leisure to pursue his studies and complete them afterwards. However, he has but little to gain by eminence. The pursuit of wealth offers a readier course to distinction; he meets here with numbers who have like objects, and whose conversation and habits of life are formed by them. The man who labours to be learned condemns himself to a sort of isolation; however precious the object may be to



him, it is not current as value to others. Some there are, whose love for knowledge is for itself alone, not for the honours and advantages derivable from it; these few conquer the great difficulties in the way and become really learned; but the tendency is to acquire as much information as may be absolutely necessary; then to set to work to apply it, and make it profitable for other purposes, but not to increase itself. Consequently, the greater part of the national mind is but a dead level,—like the Prairie, rich and productive immediately round about the spot where it is worked for the uses of life, but with few elevations from which any wide or commanding view can be taken, in the search for yet more fertile soil.

This equality of education tells very well in enabling men to fulfil with propriety very different social positions from those in which they were born. The blacksmith who has made a fortune, has only to wash his hands; and he does not find his new associates either so very highly cultivated, or himself so much the reverse, as to place him in uncomfortable contrast. For general utility to the State, for the practical affairs of life, and for forcing men up to the almost universal level of intelligence, the democratic power has made admirable arrangements; but to go beyond that it has thrown almost insurmountable difficulties in the way, not by its laws so much as by the habits which its laws engender.

The members of the legal profession are usually exceptions to this democracy of intellect; in consequence, their influence over an intelligent people is proportionably great. They, as a class, are highly educated; the wealthy, engaged in other pursuits, are sometimes so as individuals.

The historical education of youth is guarded with the strictest attention; works cleansed of anything which could militate against the only Catholic creed among Americans—that of their superiority in everything, over everybody, are used, as the Romish teachers give the Douay Bible to their pupils. Democratic ideas are instilled into their minds, as a portion of every sort of instruction. The man who might dare to propose freedom of political, as well as of religious opinion, would be looked upon with nearly as much horror as an abolition preacher in South Carolina.

With her numerous schools and colleges, and people participating in their advantages, it is a striking and oft-repeated remark, that America has given but very little to the world's treasury of literature. There have indeed been, and still are, *some* bright names among her contributors, brilliant stars, *but of the second magnitude*. The excuse of her youth as a *nation*, will not be a valid plea in this case: from the begin-

ning of the present century she started with a greater number of educated men, in proportion, than England could boast—I mean of course in rudimental education; now, her population is nearly a third greater than that of England, but who can compare the value of the writings from the two countries during the period? The imagination of the American may be strong in flight, but the dead weight of his pursuits, and the tone of his associates, keep it very near the ground. He is more ingenious than inventive, more bold than original; his mental vision has but a narrow range, though very clear; he may be a wise man more readily than a philosopher.

In mental, as well as political power, the tendency of their habits and institutions is to force all from above and below into the mass of mediocrity. Literature, like fine cotton goods, can be imported from the Old World at a far easier rate than it is manufactured here; they have neither the time to devote to it, nor the machinery to make it. I do not mean to say for a moment that the Americans are deficient in any innate mental capability necessary for the higher class of intellectual culture; they no doubt have the power, as they possess the iron and wood of which the English cotton looms are made; but it does not pay to work their *matériel* for that particular purpose; therefore they get philosophy, poetry, and history from us, always, however, changing the latter so as to render it fit for wholesome consumption among republicans: they send us cotton and bread in return.

I would not have it supposed, from these general remarks, that I am ignorant of, or blind to the great merit of some of their writers: a string of names could be of no use here; they are already well known in England to all who are likely to form an opinion on the subject.

Although, as I said before, the finer sorts of literature are generally imported, there is an enormous quantity of coarse stuffs for daily use; manufactured for the home market, and there consumed: the *matériel* is of native growth; but little labour is bestowed upon it; the texture is very coarse; it serves the uses of those who purchase it for the day, and then is thrown aside. The patterns with which it is stamped are all glare and gaud, to catch the eye, but, when put in wear, they are found to mix up together into a miry hue, the effect of the "devil's dust" used in making. It does not signify to the manufacturers, so their labour sells; whether it stain those who use it or not—they do not care. Beyond anything ever known in the world before, this vast factory diffuses its produce among the American people, whether for good or evil, a gigantic power—the press.

In a country where the opinions of the majority are the laws for all, any of the causes contributing to mould these

opinions must be of great importance ; next to religion, the most powerful is the press. If all men were virtuous and wise, there could be no doubt that a pure democracy would be the most perfect form of government for human communities ; if all the powers of the press were united in the cause of virtue, there can scarcely be conceived a greater blessing than it would become ; the reality is, however, widely different. A fair share of talent is employed in its conduct, but employed in fanning into flames the sparks of party violence, personal hatred, and national antipathy. Neither the floor of the Senate nor the domestic hearth is safe ; the political opponent is first assailed in his public capacity—then with bloodhound scent tracked to his own fireside ; nor is even woman secure, if through her tender bosom a deadly wound may be dealt to him.

Whatever public opinion may be on the subject, it cannot, or does not repress these atrocities ; the press, the supposed voice of public opinion, will not speak in condemnation of itself. It supports this system as an element of power, before which the bravest must tremble. Any still small voice venturing to remonstrate is lost in a loud roar of "the freedom of the press." The law nominally provides for the sanctity of character, but it becomes a dead letter when jurors will not convict a popular offender. Sometimes its invasion is revenged by the awful retribution of the pistol and the knife.

The tendency of the press in America is to apply itself to that particular portion of the character of the people through which their actions may be most readily influenced. Among the masses, the comparatively unenlightened, the passions are far more easily worked upon than the reason ; therefore to the passions does it apply. Every remote village of log-huts has one or more newspapers ; there is no censorship or tax of any kind ; paper and printing are very cheap. Some mechanic, probably, is the editor, in the intervals of his bodily labour ; no capital, of character, talent, or money, is required, and the engine is set in motion. One column is perhaps devoted to local affairs, roads, rivers, &c., in which the name of any one obnoxious to the editor is at his mercy, if he chance to be in any way concerned in these matters, and sometimes even when he is not. General politics follow, when the opposite party, men and measures, are assailed with the coarsest and most virulent abuse. Then scraps of foreign intelligence, distorted and rendered agreeable to their readers ; a collection of jokes, descriptions of sea serpents or other wonders, scraps of heart-rending romances, by some village Alphonso or Altamira, and advertisements of various kinds, fill up the remainder of the valuable publication. Of these last, some

deform the public prints by a grossness of language and detail, of which it is difficult to convey an idea without imitating the fault.

I am aware that, in a country constituted like the United States, the freedom of the press is an absolute necessity; when all are judged fit to govern, all should be capable of distinguishing between the good and evil which the press sets before them. The immense number and variety of newspapers, and their very low price, in a great measure nullify the evil of their licence; opinions directly contrary to each other, on almost every subject, are given to the public to choose from; facts being stated in a great many different ways, the chances are that the truth may be clearly inferred. The Chinese proverb says—"A lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings and can fly far and wide." So do the misstatements of the press, but others just as numerous and entirely opposite, fly with them at the same time. Where every public man, on one side or the other, is branded as a traitor, a coward and a villain, the force of these epithets is diminished, if not destroyed; the real evil inflicted upon the good is but slight, while the restraint upon the corrupt and bad is very great. The press is ever on the watch to seize on, and show up, the slightest dereliction of duty in an opponent; and, though the motive of the attack may be mean and personal, the public is the gainer by the punishment of the offender.

With people like the Americans, so entirely engaged in the toils of life, there is but little leisure for any other sort of reading. The press, with all its rainbow variety of colours, in the main blends into light; the suggestions and ideas of men in far distant places are laid before the people with wonderful rapidity; the science of government takes some sort of form in their minds when the discussion of its details is ever before them. On the great principle of their institutions, the press and the people are agreed; of the men entrusted with their administration, and of their measures, the variety of opinions is infinite; every possible point of good or evil is placed before them in the clearest light, by one or other of the contending parties. The practice of receiving conviction from these materials, is the practice of government itself. All these numerous varieties are but fractional sections of two great parties, one ranged in the attack, the other in the defence, of the existing Executive.

In these combats there is no broad principle of action employed or recognised by either party, but in its place, an infinite number of small and local interests, whose only bond of union is in this attack or defence.

*If, at any time, a large proportion of the press can be*

brought to bear upon any particular subject, its power is enormous—irresistible, if not opposed by counteracting effort. The means of forming public opinion by the press, which is sometimes employed by a compact and intelligent body, for a given purpose, are very ingenious. I can best illustrate them by an imaginary example.

A certain body of merchants at New York are very anxious for the speedy and peaceful settlement of the Oregon question; they determine that a fair arrangement and one to which England would probably accede would be, to grant her all the territory north of the Columbia, and that she in return should open the navigation of the St. Lawrence to the United States. A few days afterwards, paragraphs appear in some obscure country papers, at Bangor in the north, Chicago in the west, and Savannah in the south. "We understand that a large and influential body, in one of our principal cities, have declared favourably upon the lately proposed arrangement of the Oregon difficulties, on the principle of mutual concession, &c., &c. We are usually inclined to regard with distrust the views of our wealthy neighbours of the great mercantile communities, but we cannot deny that this mode of settling the question, presents advantages which are at least worthy of consideration, but we would recommend caution to the numerous citizens who appear to have taken it up so warmly and decidedly."

Next day, at Portland, Buffalo, and other places, with slight variations, you read as follows—"We see that our Bangor contemporary yields a sort of reluctant approbation to the Oregon arrangement lately proposed by some of the most distinguished men of the Union, and received so favourably by our fellow-citizens. For our part, we have always expressed our preference for an advantageous and honourable peace to an expensive and doubtful war; we shall however let him speak in his own words." Here follows the first paragraph.

A short time afterwards, some leading journals at Boston, New York, and New Orleans put forth this sort of article: "We find with much pleasure that the fair and advantageous adjustment of the claims of America and England upon the Oregon territory, which has lately been so extensively discussed in private among our fellow-citizens, has found loud and able advocates in the press, of various shades of opinion, in distant parts of the Union. The public mind seems generally to regard it so favourably, that it will no doubt be taken into serious consideration by those entrusted with the care of our interests. It is needless to multiply evidences of *this state of feeling*, for it cannot have eluded general observation; but we give the remarks of some of our distant

contemporaries, the organs of the different parties in their immediate districts." Here follow portions of the former paragraphs.

By this ingenious arrangement and combination, the majesty of public opinion is thrown into the scale of the reader's doubts, though perhaps he may be one of the first persons, except the original contrivers, and the editors in their interest, who ever thought of, or argued in their minds the question in that shape.

The very eminent men in America are never directly connected with the press; its combats are too close and disabling to be entered upon without loss of dignity; but they frequently avail themselves of it as a means of giving their opinions upon any particular crisis, and supply it with carefully-amended copies of their speeches, that is, what they should have said, not what they did say. The general class and tone of the American newspapers is very much that of the unstamped publications of London. Some of those published in the Atlantic cities are, however, of the highest respectability, and conducted with great talent. All are very cheap, the expensive system of correspondents, and the first-rate writers employed by the London papers are, of course, out of the question here. A French paper is published at New York, and conducted with considerable ability; its views are moderate, its circulation very great; and it is said to be worth a large yearly sum of money.

"Manners are of more importance than laws; upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend; the laws touch us here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their whole form and colour to our lives; according to their quality they aid morals; they sustain or they totally destroy them."

The eloquent historian of the French Revolution has dismissed the subject of American manners in a single paragraph: "The manners of the Americans are the manners of Great Britain—minus the Aristocracy, the landholders, the army, and the Established Church." This would, I think, have been more correct, if he had said the influences of those bodies. In England, when a man rises to the upper ranks of the community, he usually adapts himself by degrees, in the progress of his prosperity, to the habits and tastes of the class he aspires to join. Those who have been born in it furnish him with examples; when he is admitted into their society, his pursuits, interests, and manners become, to a considerable extent, identified with theirs. *In America, the prosperous man finds no fixed class to look up*

to for example, no established standard of elegance and refinement to guide him, no society of men of leisure to mix with, none who have been able to devote their time to the sole cultivation of the graces of life. The polish of his manners must be, therefore, due to some innate virtue of his own, not to the tuition of others. I have met with people in America, as well bred and graceful in their manners as men need be; but they are the exceptions; the tendency is to force manners, as well as everything else, into mediocrity. From the want of high standards of refinement, not only the higher, but the various downward steps in the social scale, suffer a certain inconvenience; becoming of course less, as the condition of the person requires more exertion for the mere support of life than for its ornaments. Hence it is that the manners of all classes of Americans, except the very lowest, are decidedly inferior to those of the corresponding classes wherever an aristocracy exists. An American may be well educated, have travelled a great deal, be of the kindest disposition, possess imperturbable good-humour, but he has very rarely natural tact, or that admirable schooling in society which supplies its place. His real goodness of heart will prompt him to avoid bringing to the notice of a stranger any object or subject which might be disagreeable or painful; but the probability is, that it will be done in such a way as to make it more unavoidably remarkable. For instance, a friend in giving me hints as to what was best worth seeing in the Capitol at Washington, said, "There are some very interesting paintings—Oh! I beg pardon, I mean that there is a splendid view from the top of the building." I knew perfectly well that those paintings, which his good-nature rebuked him for having incautiously mentioned, represented the surrender of Burgoyne and other similar scenes—in reality about as heartrending to me as a sketch of the battle of Hexham would be. To this day, I admire my friend's kind intentions more than his tact in carrying them out.

American society is exclusive even to a greater extent than that of other countries, but it is so by cliques, not by classes. A certain body will reject candidates for admission to its number, not because they are deficient in character, politeness, education, or wealth, but merely because those who already belong to it, hold a certain sort of irresponsible power, which is strengthened by being capriciously exercised. Since in public life their institutions forbid the existence of a privileged class, the natural longing of the human heart *for some vain position of superiority*, finds vent in private *salooteries*. The few titles they can attain are sought after with avidity, and retained with fond pertinacity; the

number of honourables, and of men of high military rank, provoke the observation and the smiles of every traveller in this country. On one occasion, in a steamer, a number of passengers signed their names to a certain document; several of these titles were on the list. I found out subsequently that the principal "Honourable" was the editor of an obscure newspaper; the leading "General," a tamer of wild beasts. These titles, however, do not convey to the Americans the same ideas which they do to us; they are connected in our minds—though there may be exceptions—with certain high and respected social conditions, and they are, therefore, pass-words for consideration: from them, on the contrary, they obtain no consideration, and are, probably, connected in their minds with the editing of small newspapers and the taming of wild beasts.

The only real eminence among Americans is the possession of wealth; it is at the same time the criterion and the reward, of success, in the great struggle in which all are engaged.

In conversations with foreigners, the Americans impose upon themselves the difficult task of defending and apologizing for every weak point of their people, country, or climate. They fancy that they have convinced themselves of their superiority over every one in the world, and are very uncomfortable if they cannot persuade others into the same difficult faith. As, in spite of their utmost eloquence, they sometimes fail in this, they then remain uncomfortable; their vanity is wounded; they have not the pride of an acknowledged position to fall back upon, and perhaps are haunted by some faint doubts as to the justice of their pretensions. These subjects are sure to be more or less disagreeable, and yet they are almost invariably introduced. As a nation, their ideas may be compared to those of an individual, who is suddenly raised to a rank above that in which he was born.

A well-known peculiarity of the Americans is their curiosity. This is naturally more observable among the lower classes. They do not hesitate to ask you the most impertinent questions, without in the least intending to give offence by doing so. They cannot bear that anything should be kept secret from them, reserve and aristocratic exclusiveness being, in their minds, associated together. They have no objection to tell you all their own affairs, and consider that you should be ready to barter by telling them all yours. I think, however, that the descriptions of this peculiarity have been exaggerated; I never found it carried to any very disagreeable extent, for they readily see if it be annoying, and are too good-natured to continue it.



HOCHELAGA; OR,  
CHAPTER XXIII.

## DEMOCRACY.

WE have already seen that the government of America is now a pure Democracy, without check or stay; it is free from all agitation for increase of power to the many, for they possess all. In the formation of their government they had no difficulties to contend with, no conflicting principles to embarrass them, no small but powerful class enjoying vested rights, ready to defend them to the utmost and to revenge their loss, no memory of oppression to wipe out with retribution, no individual or corporation willing or able to make an effort for power.

They had no existing depository wherein to place the supreme rule; they declined creating one, and kept it to themselves in each different State, as well as in the Federal Government, no matter what were the varieties of race or social circumstances.

At first sight, it would appear probable that the people would select the most able and virtuous men from among those whose views suited their own, to be their organs of administration; as, of course, they are anxious for the prosperity of the State to which they belong. But the practical effect of their system is, that such men are nearly excluded from any share in public life. The mass of the electors are not sufficiently enlightened to make a good choice; and it cannot be expected that the majority of individuals among the working classes should be able to discover and discriminate the powers of a statesman. They are, therefore, very liable to choose a person without these qualifications, but possessing the art of making them believe that he has them, and of assimilating himself to their tastes. Again, many men are jealous of the advantages of office, and do not like to add them to the already enviable distinction of merit; this superiority would be obnoxious to a powerful, though unacknowledged, feeling of the human heart.

Wealth is often a stumbling-block in a candidate's way: people are not exactly angry with him for being rich, but there is a sense of irritation in their not being so too; neither is he, they think, one of themselves. Men enjoying the qualifications held necessary for public office in other countries, most likely withdraw from the arena altogether in this, finding that their merits are actual drawbacks to their chance of success. In ordinary times, it is not, perhaps, essential to have eminent talent and virtue at the head of affairs; for their direction is held and controlled by the

people: in times of peril, when the people must, for a season, trust this guidance to individuals, they have usually the good sense to choose better; if their choice does not answer, they change, but in the mean time, much mischief may have been done.

In the Southern and Western States, where education is imperfect, religion and morality but weak, society but imperfectly organized—the selections of their representatives are sometimes peculiarly unhappy. In the North and East, where the better influences are most favourable in their action, more virtuous and conservative men are usually chosen. The Senate—which is the chosen of the chosen,—is amazingly purified by this double election: it contains nearly every great and good man in public life, and its decisions are very frequently contrary to those of the House of Representatives, the direct delegates of the people. Both Houses have usually the same political end in view; but the Senate is more judicious and virtuous in the means of attaining it.

The most able and philosophic writer who has of late years examined the government of America, is inclined to extend still further this system of double election, as the only safeguard against the dangers of democracy. This is, indubitably, true, but it is prescribing to the patient a remedy which nothing will tempt him to accept; he is unconscious of any malady, and will not give up a dearly-cherished privilege, to effect what he thinks an unnecessary cure.

As matters now stand, one great inconvenience of the pure democracy is that laws constantly change; a taste for variety is one of its strongest characteristics. They make an effort and pass a law; they soon find that it has not all the good effects they calculated upon, disappointment follows, next, they wish to try something else. So that law ceases to be a rock whereon a lighthouse may be built to warn man from danger, and becomes a shifting sand, where no beacon can be moored that will stand a gust of popular excitement.

The austere Washington, the amiable Hamilton, and the ruthless Jefferson, all acknowledged the evils of pure democracy: the most sanguine could only hold them as less than those of other forms of government. To the mass, the ignorant and poor, its advantages are, at best, doubtful; to the wise and rich it must be for ever odious.

In this community there is no one to lead: their public officer, from the President downwards, has neither intrinsic influence nor honour: he is still the Tennessee attorney, charged but to plead upon the briefs which they may supply.

he is not the representative of their power, but its instrument: in his political action, in his household, in his manner, he is but their creature; if the puppet cease to play according as they pull the string, they throw it aside.

All men entrusted with power are paid—the legislative bodies, the magistracy; it is part of the great scheme to render their dependence absolute. The lower grades of the public service are amply remunerated; the higher are denied competence; for the sympathies of the power regulating all salaries are with the clerk, the office porter, and the common seaman. The governor and the judge are but necessary nuisances, and the elevation of their position above the law-makers, must be as much as possible depressed. In every despotism, whether of the one or of the million, the plan of making all official influence a means of support or gain is adopted; it tends to secure subserviency; the will of the ruling power works directly upon its object, without being refracted by passing into action through an independent mind. Moreover, the provision enables any minion of its pleasures to accept place, no matter what his previous condition may have been.

Seeking distinction through wealth is, in America, the only independent means: there honest trade is far a cleaner road to it than that of political life; even vending "wooden nutmegs" is less demoralizing than pandering to evil passions. Men, therefore, seldom come into public who have even the moderate degree of intellect and character that promises success in the pursuit of wealth: those who have them, not often fill official situations. Through these creatures whom they have chosen, the majority exercise a despotic power, unheard of elsewhere; they choose juries, they post up private irregularities not coming under public law, they hunt out with their million heads, and punish, every offence against their sovereignty.

Owing to there being no permanent element in this government, there is not tendency to any fixed line of policy; everything enacted is, as it were, done by isolated efforts of legislation, to meet some immediate emergency, without regard for the engagements of the past, or the interest of the future. Repudiation is, to Englishmen, perhaps, a strong and familiar illustration of this. The tendency is, also, to put new men constantly in the direction of affairs; the experience of those displaced is thrown aside as useless. In these general remarks which I hazard upon the government, I mean the government generally, both in the separate States and in the Federal Union.

It is not generally known in England that taxation in America is very considerable; its pressure, as may easily be

surmised, falls on the rich. The poor, who regulate the assessment of these imposts, being the majority, and having little or no property of their own, deal very freely with that of the rich; and the expenditure of this taxation is often beneficial to them by employment in public works and offices. In aristocratic governments, where the poor have no voice in the matter, they pay a portion of the expenses of the State; in democratic, where the rich are equally helpless, they pay all. This evil is less monstrous in America than it would be anywhere else; because nearly every one possesses some property, and there is great difficulty in attacking any description of it by taxation, without more or less touching that which interests the majority. The general result, however, is, that this is one of the most expensive governments in the world, in proportion to its obligations and establishments; its redeeming point is, that a larger proportion of the sums paid, goes to the education and advantage of the poor. It is impossible to arrive at an exact estimate of what the expenses of government are in proportion to property and population. Taxes are paid to the Federal Government in customs duties; to the States, counties, and townships by direct impost: what they all amount to no one knows; there are no statistics to be obtained on the subject. Personal services also are rendered in drilling for the militia, and keeping roads and bridges in repair.

The disposal of state funds is placed, by the masses of the poor, in the hands of individuals from among themselves. These officers are more liable to the suspicion of corruption than if they were rich; this tends to destroy confidence in them, and it re-acts injuriously upon the people, if they take it for granted that the man whom they have chosen and invested with power is dishonest. They look more mildly upon the dishonesty of less conspicuous individuals, and perhaps they have a secret desire to seek power themselves, that they may in their turn gain by the corruption of which they suspect others. Even when a thoroughly honest man gets into office, he is assailed with accusations or suspicions; these suggest villany to him; and, at the same time, by injuring his self-respect, weaken his power of resisting the temptation. The chances are that they make him, in the end, what they begin by unjustly suspecting him to be.

The celebrated Declaration of Independence commences with the monstrous fallacy that "all men are equal;" this is the real Constitution of America: Presidents, Senators, Representatives, are but officers of its administration, tolerably well adapted for the purpose. The edifice is fair enough, the foundation is false and rotten. The framers of the Constitution showed but the ingenuity of the madman; they

reasoned and acted rightly, on a wrong principle. The chain of support is good in itself, but the one great link that should bind it to the rock of eternal truth is wanting. I recollect, when a child, being told a story of a certain Irishman. He and several other men were walking by a canal; one of the party dropped his hat, and it rolled down into the water. The banks being very steep it was arranged that they should all join hands, the man at the top of the slope holding on by a post, the man at the bottom picking up the hat. The Irishman happened to be the uppermost. When the man below stretched out over the water to reach the hat, the others supporting him, their united weight proved fatiguing to our Hibernian. "I'm tired, boys," said he, "just hould on a bit while I rest;" at the same time, letting go his hold of the man next him, the whole string tumbled into the water. This strikes me as a homely illustration of the value of a chain of reasoning when the first link is deficient.

If God had bestowed equal virtue and talent upon all, I readily admit that the views of the great majority of this mass of virtue and talent would be all but certainly correct, and that therefore it is wise they should govern. If, however, God in his inscrutable wisdom has permitted that in many human hearts should lurk the dark forms of envy, hatred, corruption, and sin—that the light of genius and wisdom should shine but in the few—if the millions who struggle in daily toil or traffic are unlikely to imbibe the lofty sentiments which may counteract the innate evil of the former, or have not the leisure and desire to supply by education a substitute for, or properly direct the latter—the principle is wrong, and dangerous as it is false.

Some men, in the defence of pure democracy, are content to take lower ground: they set aside the question of the majority governing aright, and assert its expediency. It is certain that all men are anxious for their own interest, and will use power, if committed to them, for the purpose of forwarding it. "Give the majority power, and their own interest will be advanced; better theirs than that of the minority." They consider this the realization of Bentham's view of the true object of government,—*"The greatest happiness to the greatest number."* But it is very doubtful that the majority will be able to find out the best mode of forwarding their own interests: in their efforts to do this, they may very probably injure themselves, and still more probably oppress the minority, whose interests will not only be disregarded, but treated with actual hostility.

Selfishness is one of the least lovely and yet the most universal trait in the character of man; in the individual, its offensive avowal and action is restrained to a certain extent.

by the usages of society, and the opinion of others. In this government, millions act upon it alone, unrestrained by shame or blame; the secrecy of the ballot-box secures them from responsibility, even if they were not kept in countenance by overwhelming numbers. This selfish despotism, no matter how dark may be its tyranny, has not even the restraint which conscience imposes on the absolute monarch.

This aggregate has neither reason nor pity to be appealed to; the oppressed may plead their cause or beg for mercy, but it is in vain; the hideous Juggernaut, without ear or heart, pursues its course and crushes them under its wheels.

It is an awful thing to entrust unlimited power to any man, even though he appear, humanly speaking, perfect in virtue and wisdom. Setting aside that you thereby surrender freedom, the best of earthly blessings, even he may have his moments of weakness or wickedness. The man after God's own heart gave way—the wisest of the sons of men sank into sin; from these human failings of the Ruler the subject may be a bitter sufferer. But there are still, in this case, the feelings and fears of the human heart to appeal to, and work upon. It is infinitely more awful to entrust unlimited power to a mere majority of the people: then there is no safeguard—no appeal: the tyranny of its executive is not restrained by the law, for it also makes the law—not by public opinion, for it wields that power too—not by open force, for it is itself the greatest force—not by the fear of secret vengeance, for the dagger or the cup of poison cannot hurt its millions.

In absolute monarchies the tendency is to employ men who are more admirable for talent and dexterity in carrying out the views of their master, than for boldness and originality of thought and action. This is natural; the sovereign power would suffer in its self-love and its influence, were any subject, by the force of his mind, to obtain a great influence over the minds of others: it would be a sort of treason on his part to appropriate to himself a share of that which is claimed entirely by the despot. In such countries therefore the symptoms of boldness and originality, probably, are punished; the punishment even of death may be inflicted on the presumptuous offender.

In the absolute democracy, the man who dares to be independent is still more rarely seen; he excites the jealousy of millions instead of the jealousy of one. They may not always take his life—as they did that of the editor of an unpopular newspaper at Baltimore in 1812—but they hunt him down, they slay him socially; his career is ended; they blight his friendships, blast his hopes of honourable success. *In the oppression of the absolute monarch, the man of inde-*

pendent mind may feel at least the pride of martyrdom; he knows that the hearts of millions beat in sympathy with him; he is for a time the hero of a grand drama; the power which crushes him is wielded by a splendid enemy. He who suffers by the tyranny of the more numerous of two mobs, is trampled on by the canting, narrow-minded hypocrite, by the profligate oracle of the pothouse, and the ignorant swineherd of the backwoods. One is torn by a lion, the other is gnawed to death by vermin.

One day at dinner, at Saratoga, I met a man of very prepossessing appearance, with a good-natured and cheerful expression of countenance, and a neat and unpretending style of dress; his manners and conversation bespoke him a gentleman. Pardon my nationality—I thought he was an Englishman. When we left the dining-room we walked up and down for a little time under the verandah; in the course of conversation I asked him if he had been long in the country. He evidently was not offended by the question, and answered that he was an American, but had been a good deal in Europe. I was curious to know what he would say about the institutions of his country to a stranger; as he was evidently a man of education and refined tastes. When we entered on the subject, he looked carefully about him, to see if he could be overheard, and then gave his opinion. With hatred sincere as it was bitter did he denounce them; he confessed that he could not enjoy social liberty; that he dared not express his thoughts on such subjects to even his intimate friends, not because they really differed from him, but because they did not venture to agree; that he, and those who like him possessed certain advantages in life, were ridden over by the meanest, lowest, most ignorant of their fellow-citizens. An hour afterwards, he was the centre of a circle of smoking and expectorating republicans, joining in a sort of chorus of self-gratulation on their monopoly of liberty and their glorious institutions. This man, an individual, represented a class containing thousands.

In an absolute monarchy, but very few can be courtiers, or be corrupted by the arts of gaining favour; in the pure democracy, millions must play the same humiliating part, or even a more wretched one. In the first, a man is not forced into it; finding himself fitted for it, he puts himself forward as a pander to the disposer of favours. In the latter, he must play the courtier for mere tolerance sake, and he must kiss the hand of the ignorant and the base; the evil therefore, instead of being confined to the hundreds of the court, is spread through the millions of the people.

*The tendency of any absolute power is to debase both its ministers and its victims; in a pure democracy the whole*

people are included under these heads; the majority are the ministers, the minority the victims.

In every state, township, and county, there exists a separate machinery by which this rule of the majority is worked; that is to say, in each township there is a machinery to exercise the will of the majority in that township. We will take one example of this, to shew the infinite abuses it allows of. The Van Reensalaer family were acknowledged by the laws of the country to have certain rights over lands in a township of New York; the elected authorities of this township represented the will of the majority, who found these rights inconvenient, and refused to enforce them. The State government was applied to; it called out the militia of the neighbourhood to subdue the refractory; they were themselves the offenders, and of course would not come; so the decrees of the law were mere waste paper, till—as I said in a former place—lives were lost; then passions were aroused, and citizens of other townships made war upon the separate governments of those who had shed the blood, and compelled them to submit; but for that accident, the corrupt will of the local majority in those townships would have been executed, in spite of the law made by the general majority of the Union.

The eternal principles of virtue and equity cannot be violated with impunity by an aggregate of millions of individuals, any more than by a single man; to one as to the other, sooner or later, retribution must come. No one doubts that the unrestrained indulgence of our evil passions leads us certainly to ruin, as life leads to the grave. In the southern portion of this community, over the far horizon of the future rises a dark and ominous cloud; flashes of forked lightning, though yet dim in the distance of time, are seen by the farsighted eye; the rolling of the thunder, though now faint and almost inaudible, strikes its note of terror upon the watchful ear, and grows ever nearer as time passes on. Already in some districts the moral is almost complete; the unbridled sway of human passion has produced its unvarying result of tyrannical injustice: this has two developments, and though, apparently, their origin should be widely different, it is one and the same: they seem to be the very extreme of contradiction, yet they are twins of an accursed mother, there they dwell side by side in hideous brotherhood—the wildest licence, and the darkest slavery.

It appears to me that there are two conditions of society in which a pure democracy could exist without danger—either where all men are in a state of natural simplicity, or where all are thoroughly enlightened and virtuous. It is needless to say that these are conditions which the framers of constitutions will never find; but I hold that democracy



will be more dangerous in proportion as the conditions of society where it is applied recede from either of these two extremes. The conditions of the old countries of Europe are the mean between them, containing, from the infinite complications of class and interest, many men enlightened without being virtuous, others virtuous without being enlightened, and these masses seeking but little beyond what their bodily wants require. France, at the end of the last century, will serve for an illustration. We must all see that hitherto, in the northern part of the United States, democracy has not been so injurious in practice as it is in theory; therefore the conditions of this part of the Union should approach one of the extremes which I have mentioned as the points of safety. Which of them? I unhesitatingly answer the first; although at the same time I allow that they are one of the most enlightened nations of the world. The condition to which they owe their safety is simplicity. They for the most part consist of one class, nearly equal in mental qualifications: their pursuit is a common one; wealth is to them what the means of subsistence are to man in his primitive state—the only object. Boundless territory, and inexhaustible resources, place this wealth within the reach of all. When the savage has exhausted the game or fruits of one spot, he passes on to another; when the American finds the means of acquiring wealth cease to be plentiful in the East, he wanders away to seize on the unappropriated riches of the West; he knows he can attain his object there, so he will not remain behind to struggle for it with his fellow-man. Over them, no strong, cold, disinterested, unapproachable power is required to keep contending claims from clashing; their field is so wide that they do not come in contact. The American, on his continent, is situated much as the primitive man in his world; he has no great rival power hovering on the border of his domains, threatening him with injury if he be not on his guard, so that he has no occasion to trust a portion of his liberty and strength to any power in exchange for his protection. Among savages, if one offends, a neighbour inflicts a punishment; perhaps justly, perhaps not, but it raises no commotion in the community. The Americans do the same; the neighbours punish the offender; sometimes by the forms of law, sometimes not, but the State is not disturbed by it.

The fact is, that this sort of democracy is but a state of nature; and, as long as the conditions of the people of the northern States are unity of class, simplicity of interest, and freedom from external difficulties, there will be no great disruption of society.

The conditions of the southern States are widely and dan-

gerously different. *There* are two classes, separated from each other by a stronger barrier than ever European tyranny placed between lord and serf, separated so hopelessly that all agree amalgamation is impossible. Their interests are wide as the poles asunder; by the deprivation from one class of everything that makes life a blessing, the means of enjoyment are supplied to the other. The terror of external danger hangs over them; for it requires but little for the foe to cast the fire into their camp, and light the funeral piles from their own inflammable materials. For such a system of government, this condition of society is therefore as bad as, or worse than, that of the old countries of Europe, and I am convinced that for them it will prove to be the very worst that the enmity of a Machiavel could have suggested.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

THERE are at this present moment the germs of three distinct nations in the United States, differing more widely from each other in feelings and in interest, than did England and the colonies at the time of the revolution. First, there is the sober North—moral, enlightened, industrious, prudent, peaceful, and commercial, where society has taken an established form; the climate is severe, the niggard soil only rewards the careful husbandman, the industry of her people is the source of her wealth; the weaver's loom and the mechanic's skill are her mines of gold; her traders find their way over the desert, her ships over the ocean; wherever a mart is to be found, there will they be. Her sons are brave in war, adventurous in peace; in the revolution they bore the brunt of the fight; since then, the greatness of America in peace is due to them. They are at all times the bone and sinew of the Union, but peace is their most congenial condition; in it, their great commerce is prosperous and safe; in war it is threatened, if not destroyed.

Next comes the turbulent West, with a fertility unexampled elsewhere, a climate which stimulates life and shortens its duration; all animal and vegetable productions shoot up, ripen, and wither in a breath, but still they spread over the land with wonderful rapidity. From the European kingdoms and from the Atlantic cities of America, thousands of restless and adventurous men pour like a flood over these rich plains, and exuberant crops repay the clumsiest cultivation; when the productive earth grows dull under this wasteful

husbandry, the tide rolls still further away, the Indian and the wild forest animals yielding to its strength; a few years changes the wilderness to a populous state, its centre to a city.

The greater part of the population of these countries are roving, energetic men, who merely till the lands as a means of wealth, not as a settlement where their bones are to be laid and where their children are to dwell after them. They have no stability or combination; they come from all parts of the compass, a great, strong, surging sea, each wave an isolated being. All the uneasy spirits who crowd thither from other lands, in a few years either sink under the noisome vapours from the rich alluvial soil, or enjoy plenty from its produce; each man acts for himself and wishes to govern for himself. The social conditions of all are nearly equal; there is but little chance of any of those dangerous organizations of society, which European states now, and the Atlantic states soon, may present. For a century to come, there will be ample room for all to grow rich on the spoils of the West.

This western country, I consider, will be the last stronghold of democracy in America. By this I pre-suppose that everywhere this form of government must be ultimately abandoned, that it is merely tolerable now—a temporary expedient for an infant state, merely an affair of time. I shall state my grounds for this supposition presently. The conditions of the West are most fitted for these institutions, and these conditions are not likely to be altered for many years.

Population has increased so much of late years in that direction, that already the West holds the balance between the North and the South; in half a century it will over-balance both together. Far away, by the shores of Lake Superior—where, but a little time ago, none but the lonely trapper ever reached, are now cities; tens of thousands of men dig into rich mines or reap abundant crops, and in their steamers plough up the deep, pure waters, hitherto undisturbed by man's approach. On remote branches of the "Father of Rivers," which have yet scarcely a name, populous settlements are spreading over the banks. The rapidity of the growth of population and power in this region has no parallel in the world's history.

These people are confident in their strength; they live in a perpetual invasion; their great impulse is expansion. They are reckless of life, and but little accustomed to the restraints of law; vigour and courage are their capital; their country is not a home, but a mere means of becoming affluent. The individual desires, from day to day, to pass

on to other and richer lands, in hopes of a yet more abundant return for his labour; the aggregate of individuals desire the rich woods of Canada, the temperate shores of Oregon, and the fertile soil of Mexico. They long to conquer them with the sword as they have conquered the Prairies with the plough; aggression is their instinct, invasion their natural state.

This Western division appears to me by far the most important of the three, the one in which the mysterious and peculiar destiny of the New World is to be in the fullest degree developed.

The South is the third of these divisions. It contains a population divided between the Anglo-Saxon and Negro races, the first rather the more numerous at present; but, taking a series of years, the latter has increased more rapidly than the former. It is well known that the whites hold the blacks in slavery, a bondage often gently enforced and willingly borne, but sometimes productive of the most diabolical cruelties that the mind of man has ever conceived. Altogether, the effect of these conditions is, that the ruling race despise and yet fear their servants, and use every ingenuity to deprive them of strength, as a class, by withholding education, and legislating to prevent the possibility of their combining together. The great mass of these slaves are dark and degraded beings, but in one respect they still keep up to the level of humanity—they burn to be free. It is known that, by their own arms, the attempt would be hopeless, for they are far inferior to the whites in mind and body. Most people think that nature has condemned them to this inferiority; others, that it is only a transient condition, caused by this state of slavery. Some local outbreaks have indeed occurred, where the tyranny of the master was greater than the patience of the slave; they were for the moment successful—long enough to show how terrible is vengeance for the pent-up wrongs of years: but they soon sank under the irresistible power which they had provoked, and their awful fate holds out a warning to others.

Their liberation is not to be effected by any effort of their own. Their masters are united, bound together by this bond of iniquity; not only their wealth is supposed to depend upon their upholding slavery, but their very lives. Were these degraded beings to be suddenly freed, and the sense of fear removed, no laws could restrain them; the wrongs of generations would be brought to an account; a "servile war" would ensue, aggravated in horrors by the difference of race; no peace, or truce, or compromise, could end it; one or the other must perish or be subdued. The negro cannot subdue the white man, therefore he must be again a slave,

or be freed by death from earthly bondage. So say those who defend the maintenance of this system in the South.

The ruling class in this part of America are proud and quick-tempered men : disdaining labour, free and generous in expense, slow to acknowledge authority, contemptuous towards inferiors, jealous of the interference of others, they carry their despotic republicanism further than the other divisions. They are in themselves essentially an aristocracy, a privileged class. On several occasions these fiery spirits have objected to the influence of other States of the Union. For instance, South Carolina almost went to war with the Federal Government rather than submit to an obnoxious commercial regulation. A member in this same State said in the House of Representatives at Washington, "If we catch an abolitionist in South Carolina we'll hang him without judge or jury." But, indeed, even their laws enable them to inflict a very severe punishment on such an offender.

To retain the institution of slavery in the laws of the country, is the great object of this division ; for this object it is necessary they should hold the preponderating influence in the government of the country. This they have generally accomplished, having supplied by far the greater number of Presidents of the Union ; they have carried their point of annexing Texas as a slave-holding State ; by forming an alliance with the West, they have succeeded in electing Presidents favourable to the free trade so necessary to their interests. This alliance is however but temporary ; it has no solid foundation ; the West loves not slavery, neither does the North.

The voice of abolition, at first heard only in whispers, now speaks boldly out ; its advocates are weary of being the by-word of Christian nations for this crime ; their representatives are already numerous ; a few years hence they will be the most numerous ; as freedom spreads with civilization to the West, the die will be cast, and slavery be abolished by the Great Council of the Nation. But this will not be tamely borne ; the Southerners will risk their lives and properties in a struggle, rather than surrender what they consider to be their protection. Then, who can tell the horrors that may ensue ! the blacks, urged by external promptings to rise for liberty, the furious courage and energy of the whites trampling them down, the assistance of the free States to the oppressed, will drive the oppressors to desperation : their quick perception will tell them that their loose republican organization cannot conduct a defence against such odds ; and the first popular military leader who has the glory of a success, will become dictator. This, I

firmly believe, will be the end of the pure democracy; many of us will live to see an absolute monarch reign over the Slave States of North America.

In the North, the conditions of the people are approaching to those of Europe. The mere productions of the earth have ceased to be their dependence; their trading or manufacturing towns have grown into cities, their population is becoming divided into the rich and the poor; the upper classes are becoming more enlightened and prosperous, the poor more ignorant and discontented. Increased civilization brings on its weal and woe, its powers and its necessities; as these proceed, it will be soon evident that the present State-of-nature Government is no longer suitable; the masses will become turbulent, property will be assailed by those who want; and the wealthy and their dependents will be ranged in its defence. Perhaps foreign wars may add to these difficulties, and to the temptations to "hero worship," always so strong in the human mind, but especially so in America. The result will probably be a monarchy, supported by a wealthy and powerful commercial and military aristocracy—and a certain separation from the West.

As these three divisions increase in population and in wealth, the diverging lines of their interests will become more widely separated, doubtless so widely separated that the time is not far distant when they will even incur the monstrous evil of breaking up the Union, and providing each as much against the other as against foreign nations. The general political tendency of the present time is to increase the powers and isolation of the different States; even the smallest grant of public money for works of defence or improvement is watched with jealous care by the districts not benefiting by it; the balance of power is also a constant subject of anxiety; the admission of Texas was, on this principle, energetically opposed by many in the North.

It is very plain that, in half a century, these divisions will each be strong enough to stand alone. The North, by that time, will have a larger population and commerce than England has now, and it is more than probable that it will also be willing to stand alone. There are two ties which at present act in keeping up the Union—the necessity of mutual support and patriotism. The first will cease with their increasing strength; in the second I have no great confidence, even at this present moment it is but an interested patriotism, and will cease with the interests which cause it. They have no inheritance of glory handed down to them through centuries; with them is wanting the common tie of affection which binds the heart to the land where lie the *ashes of the honoured ancestral dead—their mutual relations*

are those of foundlings to one another; their love of country that of the Nabob for the pagoda tree.

The want of pride in the Americans is made up for by the most astounding conceit; they perpetually declare to each other their wisdom, virtue—in short, perfection; and will not allow even a share of this merit to other nations. They persuade themselves that they are, as I have frequently heard them say, “a chosen people.” But this shallow conceit is very easily wounded, and will probably be a great cause of ultimate dissension, for if one portion—still of course thinking themselves perfection—disagree permanently on any great principle with another portion, who equally think themselves perfection, the chances are that they will find very great difficulty in convincing each other, or in compromising the matter under discussion. Neither the fiery and intelligent Southern, nor the sedate and sensible Northern, is likely to give way.

I consider that the separation of this great country will inevitably take place, and that it is absolutely necessary for the peace and freedom of the world that it should. In half a century, if they remain united, they will be beyond doubt the most powerful nation of the earth. In the aggressive policy, certain in a great republic, will lie the danger of their strength.

The extraordinary rapidity of events in America startles the observer; ten years here correspond to a hundred in older countries, with respect to the changes which take place. Thirty years have altered the proportions of the House of Representatives in a most remarkable degree, the share of each state being dependent on its population. Ohio sends ten times as many members as Rhode Island, but to the Senate each sends two; every year the disparity grows greater. When the interests or the passions of different States come into collision in the House of Representatives, one party will enormously preponderate over the other, while, in the Senate, they may still be equal. I think it most probable that the first step to a dissolution of the Union will be a difference between the Senate and the House of Representatives on some important point: a dead lock of the business of the Government must ensue, and in proportion to the interest of the matter in dispute, will be the determination of both parties not to yield.

Even in the case of any one State feeling itself aggrieved, the consequences would be most disastrous to all; in 1832 this very nearly occurred. As it was before mentioned, South Carolina protested against the Tariff, and actually armed to defend her nullification. The Federal Government made a sort of compromise, and that particular case of danger passed

over; but it is at any time liable to recur. Then at once arise the enormous expenses of revenue establishments along a great artificial boundary, with a counterbalancing military establishment for each.

These difficulties, the certain results of separation, may retard but cannot prevent it. If the nations of the earth were all aware of, and acted only for their real interest, the carnage and misery of war would be unknown; mistaken views of interest will, however, sometimes present themselves to the human mind.

This probable separation of the great republic into distinct governments, will not, I am convinced, interfere with her mission: let the States assume what combinations they may, their progressive prosperity and civilization are certain; the whole of the North American continent, and not improbably the Southern also, will one day belong to the Anglo-Saxon race. The progress of Canada, under a totally different system of government, has been quite as rapid as that of the States; and the progress of the States when separated will no doubt continue the same: it will, however, be a happy thing for the world when their vast power ceases to be concentrated.

People in England hear very little about America, care very little about her. Those who travel, perhaps, tell their friends on their return—whether from the North Pole or the Tropics, from the West Indies or China, that in all these places they have met with “Yankees” selling “notions,” and scratching their names on trees and panes of glass. Men who write books—like myself—give much valuable information as to their chewing tobacco and sitting in almost impossible attitudes; saying, indeed, at the same time that their trade and population are “somewhat considerable;” but still I think the just impression is not conveyed; the details of character are most dwelt upon, and the grand features passed over as if every one knew them. I had read, I dare say, twenty books on America before I went thither, and the fortunate individual whom I now address will probably have read twenty-one; most likely the effect will be the same as my own studies had upon me—that of giving him a quite inadequate idea of the subject.

Most of the present generation among us have been brought up—and lived, in the idea that England is supreme in the Congress of Nations. I am one of that numerous class—long may it be a numerous one!—but I say with sorrow that a doubt crosses my mind, and something more than a doubt, that this giant son will soon tread on his parent’s heels. The power of both increases rapidly in a *geometric series*, but with different multipliers. The merchant navy



of the British islands has declined since the war: that of America has trebled—the population of the former has increased by one half in the same period; the latter has doubled—the former has an immense superiority both by land and sea in war establishments, but the latter has the material for their formation to any extent—the former has a colonial population alone of more than one hundred millions—more than the latter is likely to possess altogether for many years—but this vast number is made up of varied races, the great majority of them merely the subjects of military conquest, with no common bond of interest or feeling but that of the safety of submission and the sense of England's pre-eminence: the population of the latter is homogeneous—(with the exception of the portion of the negro race,) possessing Anglo-Saxon courage and perseverance, spurred on by the frantic energy given by republican institutions; rich in the endless resources of a country producing nearly everything necessary for the use and luxury of man, assisted by the many wonderful means of internal communications, bestowed by nature or created by art. There is just enough of difference between the two nations to make their manners and institutions inharmonious with ours, and just enough resemblance to give the Americans most of the elements of our strength. They already approach to a rivalry in commerce and manufactures: their soil and abundant territory have enabled them to beat us completely in agricultural produce. Our pursuits are so similar that I much fear, sooner or later, they must clash.

We have not yet begun to regard them with sufficient attention, but they watch us narrowly and jealously: they view with indifference the progress of France and Russia: their missions are different: but they think that every step of England is in the path of universal dominion. It is sometimes ludicrous to hear the contradictions which jealousy and dislike introduce into their speeches and writings. In the same page you will see "Her insatiable grasping ambition to enslave the world," and then, that "She is no more able to harm the United States than a baby in its nurse's arms." The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in the Senate, spoke to that effect, indeed, I believe those very words, in one of the interminable debates on the Oregon question in February, 1845.

Our popular institutions are to them a source of uneasiness: for they feel we there possess a strength of which they well know the value. The points of similarity between the two countries are much more likely to cause a rupture than the points of difference.

From policy, as well as from motives of Christianity, it is

evidently right of England to avoid collision with America by every means consistent with national honour. She has nothing to gain by such a war; she may inflict enormous injury, nay, total destruction, upon any part of the Atlantic coast, accessible to her steamers: but the people, the tyrant majority of the West, would rather rejoice at this, and would send out their turbulent thousands to threaten and revenge themselves upon the unprotected districts of Canada, while their inaccessible prairies remain secure.

Of the result of a war at present, I have no doubt: the parsimony of Republican institutions has brought the naval and military establishments of America to the lowest ebb. The energy of democracy may, indeed, make up for many deficiencies; but in such a war their people would be far from unanimous; the hardships of the struggle would soon change the first enthusiasm—even among many of the most warlike, into coldness. They would find themselves worn out in the combat against the strength of that country which has always progressed most rapidly in war, and which has never yet receded before a foreign foe. The rude waves of Democratic America would beat in vain against the rock of England's Aristocracy.

Britain, though no longer in the spring of youth, is still in the prime and vigour of life: her people are not changed; those resources are not diminished which once subsidized half the world; her sailors have not at any time since proved themselves unworthy of those who crowned her Queen of the Seas at Trafalgar—her soldiers, of the stubborn men who fought at Waterloo.

Peace is the true conquering policy of America: by it she will, if she remain united, become the first in wealth and prosperity in the family of nations; the Rocky Mountains will yield a willing tribute of their mineral treasures to the peaceful invaders: and the fertile wilderness of the West, changed by the hand of industry into a garden, will smile gratefully upon its conquerors.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

**I WILL** bear willing testimony to the, in many respects, excellent qualities of the Americans; the traveller will meet with almost universal kindness; not the mere civilities of an hour, or a ready answer, but, if he be worthy of it, he will receive active and considerate attention. A letter of introduction will prove not only a passport to the good offices of

the person to whom it is addressed, but the means of extending acquaintance in other places, by further recommendation, so that everywhere he can make himself known. The Englishman is, I think, better received than the native of any other land, particularly in New England. The jealousy of his country is an affair of politics; the regard for the individual is an affair of the feelings. The common ancestry, language, and faith, are bonds which events have loosened, but not destroyed. Their enlightened gentlemen speak with pride of the ancient glories of our race; the name of Runnymede is sacred to them, the poetry of Shakespeare is music to their ears; happy is the man who can trace his descent from some well-known family in the old country.

Circumstances have thrown these tendencies rather back, but they still exist, and exercise an influence over the American mind. In the war of 1812, the New England States violently opposed the Federal Government, and two of them refused to send their complement of militia; their voice is still always raised for peace. In speeches at their public meetings, in their writings and conversation, they accuse a party, and not the English nation, of being the cause of any differences that arise. I am convinced that, in spite of the political disputes and national difficulties which have existed, there is still a place left in the honest hearts of the people of New England, for a lurking, lingering, feeling of affection and respect, for that venerable land from which their Pilgrim Fathers sprung.

At Boston, an Englishman will meet with many people, in whose society he will find himself quite at home: in their manners, conversation, or dress, there is but little to remind him that he has crossed the Atlantic, and is in a foreign country; indeed, I recollect having once almost started at the word "foreigner" being applied to me in a circle of people so like those of my own country. You find that conversation turns upon much the same subjects as in England; that all the books you have read are also known to them, and the Constitution and history of your country; that events in England are looked upon with almost equal interest by them; and that all our public men have Transatlantic fame.

If you express a wish to see anything remarkable, facilities for doing so are at once proffered; if you accept hospitality, it is bestowed to the greatest extent. As a stranger, full tolerance is always given for your opinions; they may be totally different from theirs, but they will be heard with courtesy and attention; even though disagreeable, they never interrupt you while speaking. Their manners are staid and orderly, but they delight in a joke; anger may be soothed, or good-fellowship strengthened among them by a touch of

happy humour, more easily, perhaps, than among any other people; they can even bear a hit at their own weaknesses, if the keenness of the wit redeem the severity of the criticism. They are liberal in their entertainments, and, indeed, sometimes disagreeably liberal in paying little joint expenses incurred in sight-seeing, at theatres, &c.

The people of New England retain a good deal of the austere and solemn habits of their ancestors, even in their gaieties; they keep very early hours, the waltz and polka find but little favour in their eyes; the theatre is not so much frequented as elsewhere. Scientific lectures are a far more popular attraction. From time to time there arises an absolute enthusiasm for these contrivances for uniting learning and amusement: ladies frequently went to two or three the same night, and a constant supply of fresh lecturers was indispensable for the fair listeners. The people of this grave city are not an exception to the general American character in their love of excitement; but it is here more quietly developed than in the South and West: "powerful preachers," mesmeric and phrenological lecturers, are its ministers.

Charitable and religious societies are very numerous, and liberally supported by all the different sects; they are to them a common bond of union. The government of these bodies is to the people an object of ambition, supplying another sort of reward in public life to those who, perhaps, have been unsuccessful in seeking influence in the State. The collective strength of these societies is so great, that, if they were all brought to bear upon one point for any particular object, the chances are that they would be successful. A union of this sort has already been proposed; to effect by their joint efforts, the election of a religious government, without distinction of creed, but simply that its members should be well known to be pious men. By this means they hoped to throw all the influence of the ruling power into the scale of religion. The total annual income of these societies, raised solely by voluntary contributions, is little short of two millions sterling. Some of them are very useful, and admirably managed. Wherever arrangement and conduct of affairs are necessary, the Americans appear to excel all other people; everything is done in the manner to which their business habits accustom them. The Temperance Society has grown to an enormous size, reckoning nearly a million and a half of members, and is, in the main, productive of great good; the Americans are not prone to get drunk, but they are very prone to drink; drams are swallowed by half the passengers of a stage-coach at each stopping-place; the bars of the hotels derive great profit from the skill shown in

mixing all sorts of tempting draughts for winter and summer, in spite of the temperance movement.

Though these associations generally tend to the improvement of morals and manners, and are always intended to do so, they sometimes rather overstep the bounds of prudence, and interfere a little too much with private life. Occasionally, although they are formed for purposes most laudable in themselves, in their execution they are more likely to cause evil to the members, than good to the objects of their solicitude. Ladies frequently take a prominent part in these affairs, and are consequently brought in contact with people into the details of whose character it is unsuitable for them to inquire. I cannot but think that an intimate acquaintance with the habits and causes of vice, must have a demoralizing effect on all but the strongest minds. The enthusiastic desire to extend the utility of their society, sometimes urges them into scenes which cannot be witnessed without injury.

Again, these associations strengthen the tyranny of public opinion. At their meetings, any offender against the particular code of morality which they may have set up, is liable to be named and condemned. The practice is, no doubt, a powerful assistant in checking the appearance of a vice, but I doubt if it cause the real conversion of a culprit. They will never of themselves be the cause of any great moral reform; indeed they often substitute the fear of public opinion for the fear of God.

Political associations are also very general in America; they are almost the only weapon remaining for the weaker party to use in combat against the majority. When a minority feels itself strongly oppressed on any particular point, it often unites in a convention, or Caucus, as they call it, receiving delegates from those who share its discontents in other places; they make rules for self-government, draw up declarations, and, in short, establish, as it were, a separate and hostile community. In the political war which ensues, they issue their orders to their followers, and organize themselves in opposition. Sometimes they are so formidable and energetic, that this voluntary association, unsupported by the powers of the State, unrecognised by the Constitution, actually dictates terms to the majority. In the United States this unlimited power of association is less objectionable than it would be under any other form of government; as it can only be used as a check to a tyrant majority. The necessity of association shows them at once to be the weaker party, for the government of the country is only the association of the stronger: the only weapons they can use are arguments, and, if these can in the end prevail, they may probably be well founded.

In aristocratic countries, where the less powerful party is often far the more numerous, it is obvious that the organization of the masses into, as it were, a separate government, is fraught with great peril. Even under the British government, we have seen Repeal Associations and Chartist Societies, whose language and actions clearly show their dangerous objects. These men profess that they are not sufficiently represented in the legislation—that their interests are disregarded; so, to give their complaints weight, they create a nation of their own within the nation, with a view of carrying on negotiations with the weight of an independent State. But I believe that, altogether, the good of this power of association much preponderates over the evil, and that both with us and in America, it is a most valuable safeguard for our liberties: it becomes formidable only when there is some real grievance to complain of, and then, within the limits of the law, it cannot be too strongly urged.

From the constant habit of carrying on public business, Americans are astonishingly apt in organizing meetings. The day before landing at Boston, in one of the English mail steam-packets, while we were at luncheon in the saloon, one of the passengers stood up, and proposed that the party should form itself into a meeting, and that the Honourable Mr. So-and-So should take the chair: another seconded this motion, upon which Mr. So-and-So accepted the office, and requested our attention to the affairs about to be brought forward. In five minutes from the first words spoken, it was proposed and carried:—"That a piece of plate should be presented to the captain of the ship, in token of our high sense of his attention, and merits as a seaman;" also, "That the Honourable Mr. What's-his-name be requested at dinner this day to deliver to the captain an address, with the promise of the plate," which was to be got when we landed. The honourable gentleman did deliver an address and speech of a highly complimentary nature, such, indeed, as might have been appropriately delivered to Nelson, if he had survived Trafalgar. We were all making most painful efforts to restrain our laughter the whole time, and the captain, who was a very good, plain kind of man, was quite bewildered when his American panegyrist concluded with:—"This trifling token of the deep and lasting esteem and regard which we entertain for you as the accomplished sailor, and the finished gentleman." Luckily, the loud applause with which the conclusion of a speech is usually hailed, drowned the uncontrollable bursts of laughter at the orator's expense.

I have said elsewhere that the great majority of public men are lawyers. This results from their being a class which *devotes itself to the improvement and strengthening of the*

mind, as a means of attaining wealth and distinction, so that they are usually qualified to take the lead among their fellow-citizens. Their habits of speaking in public are also highly favourable to success, giving them an immense advantage over an unpractised opponent. Lawyers wishing to bring themselves forward, can be found to advocate any extremes of opinion ; but generally they act as, perhaps, the most conservative body in the country, and even very dangerous measures are, in some degree, deprived of their pernicious effects by passing through their hands. As the law is their profession and study, they are usually anxious to make it as much as possible respected, and to encourage order, which is so indispensable to the law's supremacy. They have also generally better manners and a higher range of thought than the other classes, and this to no small extent influences their political character.

Appearing before their fellow-citizens as a class clothed with the authority of arbitrating among them, possessing a difficult and necessary science, to them unknown, these advantages render the lawyer accustomed to lead and the people to follow. Though it cannot be supposed that lawyers have all a common interest, except that of supporting their profession, they have certainly a similarity in their habits and tone of mind, tending to unite their views and objects, probably raising both above those of the people, and imbuing the lawyer with hatred and contempt for the blind and turbulent passions of the mob. The profession of the law in America has many rewards for the successful ; but there must always be a certain portion of candidates who fail ; from these ranks are usually recruited the advocates of extreme democratic measures, while from the prosperous and successful, the cause of stability and order draws its ablest supporters. The lawyer belongs not naturally to the masses of the people ; he will therefore probably attack the enormous power and privileges which the masses possess.

The Americans are not unaware of the influence wielded by this particular class ; but it is not feared by them, as its members can only apparently arrive at power by the people's choice, and are consequently interested in their service ; besides, they are indispensable, and their presence is perhaps, in a great measure, only tolerated by necessity.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the only power completely independent of the popular will ; and, though all acknowledge its value and respect its influence, there is a great secret jealousy of its being beyond their reach, and it is to be feared that it will ultimately fall, as other safeguards of rational liberty have already fallen. It has the very important power of declaring the acts of the Legislature

unconstitutional, and protecting from their action any one who appeals to it. But it possesses no means of enforcing obedience to these decrees; the Legislative power which it may oppose, is armed also with the Executive authority; and it is not to be doubted that if the Supreme Court were ever to oppose itself firmly to any popular pressure, it would at once be swept away.

At first, nearly all the judges in the different States were either appointed by the Executive or elected for life; but the tendency has ever been to bring them more and more under the will of the majority; and now in many States, they are subject to frequent re-election, and, I believe in all, liable to be removed at the pleasure of the Legislature, being thus altogether deprived of the most necessary qualification for the fit discharge of their judicial duties—that of independence.

The system of the defence of the country by a militia force is very important as a political institution, though a source both of waste and weakness: the enormous cost mentioned in another place proves its extravagance, and its inefficiency also has been frequently demonstrated. For instance, when Washington was taken by four thousand British troops, there were a hundred thousand militia combatants on paper, within a few days' march; and, in the case of the Anti-renters in the State of New York, the local force was worse than useless. The unfortunate American general, Hull, in his defence before the court-martial by which he was tried after his failure and surrender in Canada, attributed his misfortunes altogether to the inefficiency of the troops he commanded, stating that discipline and subordination were out of the question, the officers being elected by the soldiers, and more obeying than obeyed. They are, however, highly useful in defending their own neighbourhood, when well posted and commanded, as they were at New Orleans; but, for manœuvres in the field, or retaliatory invasion of a hostile country, they are not to be depended upon.

There is no doubt that, after a time, they would make as good soldiers as any in the world, but it must always be a matter of the greatest difficulty to keep together men who have the interests of their farms, or their business, probably going to ruin in their absence. The feeling of enthusiasm may carry them through a sudden effort with gallantry and success, but, for a continuous struggle, they are less valuable than one-fourth of the number of regular troops.

In a political point of view, however, the establishment is of great importance and value; it inspires the people with a sense of patriotic duty, they feel a self-dependence as they muster on parade; they know that to them is confided the



sacred trust of defending their country, their hearths, and their families; each individual feels that he is a part of the bulwarks of his nation. By the constant habit of electing their officers, they may perhaps render the soldier inefficient, but the citizen becomes more practised in his duties; their drill brings them together for friendly intercourse, and for a season takes them from the worship of mammon. But the great thing is that the country and laws, which they assemble as soldiers to defend, become precious in their sight.

Their militia at present outnumbers the host of Xerxes, but this need not be at all alarming to foreign powers; no Leonidas will ever be required to stem their invading march, and any open field will serve for a Thermopylæ. A standing army may appear to the Americans very inconvenient, and injurious to the cause of freedom; but, in the first great war they undertake, its necessity will become evident. In the last collision between England and America, the colony of Canada, with four British regiments, was, for two years, all they had to overcome; and in this they miserably failed; not from any want of zeal or courage, but simply from ignorance and inexperience. However it may be the fashion to sneer at the soldier's trade, it cannot be so very readily learned, and Heaven defend me from being protected by amateurs in time of difficulty! When the day of trial comes, there are defeats and disasters in store for the American militia, as great as were suffered by those who followed Generals Hull and Hampton in the last war.

The style of oratory in America is very peculiar; the speaker, to do him justice, generally aims at the very highest order, no matter what the occasion may be. In every case, whether presenting a snuff-box, or making a motion in the Senate, he will try to give importance to the subject by the splendour of the language.

The sun, moon, and stars; oceans, deserts, hurricanes, are all introduced as necessary illustrations, to convey to the individual who receives the snuff-box, the feelings of the givers; very likely the "Chosen People," "Mighty Republic," and "boundless Empire," are also called into requisition. A speech usually concludes with a toast, if the meeting be a convivial one, or on more solemn occasions, a sentiment, in which great matters are condensed into a few words.

In the House of Representatives, this manner of fine speaking is sometimes carried to the most absurd extent. Another habit—that of speaking too long, has been lately put a stop to; it had arrived at so great a pitch that the evil became intolerable; an hour is now the limit, and when ex-

ceeded there is always a remonstrance. This arrangement was very readily adopted; as only one could speak at a time, all the rest were obliged to remain as listeners; each individual supposed that all his neighbour's speeches were of preposterous length, since by them he was kept so long from enlightening the assembly. In the Senate this rule has not been found necessary, for it is not customary to turn it into a school for practising elocution; the fact is, that the Federal Legislation has but little to do, and time can generally be afforded for these flourishes; particularly as very little attention is paid to them, and they are merely given for the benefit of distant constituencies.

Perhaps it is from the features of their country—the great rivers, the broad prairies, the huge forests—that they imbibed the habit of always describing in the superlative degree. In public speaking you rarely hear them make a grammatical error; some of their words are pronounced differently from our habits of pronunciation, but you seldom hear an American word used on these occasions; whatever their weaknesses may be in private conversation, in the way of “guessing” and “expecting,” you will hear neither one nor the other in public. Lest any of these orations should be lost to the world, it is usual for the speakers to send their speeches, before they have been spoken, to the editor of the paper in which they wish them to appear; so that sometimes the voice has not ceased to echo, before the public out of doors are furnished with what has been said.

“Fine writing” is also a great weakness of theirs; if left to themselves, and uncorrupted by foreign taste, for which they have a great respect, they would prefer probably some tremendous “war article” in an obscure country paper, to the chaste and elegant simplicity of Washington Irving's works. As I said before, comparatively few men write books in America; the lighter food of daily news is more suited to the national appetite. The number of English publications, and the rapidity with which they are brought out, are extraordinary; they are generally printed with bad type, on wretched paper, and sold at a very low price; all this time the poor English author, however he may be flattered by the publication of his work in another country, derives not the slightest benefit from it. Many of the best works by Americans have been published in London, as the property of the copyright is there much more valuable than in the United States. This seizing on the labour of the author's brain, and appropriating it as they do, appears to me highly reprehensible, and many of their wisest and best people desire a law of international copyright, on the principle of getting literature honestly, instead of cheaply, as

by the present plan. All acknowledge the existence of an injustice, but, as it is a profitable one, few wish to do away with it.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES—MEXICO—THE INDIANS.

THE territory of the United States presents more natural advantages than any other region of the earth. Its vast extent affords every variety of soil and climate, from the burning sun of the Tropics to the ice-blasts of the North. An enormous length of sea-coast, with convenient harbours, invites the commerce of Europe; the Mississippi and the great lakes open the resources of the far distant interior; every variety of minerals for industrial purposes abounds in inexhaustible quantities; the finest timber in the world stands ready for the woodman's labour; numerous springs, of every variety of quality, and every medicinal virtue, are found on its surface. On the Pacific shore, the proximity to the rich countries of the Old World is an earnest of future wealth; while, through the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, Nature has left an easy communication from the Atlantic States to the Western side. In the still untenanted wilderness of the interior, countless herds of buffalo, deer, and other animals of the chase, tempt the hunter to explore, and send him back enriched with their spoil.

It is usual in description to divide this vast territory into three regions. The first lies between the Atlantic and the Alleghany Mountains; the second between this tract and the Rocky Mountains; the third extends to the Pacific Ocean.

The Atlantic States are less favoured by a fertile soil than the interior, but the indomitable energy of the British who settled them, has caused large and prosperous cities to rise on the inhospitable coast, and made it the abode of a numerous and wealthy population. Up to the close of the eighteenth century, but few settlers had crossed the Alleghanies; it was known that there lay a boundless extent of fertile wilderness, ready to be made the dwelling of man, but the then scanty population of the coast had abundant occupation and means of wealth near them; and it was not till their increase diminished the facility of becoming prosperous that the great tide of emigration, now producing such astonishing results, began to flow.

With wonderful rapidity the settlers, from hundreds became thousands, from thousands, millions; still the human stream continues to pour on, year by year, over the mountains

to the land of plenty, and still each new-comer finds its riches inexhaustible. As the flood of civilization receives these constant accessions, it spreads widely over the land; the first comers sell their cleared fields to those who follow, and then push forward for fresh conquest over the wilderness. Every year the frontier of cultivation advances, on an average, seventeen miles along its whole length; still but little is covered, for its surface is thirteen hundred thousand square miles. The great Mississippi, "the father of rivers," drains the whole of this valley, for two thousand five hundred miles; numbers of navigable rivers flow through the rich plains on either side to pay it tribute. On the banks the vegetation is luxuriant beyond parallel: the soil is the accumulated riches of the growth and decay of thousands of years, formed on the alluvial deposits of the stream.

But nature has fixed the penalty of disease on those who reap these riches; in the exuberant but swampy plains of the North-west the pale face and emaciated figure of the settler show how the slow fever and the withering ague have been at work; and, in the fertile savannah of the South, pestilence and death are borne on every breeze. As the peopling of these districts proceeds, a great improvement may be worked out by the draining of the soil, the felling of the forest, the training of the exuberant fertility, which now only raises its immense vegetation to die, and poison the air in its decay. In this vast valley of the Mississippi, lies the future dwelling of a greater people than the world has yet seen.

The lands lying near the slopes of the mountains are broken and barren; the deposits of alluvial soil are less abundant; here and there the rough granite rock peeps through; and, as you ascend, huge stones and sand cover the surface. Beyond the Rocky Mountains, extending to the Pacific, lie—Oregon and California.

The northern portion of the Atlantic States offers apparently but few natural attractions. The coast is bleak and dangerous; dreary sand-banks and rough rocks form its barrier; the country is but little adorned by picturesque undulations; sombre forests of the dark pine and the knotted oak cover its slopes. But this soil, though not of great fertility, has been found capable of producing all the necessities of life, when aided by the industry of man. The difficulties to be overcome continue strength and energy to the inhabitants; healthy toil has enriched them; luxury and indolence find no place on this stern shore.

On the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, the extreme south of this country, the sea is clear and tranquil; under its calm waters the eye can trace an abundant vegetation; corals enrich these inaccessible fields of ocean, and beautiful

fish wander through the forests of their depths. On the shore, flowering shrubs and trees of lovely foliage droop their leaves and dip their buds into the sea; fruits of luscious and elsewhere unknown flavour hang in boundless profusion; blossoms and birds, each of wonderful brilliancy and variety of colour, lend their tints to the scene; gaudy flies by day, and bright glow-worms by night, add to its beauty; and every production of the earth grows with unparalleled richness.

But this lovely land, so teeming with life, is for the European a charnel-house; the deadly fever is inhaled with the odour of the scented gale; and few have been able to withstand the enervating influence of this delicious but deceitful climate. Even the iron Anglo-Saxon race has yielded the noble duties of labour to slaves, and has lost, together with the habits of industry, many of its characteristic virtues.

To the west of this southern portion of the United States lies a country which has long been neglected, a prey to anarchy and oppression. It is inhabited by a mixed race of Europeans, Indians, and Negroes—a wretched, slavish population, combining the vices of all, unredeemed by the virtues of any. Originally held by a simple and contented people, it became one of the rich prizes of the early Spanish conquerors. The mind does not know whether most to admire the wonderful courage of these invaders, or to denounce their villanous cruelties to the conquered. For many years, the avaricious, the profligate, and the desperate, poured in by thousands from Old Spain upon this devoted land, seized the produce of the country, drove the wretched inhabitants to labour in the mines, destroyed their cities and their chiefs, and left their country nothing but its name of MEXICO.

At the present time, nine millions of people, descendants of the oppressor and the oppressed, with some mixture of Africans, who have been at one time in bondage but are now free, inhabit this splendid country, a country ten times the extent of the British Islands.

The Rocky Mountains run through Mexico from north to south, and are in some places upwards of five thousand yards in height, with summits covered by perpetual snows. The mines of gold and silver among these rugged hills are wonderfully productive, and at a moderate height from the level of the sea. There are great varieties of climate and soil in this country; immense steppes of rich land rise in some places from the shores of the Pacific or the tropical coasts of the Gulf of Mexico, to the cool and salubrious gorges of the rocky heights. A great portion of the land is of such extraordinary fertility that the grain returns crops ten times greater in proportion than in England. The degraded inhabitants receive these

alms of Nature; no effort is required to obtain food; the delicious climate renders but little clothing necessary. With the habit and need of exertion, ceases the power, and but energy enough remains, for every now and then a bloody and objectless revolution.

It is well known that, not long since, these Mexicans seized the opportunity of Spain's prostration to throw off her yoke and set up a republic. They had none of the necessary qualities for the success of such a system, and miserable oppression and anarchy have been the results. They have already proved themselves incapable of self-government and self-defence. The authority of the law, during the time of Spanish supremacy, was at least in a measure respected; justice was something more than a name, and the miserable country was not harassed every year by the bloody rise of some new tyrant. Already many of the downtrampled people sigh again for the comparative blessing of European rule, and for some protection from the grasping ambition of their neighbours of the United States.

The attempts at republican governments made by the descendants of the Peninsular races, have all proved failures; insurrections, revolutions, and wars have multiplied, till the European politician has almost ceased to bewilder himself with their details, and the general reader hears the mention of some contemptible little republic for perhaps the first time when it becomes the scene of a tragedy of unusual horror. Brazil offers a much more grateful subject of contemplation; there, under the guardianship of aristocratical institutions, society exhibits far greater stability and regularity; industry prospers, trade flourishes: the harbour of Rio Janeiro ranks among the first in the world for the quantity of its shipping and the value of its cargoes. At the same time, the splendid country at the north of the River Plate is devastated by the wars of two miserable little States whose existence was scarcely known in Europe, till a handful of English and French sailors battered down one of the strongholds of the greater tyrant of the two.

The regeneration of Mexico may appear a hopeless task, but at any rate her state cannot be worse than it is at present, and even a military despotism might work good. It is, however, absolutely necessary for the European Powers to preserve her from falling peaceably into the hands of the Americans: they have marked her for their prey, but they must be disappointed; if successful in this, no one could imagine that they would then cease from further aggression.

The treatment of the Indian race in America, by the Europeans, has generally been contemptuous and cruel: the Spaniards were apparently the most unmerciful to them.

but the inhabitants of the United States have been the most faithless. Since the Union has become a nation, many treaties have been made with the Indians, but none respected; year after year, some great extent of territory is taken from them, and a paltry bribe given, instead, to the ignorant and corrupted chief. The people of the gentle and generous Pocahontas have perished from the land, and the magnanimous Mohicans are only remembered through the pages of a romance. The Indians who hover round the magnificent country of their fathers, now the "land of the stranger," are few and scattered, weak and helpless, but the inextinguishable pride of their race upholds their spirit; they know that to resist the European is vain, but they despise him still, hate him, and shun his civilization, although the manufactures and arms of the white men have become necessary to them. The animals of the chase recede constantly into the interior, they become fewer and more difficult of access; the only resource of the Indian is thus failing.

When the English settlers first landed in America, some of the tribes received them with kindness, others with a fierce hostility, but the fate of all was ultimately the same; as the mysterious prophecies of their old men declared, "a destruction came from the rising sun." Wherever the axe of the settler rings in the forest, the wild animals leave for far distant haunts, and the Indian must follow them. When the Americans have thus driven away the only supply of food, they call the Red Men to a meeting, and explain that this land is no longer useful for the chase, that the pale-faces will soon take it, at any rate, while farther away to the West there are boundless tracts ready to receive the Indians. At the same time are spread before them arms, clothing, and tinsel baubles, beads, and mirrors, to tempt them to the form of a sale; above all, the blinding and deadly fire-water decides the bargain. To obtain this poison, they will sacrifice lands and life itself. In this manner hundreds of thousands of acres have been purchased for a few thousand dollars; each sale accompanied by a treaty promising them protection in their remaining rights: but in a few years the process is renewed, and so on, till none may remain.

It seems to be ascertained that the Indian race cannot increase, or even exist, in contact with the Anglo-Saxon. Their ultimate fate must be, to wander off, a wretched remnant, to the dreary regions of the Hudson's Bay territory, till misery ends in death. But a very short time in the world's history will have cleared the buffalo and the deer from the south and central districts of America, by the spread of cultivation; their only refuge will be the North,

and there will be found the last of the aboriginal men and beasts of the New World.

England has always been more strict in her dealings, and more considerate towards the Indians, than has America: the consequence is that her faith and credit stand much higher among them, and by the distant shores of the Great Western Lakes the wandering Indian holds sacred the honour of an Englishman, as does the Egyptian in the streets of Cairo to this day.\* Many efforts have been made to civilize and save this doomed people; all have proved vain, for civilization cannot proceed without labour, and that they hate, and regard as a degradation. There have been numberless instances of Indians being tolerably educated and accustomed to civilized life, but almost invariably they have returned to the freedom and hardships of the forest as soon as opportunity offered.

There are indeed settlements of the Cherokees and other tribes, which have exhibited some appearance of success and prosperity: but, every now and then, a sweep of disease thins their numbers, and, besides, their race mingles with European blood, till they too melt away.

The great feature of the Indian character is pride. He considers war and the chase as the only occupation worthy of a man. Now, they have comparatively but scanty grounds whereon to hunt, and they are too weak for war, but still the pride remains indomitable—fatal. Even in the rare cases where they do make the effort to till the soil and enter upon a life of civilization, the sense of inferiority to the white man in these arts drives them to despair. Their unskilful hands and simple ignorance soon leave them in the very lowest grade of social condition. Most of the necessaries of life must be purchased from the white man; the scanty crops soon cease to supply the means; they become miserably poor, having contracted the wants of civilization without the power of satisfying them; their pride revolts at being thus bowed down before the strange race; and they either return to their life of savage freedom and hardship, or the fire-water renders them insensible to their misery and degradation. The lands which even their imperfect toil has in some measure made valuable, are sold to supply present wants, and they go forth lost and outcast to the wilderness.

The few who struggle on against all these difficulties are looked upon but as troublesome aliens in the land; the white population surges round them on every side; year after year, the Indians decrease in number; portions of their land pass

\* *The Crescent and the Cross*, p. 42, vol. I.



from their hands, till, at length, no trace remains to show where they once dwelt.

In all these invasions and aggressions, the States have supported the white men, sometimes under the form of admitting the Indians to equality and receiving them as citizens, when of course they are instantly lost in the superiority of the European race. Many Americans do not scruple to acknowledge in conversation that the final object of their system with regard to the Indians is their complete extirpation. The hard laws indeed allow them an alternative of wandering farther away to the West, into unknown tracts, or perishing miserably where they now are. The central government has, however, tried several times humanely to interfere for their protection, but its feeble efforts proved useless where the interests of the separate States were concerned. An attempt was made to secure them a retreat in the distant territory of Arkansas, but already the spread of white population has reached these wilds, and extends to the confines of Mexico; while the poor Indian emigrant from the East had to struggle even there with the fierce native tribes, who still retained the energy and courage of their savage state. When he obtained a footing, he had no encouragement to till the land, for he knew that even this was but a temporary residence.

Several times before, the American nation had given them solemn guarantees in treaties, that they should never be disturbed in the possession of the lands then theirs; but the turbulent and lawless settlers forced in everywhere among them and around them, till they could no longer remain. But now the tragedy is nearly over; few and feeble, weary and hopeless, up the far distant branches of the Arkansas they are hemmed in by the advancing tide of civilization on one side, by the jealous and hostile tribes of the interior on the other: and they now rapidly seek their only refuge, whither the white man must soon follow, not to oppress them more, but to render an account of his misdeeds—the refuge of the grave.

M. de Tocqueville quotes the following beautiful passage from the petition of the Cherokee Indians to Congress:—

“By the will of our Father in Heaven, the Governor of the whole world, the red man of America has become small, and the white man great and renowned. When the ancestors of the people of these United States came to the shores of America, they found the red man strong; though he was ignorant and savage, yet he received them kindly, and gave them dry land to rest their weary feet. They met in peace, and shook hands in token of friendship. Whatever the white man wanted and asked of the Indian, the latter willingly gave. At that time the Indian was the lord and

the white man the suppliant; but now the scene has changed. The strength of the red man has become weakness. As his neighbours increased in numbers, his power became less and less, and now, of the many and powerful tribes who once covered these United States, only a few are to be seen—a few whom a sweeping pestilence has left. The Northern tribes who were once so numerous and powerful, are now nearly extinct. Thus it has happened to the red men of America; shall we, who are the remnant, share the same fate?

“The land on which we stand we have received as an heritage from our fathers, who possessed it from time immemorial, as a gift from our common Father in Heaven; they bequeathed it to us, as their children, and we have sacredly kept it as containing the remains of our beloved men. This right of inheritance we have never ceded and never forfeited.”

In Mexico and South America, where the Peninsular races once exercised such enormous barbarities upon the Indians, they have ultimately amalgamated with them, and the condition of the nation has been somewhat raised in the scale of civilization. This result was rather from causes of inferiority in this European branch, than from any merit on their part; their place above the Indian was not too high for them to mix and be confounded together. But the Anglo-Saxons, haughty, repulsive, contemptuous, will brook no equality—those with whom they mix must become slaves, or die. The negro lives in chains—the Indian dies in freedom.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### NOVA SCOTIA—NEW BRUNSWICK—THE ISLANDS— HUDSON'S BAY.

THE last sight I visited at Boston, was the steam-packet which was to carry me to England, for the purpose of securing a berth; being one of the latest applicants I got but an indifferent one. She was a splendid vessel; even to a landsman's eye, it was evident she would not disappoint those who had built her for strength and speed. Some dozen of the passengers were known to me, enough to form a very pleasant party, and many among the remainder were infinite sources of fun. There were Hamburg Jews, Spaniards from the Havannah, Northerns and Southerns, Westerns, English, Canadians, and a few who had no country in particular. One man was going to England on a speculation of selling Indian corn to the Poor-law Unions; another was the owner

of a large importation of Yankee clocks, and was of course christened "Sam Slick;" another was going to examine the last improvements in cotton-spinning; and a family of four brothers and a sister were going to sing in England. When the gun was fired, as we started on our voyage, this family sang, with much feeling and effect, the "Farewell to New England." Their music was a great source of enjoyment to us on the voyage. Some of the Yankee songs were excellent, rich in native wit and the inimitable "Down East" twang. They were children of a farmer in Massachusetts, had made some money by singing in their own country, and were on their way to try their chance abroad. The sister was a pretty and very interesting girl, not more than sixteen years of age. I have not heard of them since they reached England, but we all felt quite an interest in their success. I hope their voyage to Europe may not have proved too bold a speculation.

There was also an "Abolitionist Lecturer," on board, a man of colour, who had been a slave to his own father, and made his escape from the most cruel treatment. He had not received any education till after getting free, which was not very long ago, but appeared to be intelligent and well informed at this time. He was bound for England, to collect funds by his lectures, for advancing the cause of Abolition in the United States. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Oregon and several Belgian priests were also among the passengers.

We had a fair passage of thirty-six hours to Halifax. This is one of the finest harbours in the world, affording sufficient anchorage and shelter for twice the number of ships in the British Navy. The entrance, when not obscured by fog, is so safe that the largest-sized ships need no other guide into it than their charts. There are several small islands in the channel, not interfering with its navigation, but assisting its defence. In winter, the ice very rarely closes its shelter, and on that account it is the great naval dépôt for our North American possessions. Three formidable forts protect the entrance.

There are many splendid harbours on this coast, far more numerous than those of the United States, but as yet the scanty and indigent population have turned them to but little account.

The town of Halifax is on a small peninsula, standing on a slope, which rises from the water's edge to the citadel; this strong hold crowns the summit, and is now able to withstand any force likely to be brought against it. At first it was built by contract, and so badly, that most of it fell down; but afterwards it was fully repaired and strength-

ened. A detachment of artillery and three regiments of the line are allotted to its defence.

The streets of the town are wide and convenient, crossing each other at right angles; its extent is nearly two miles in length by half a mile in breadth. The wharfs are well suited for the purposes of commerce, and furnished with roomy warehouses, but, to say truth, the place has anything but a prosperous appearance, and but little trade or business is carried on. The houses are principally built of wood, and poor-looking, but some of the private dwellings are handsome and comfortable, and the 'Provincial building' is one of the finest in North America. There are also several other creditable public edifices, and the dockyard is on a large scale, but I understand that at present it is not well supplied or in good repair.

When the French first settled in this country, they called it 'Acadie.' They lived amicably with the Mic-Mac Indians, the principal of the aboriginal tribes, and taught them the vices, if not the uses, of civilization. They converted them indeed nominally to Christianity, and turned this to account afterwards by telling them that the English, with whom they were at war, were the people who had crucified the "Saviour." These Indians were fierce and warlike, of tall stature and great activity, but these advantages availed them little; the poison of the fire-water, and the white man's wars, wasted them away. Now, perhaps, there are about two thousand left: the poor remnant is humanely treated, and, in some instances, has made progress in civilization; but far the greater number still roam the forests in the chase, and dissipate their spoil in drunkenness and debauchery.

There are still a number of the French in Acadie, descendants of those who remained in the country after the English conquest; but by far the larger portion of the population at present is of the British race. The name of NOVA SCOTIA was given to this province after its becoming an appanage of the English Crown.

The southern portion of the country is rocky and poor, the northern shore far more fertile: the climate, though severe in winter and foggy at all times on the coast, is favourable for the health of man and for vegetation. The peach and the grape ripen in the open air, and the labours of agriculture are now vigorously plied, and gratefully repaid. The mineral riches of this colony are very great; good coal is found in inexhaustible quantities; the fisheries are also mines of wealth. These resources have been as yet but little developed; now, the increasing population and the greater attention paid in England to their interests in

beginning to operate. The area of the province is about fifteen thousand square miles.

The form of colonial government is much the same as in Canada. The people have always proved themselves loyal and faithful subjects of the British crown, particularly at the time of the Canadian troubles.

A few words about the other British North American possessions may not be out of place before we leave these shores.

NEW BRUNSWICK lies between Canada and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the north and east, the State of Maine to the west, and the Bay of Fundy, opening into the Atlantic, to the south, and contains nearly thirty thousand square miles of extent. The surface of the country is much like that of Canada, except that a few prairies vary the monotony of the dark woods. There are many noble rivers, well fitted for navigation; the timber which is floated down by them to the sea, is as fine as in any part of the New World. The principal river, the Miramichi, pours its riches and its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On its banks, in 1825, at the beginning of October, the woods, long parched up with the drought of an intensely hot summer, took fire. For some time the progress of the flames was slow, but on the 7th of the month there arose a dreadful tempest of thunder, lightning, and wind, which carried on the destruction with frightful rapidity; for a hundred miles along the north bank of the river, every tree and house was destroyed; Newcastle and Douglastown, two thriving villages, numbers of vessels, and more than five hundred people were burnt that day, and those who survived lost all their means of subsistence in the ruin of their dwellings and farms. Their fellow-subjects of England and America sent them forty thousand pounds to relieve their distress. The tracts of country near the Miramichi are very rich; the interior, to the north-west, is but little known. Along the navigable waters, the districts then burnt are now re-settled and more prosperous than ever. The villages have been replaced by handsome towns, and a large number of vessels sail each year from them to the English shores, laden with noble timber. There are numerous lakes and streams in the central parts of this province, with a great extent of rich land, as yet unsubdued by the labour of man. On the seaboard there are various deep and safe bays, stored with vast quantities of fish.

St. John's, the largest town of the province, is well situated, and has some fine public buildings; it is advancing rapidly in wealth and population; the harbour is very good, and the noble river of St. John, six hundred miles in length, flows by the walls, and is navigable up to Frederickton, the

capital, ninety miles distant, through a beautiful and in many parts fertile country.

Frederickton is built chiefly of wood, with the exception of the public buildings; the population is prosperous and increasing. There are several other improving towns in different parts of the province. Here also mineral productions are in considerable quantity, coal and iron are abundant, and some copper has been found; there are also numerous mineral springs of great value; but all these natural advantages are as yet turned to but little account. The climate is much the same as that of Nova Scotia, but less foggy.

The men of New Brunswick are tall and stalwart, hardy woodsmen and bold fishers, loyal and faithful to the mother country. Their Colonial Government is like that of the other North American provinces, and like them their Parliament has its violent internal political struggles. Within twenty years, the revenue has trebled; the roads and other internal communications, and the education of the people, are now attracting due attention and receiving great improvement.

This province formed a part of Nova Scotia till the year 1785, when Colonel Carleton was appointed its Governor as a separate administration. To his exemplary rule its progress in civilization is chiefly due; for twenty years he devoted himself to its interests. The original settlers were nearly all men who had adhered to the royal cause in the rebellion of the United States, and to whom lands were given in this country: their high and loyal spirit has not weakened in their descendants. The most anxious period of the history of this province was when the boundary between it and the American State of Maine was in dispute; its inhabitants more than once came in contact with their republican neighbours while cutting timber on the disputed territory. At length the difficult question was set at rest by the mission of Lord Ashburton, and the great struggle of principles between the two countries deferred to some other occasion. There was a furious excitement in the Northern States of America at this period (1842), and a strong tide ran against any concession to England; but the very politic step of sending out a Plenipotentiary of high rank, and connected in America, flattered the angry passions to rest. The best terms consistent with peace were then no doubt made for England, but it has not unjustly been called a "capitulation:" it was a yielding of strongly-grounded rights to the threat of war. It is well known that Lord Ashburton's settlement was at first indignantly rejected by the Eastern States of America. But their ablest man, perhaps the ablest statesman America has ever produced, Mr.

Webster, whose head was clear from passion, and keen in the interests of his country, saw at a glance that a most advantageous offer had been made, and devoted his best powers to cause its acceptance. His difficulties were very great; the men he had to deal with were the epitomes of the frantic and greedy mob, and for a considerable time he found them impracticable.

Fortunately, however, during this delay, an old map of North America, formerly the property of Benjamin Franklin, was found: on this was marked the boundary settled in 1783, the close of the revolutionary war, with observations in his own handwriting. This gave the exact division claimed by the English ever since. Armed with this important document, he again addressed his refractory countrymen, showing them the map, telling them that its contents would probably very soon transpire, and then they would be obliged to yield, in justice, the whole territory in dispute; but, if they concluded the treaty on Lord Ashburton's offer, they would make a most advantageous bargain. This remonstrance was instantly successful; the arrangement was agreed upon, and they had the gratification of knowing that, though the full extent of their claims was not allowed, they had at least been able to get more than their due, and to circumvent England in the transaction.

Although Mr. Webster displayed such consummate skill in this affair, and in a manner so congenial to the Yankee heart—strange to say, it has been among the sovereign millions a great element of unpopularity for him; however, he is consoled by the estimation of his valuable services by the wealthy and enlightened of his fellow-citizens, who are very grateful to him, and show their gratitude in a manner more solid than mere popularity. He gave his country a most advantageous peace instead of a devastating war.

After leaving Halifax, we pass the island of CAPE BRETON. At present, with several other smaller islands, it forms part of the government of Nova Scotia, from which it is divided by a narrow arm of the sea. Its surface is about two millions of acres. Sebastian Cabot discovered it in 1497, but it remained unnoticed till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a few French fishermen began to frequent its shores in summer, and in winter the fur-traders from Nova Scotia opened a small commerce with the Indians. In 1720, Louis XIV. of France colonized the island and erected strong fortifications at Louisburg, on the south-east coast: the fisheries had become important, and these harbours were a great security to the trade of the Canadian settlements. The Indians were friendly to the French, and assisted them in their wars with the English of Nova Scotia.

In 1745, an expedition of the always brave, and then loyal, colonists of New England, numbering four thousand men, under General William Pepperall, besieged and took this stronghold of Louisburg in a very gallant manner; ten years afterwards, however, it was restored to the French by treaty. Again, in 1758, Admiral Boscawen and General Amherst retook it after some sharp fighting, and inflicted a severe injury on the French navy. On this occasion General Wolfe commanded a division, and showed himself worthy of being chosen for the glories of Quebec. Soon after the capture, the fortifications were razed, and have never since been rebuilt.

This island attracted but little attention till after the separation of the colonies from England, when some of the expatriated loyalists settled there. In this century, many hardy Scottish Highlanders have increased the population. The shape of Cape Breton is very singular; the outer lines are nearly those of a triangle, but indented with many harbours and numerous inlets. A great arm of the sea, entering opposite to Newfoundland, nearly divides it into two equal parts, and almost joins the narrow passage between this island and Nova Scotia. The neck of land separating these waters is not a mile broad, and will no doubt be cut through at no distant day, for the whole of this sea lake is navigable by large vessels, and this slight obstruction cannot long be allowed to check the free transit. Creeks and inlets from these central waters open up almost every nook in the island to the free access of shipping. There are also large fresh-water lakes, one, Lake Marguerite, twelve miles in diameter.

Louisburg has an admirable harbour, but the entrance is narrow; its shores are now nearly desolate, and flocks of sheep graze peacefully over the ruins of the stronghold so hardly won; to this day may be seen, under the pure waters, the wrecks of the large French ships sunk in the struggle. Where the warlike and prosperous town once stood, are half a dozen huts, giving shelter to a few fishermen of French descent. The North and West districts are the most fertile and thickly peopled, but their seaboard is bleak and dangerous. The various rocks and islands of the coasts of Cape Breton have been the cause of frequent and horrible disasters; their full extent can never be ascertained, but it is known that, within thirty years, more than a hundred thousand tons of shipping, and two thousand human bodies, have strewn this stormy shore, from Sable Island to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Any one who has skirted these wild coasts in the dark and chilly winter nights, while the strong south-east wind rolls the waves of the great Atlantic against their rough barrier, cannot forget their terrors.



In the north-eastern part of the island is a district of rich coal-beds, a hundred-and-twenty square miles in extent; there is also a coal country in the west, but this last is not much known. In a small river flowing through an explored tract, the water is highly charged with gas; women often make a small hole in the bank, fill it up with stones, and apply a light; a blaze immediately springs up; the water soon boils, and is available for their use in washing and other household purposes; the fire would last for weeks, or months, if not extinguished. This phenomenon has only been observed since the opening of a large mine, from which the outburst of water flowed into the river. The island produces a vast quantity of valuable gypsum, of which the people of the United States purchase ship-loads every year. Nature has also supplied abundant salt-springs, and there is coal close at hand to complete their usefulness for the inexhaustible fisheries of the coast. Copper, iron and lead are found in variety and plenty. The soil, except on the banks of the lakes and rivers, is light and poor, but a great extent of it is capable of cultivation; the climate resembles that of Nova Scotia. Remains of animals of a great size have been found in the earth; when the country was first settled moose and cariboo-deer were very numerous, but they have shared the fate of the Indians, and are now as rare as they; at this day, only about three hundred of the Mic-Macs remain there.

The population is still scanty; they export provisions to Newfoundland, and fish, timber, coal, and gypsum to other countries; their little trade increases rapidly. Sydney, the capital of the island, is near the entrance of the "Bras d'Or," or great central arm of the sea, built on a small promontory, and has a good harbour. The people of Cape Breton are a simple, honest, and virtuous race, well affected to Great Britain, but not so far advanced in social progress as their western neighbours. Schools are now spreading over the country, and as wealthy and adventurous people become better acquainted with the great resources of the island, the general prosperity increases.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND lies in a great bay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, formed by the northern outline of the three districts I have last spoken of. It is a hundred and forty miles in length, and thirty-four in breadth in the widest part. Northumberland Strait, in some places only nine miles wide, separates it from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The area of the island is about two thousand square miles. The features of this country are softer than those of its neighbours; there are no mountains, but gentle and fertile undulations, clothed, to the water's edge with valuable woods

and rich verdure. The north shore is very beautiful; many cheerful villages and green clearings, with small lakes, shady harbours, and numerous streams, diversify its scenery. In the course of ages, the vast flood of the River St. Lawrence has worked indentations into every part of the coast: there is not a spot of this district more than seven or eight miles distant from some arm of the sea; many of these afford shelter to large ships, driven by stress of weather under its crescent-shaped shore, while all are deep enough for the small vessels used in the coasting trade.

On the south-east of the island stands Charlotte-town, the capital, at the confluence of three rivers, at the end of Hillsborough Bay. This is an excellent and well-defended harbour: the town is, as yet, but small; it contains the public buildings of the island. The neighbourhood yields only to Quebec in beauty among the scenes of British North America. Its shores are soft, and partly cleared; the rivers wind gracefully through forests of varied foliage; life is given to the picture by the cheerful town; grandeur and variety by the blue and lofty mountains of Nova Scotia in the distance.

This island was also discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1497. The French first used it as a fishing station, and began to colonize it about the beginning of the eighteenth century. These settlers took part vigorously against the English in their endless wars in those countries. When the conquerors of Louisburg took possession of this island of St. John, as it was then called, they found a number of their countrymen's scalps in the French Governor's house. At the end of the last century some Scottish emigrants found their way hither, and most of the present inhabitants are their descendants. The late Duke of Kent, when Governor of Nova Scotia, paid great attention to this island; since his time it has improved very much, and its name, in honour of him, was changed to Prince Edward's Island.

The land is admirably adapted for pastoral and agricultural purposes, but is denied the mineral wealth of the neighbouring districts: ten times the number of people now scattered over its surface would find abundant room and support. There are about eighty schools, and a proportionate number of churches.\* A Governor is appointed by the English crown, and the internal government is the same as in the sister colonies. Two or three newspapers are published in the island, and it is not without its mustard-pot storms of politics. The fisheries of these shores are of great value, but little advantage is taken of this resource. Many

ships are built on the island, and sold to the neighbouring colonies, but year by year its increasing trade requires a greater number for its own uses. Prince Edward's Island is more favoured in climate than any other part of North America: it has neither the extremes of heat and cold of Canada, nor the fogs of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton; fevers and consumption are almost unknown; the air is dry and bracing; the sickly and weak, under its salubrious influence, soon become healthy and robust: and the age of five score years is often reached in vigour of mind and body. This happy country furnishes plenty, but not wealth: the people are hospitable, moral, and contented.

There is in this Western World yet another region, of vast size, belonging to the British crown: it extends from the Labrador Coast to the Pacific, four thousand miles from east to west, and from Canada to the North Pole. In its untrodden solitudes, and among the eternal snows of its mountains, lie the mysterious sources of those vast rivers which intersect the plains of the Northern Continent. This dreary tract is called the HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY. A ridge of mountains runs some degrees to the north of, and parallel to the St. Lawrence River, as far as the sources of the Ottawa; there it bends away to the north-west, till, above Lake Superior, it again inclines to the south, sending out a branch to the unknown regions of the north-west. About three thousand miles from the eastern shores of the continent, these branches meet the great line of the Rocky Mountains, running from north to south. Numbers of large rivers flow from these ranges, some to the Gulf of Mexico, others into the Pacific; some into the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, others into Hudson's Bay and the frozen oceans of the North. These mountains are nearly five hundred miles in breadth; to the east lies a marshy country where coal abounds; next to this are immense plains or prairies; and, still further east, a desert of rocks and sand, lakes and rivers, stretches away to an unknown distance. On the north, this dreary, trackless waste extends to the frozen seas. On the south-west of the "Barren Land" are the Great Bear and Slave Lakes, nearly as large as Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. The southern shores are rich and level, the waters dotted with islands, which are covered with dark woods, and well stocked with Indian deer. The Lake Athabasca, lying north-west of these, is of great length but very narrow; the hardy adventurers who have reached its distant shores, describe them to be of great beauty; two other extensive sheets of fresh water communicate with it. In this neighbourhood, and between it and the great lakes of the St. Lawrence, are many fertile plains, fit for the habitations of millions of civilized men.

Again, Lake Winnipeg fills up a portion of the remaining space towards the source of the St. Lawrence; its length is two-hundred and forty miles; the breadth varies from ten to fifty. A portion of its waters flows into Lake Superior, through the Lake of the Woods; the greater part, however, falls to the north-west, by large rivers, but little known, leading to Hudson's Bay. In all these vast lakes the northern shores are rocky, abrupt and barren, the southern, rich and level, as though the alluvial deposits of some great flood, flowing from the north-west to the south-east for many ages, had poured their riches upon them.

The rivers which flow through this region are but little explored, and but imperfect knowledge is yet obtained of their size and capabilities; several of those falling into Hudson's Bay, however, have been traced for more than two thousand miles, but their extreme sources man has not yet reached.

In speaking of the Pacific coast of the Hudson's Bay Territory, we shall pass over that already described under the head of Oregon. The districts further north are called New Georgia, facing Vancouver's Island, or Nootka, the more familiar name. Here some mountains rise to a great height, white with eternal snows; but the plains and valleys are fertile, and dotted with rich woods. Clear brooks wander among these undulations, and an exuberant vegetation shows the wealth of the soil, and the mildness of the climate; all the trees of Europe flourish here, and grow to an enormous size. Winter spares the western coasts of the American continent; the soft breezes of the Pacific temper its severity.

For three hundred more miles of seaboard to the north, the country is called New Hanover; its general characteristics are like those of the district last described, but rather more severe. New Cornwall extends thence to the Russian possessions: the climate and the productions show the approach to the Pole, but near the sea, the forests are still luxuriant. Many hot springs are here observed among the rocky hills. The numerous islands along the coast are covered with lofty pines, and have a comparatively mild climate up to the Straits which separate the Old World from the New. Many mountainous islands, of rare and beautiful rock, form almost a connecting chain between the two promontories of Kamtschatka and Alaska; some of these spout up volcanic fires, others are bound in perpetual ice.

From Behring's Straits along to the north-east are numerous other large and dreary islands, some nearly of the extent of Ireland, but the snow, and rank, poor grasses are their only covering: beyond them is the bound of human enterprise.

The northern shore of Hudson's Bay is the land of desolation; lofty mountains of shattered rock, covered with ice which the sun has never conquered; valleys where the deep drifts of snow have hidden their slopes since the flood. In a few favoured spots, during the brief and fiery summer, some stunted pines and coarse moss show that Nature is not dead, but sleeping. Lakes, swamps, and eternal solitudes cover the interior. On the south-western shore are many symptoms of recent volcanic action: there are great seams of coal, iron, and copper. On the south shore, potatoes and other vegetables have been produced, and corn would, probably, succeed, but has not yet been tried. Further in the interior, the productions are those of a milder climate than that of Lower Canada. On the coasts of the bay the winter is awful in its severity, and for six months all nature is imprisoned in ice and snow: at some of the settlements of the fur-traders, the thermometer in January is often down to fifty degrees below zero, the rivers and lakes are frozen to the bottom; and even in the rooms inhabited by the traders, spirits have been known to freeze into a solid mass. When the withering north wind blows, it is almost beyond the power of man to bear. The particles of ice borne on its frozen breath, are driven like poisoned arrows into the flesh, and cover it with sores. Notwithstanding their warm fur clothing and careful habits, the Europeans are often frost-bitten in these awful winters: the wretched natives frequently perish. Rocks are rent by the grasp of the frost, and, with a crash like the roar of artillery, burst into fragments, and are scattered to a great distance round. Often, for many days, the sun is hidden by dense masses of vapour, rising from the sea, and condensed by the cold on the coasts. In the severest times, false suns and moons throw their chill and ghastly glare over the white waste; and, from the inaccessible regions of the Pole, livid flashes illumine the dark skies with a sinister and mysterious light.

For the three months of summer a more than tropical heat opens this dreary wilderness to the fearless sailors of England, but squalls and currents of terrible violence are to be braved in reaching it. Borne by the tides and winds, huge icebergs glide among these perilous seas, sometimes crushing the largest ships like nut-shells; in one month of one year, April, 1825, twenty-five vessels were lost in Melville Bay.

Three distinct native races are condemned to inhabit this dismal country. All are on very friendly terms with the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. They are expert in the chase, and gifted with wonderful endurance; their manners are mild and kind, and they are faithful when any

trust is reposed in them; but when the accursed fire-water is within their reach, no tiger is more fierce and blood-thirsty. Very little can be said in favour of their moral character, and they, too, are rapidly diminishing in number. The race sinks lower in the scale of humanity as they spread towards the north and east: there they hunt with the bow and arrow, and fish with nets made of thongs from the skins of beasts; many eat their food raw, others seethe it in birch bark vessels, filled with water heated by hot stones. They are filthy and disgusting in their habits; their horses and other domesticated brutes eat animal food; grass and herbage, even in the summer, being very scanty.

These Indians leave their dead to the carrion birds and to the wild beasts of the hills. When old age comes on, and they are helpless, their fate is to lie down and perish; neither child nor friend will minister to their wants. In nearly all qualities of mind and body, they are a mean and wretched people. The Esquimaux dwell further to the north, and from time immemorial have warred against these Indians, who are stronger, and treat them with great barbarity: these are a feeble and timorous race, inhabiting chiefly the islands and peninsulas, where they think themselves more safe from their dangerous neighbours. Of late years the English have made peace between them; but the Esquimaux do not yet dare to venture near the trading factories. In the summer a sloop visits their coast and receives their furs, in exchange for European goods. They are of a low and unsightly figure; their weapons clumsy and inefficient, but much ingenuity is displayed in some of their attempts at ornament. In winter they wander from lake to river, cutting holes in the ice, catching fish and eating it raw: their huts are low and wretched, covered with the skins of deer. Various tribes of these Esquimaux are scattered through this vast northern region, and along the shores of the Polar sea. The moose, rein-deer, the buffalo, the bear, and many other animals, are here to be found, with nearly every bird which we have in England. Whales and seals frequent the neighbouring waters in great numbers, with salmon, capelins, and many other dainty fish: in winter they seek some milder climate, and leave the wretched inhabitants to the risk of starvation. Stores are laid in against these times of famine, and some of the coarse herbage assists in the support of life.

The first European that reached these seas was Henry Hudson, sent out in 1610, by the Russia Company, to seek the north-west passage. His crew mutinied, and left him, his son, and some others, to perish on the desolate shores. The same company sent out several other trading expeditions.

to these countries, and finally, in 1669, received a royal charter, giving them the exclusive privilege of commerce and settlements in the whole of the coasts and districts within Hudson's Straits. They retain these rights up to the present day, employing a great quantity of shipping, and a number of adventurous men, who hunt among these vast plains and forests, and barter English goods with the tribes of the interior for their portion of the spoils of the chase.

The few settlements or factories round Hudson's Bay are at the mouths of rivers, and well fortified: they are Forts Churchill, York, Albany, and Moose; there are other smaller settlements in the interior, on the great rivers. After the French were driven from Canada, a rival company was established to trade with the Indians from Montreal, called the North West Company. They entered these regions by the great Canadian lakes, built numerous forts near those of their older rival, invading their chartered rights. For a great part of a century they were almost at open war; several collisions took place between their people, and in one of these twenty-three lives were lost. Lately the interests of these ancient rivals have been joined, to the great advantage of both; and they are now so powerful a body as to defy all chance of successful competition. To their establishments in the Oregon Territory is due the superior strength of the English power in those districts. Nearly all the Indian tribes are friendly and obedient to them, and as ready to defend them in war, as to serve them in peace.

The British possessions, lying to the north and west of Canada, contain three million, seven hundred thousand square miles of land—a greater extent than the whole of the United States. Vast though it be, only a small part of this dominion can be inhabited by civilized man: from the remainder, the Desert and the Polar snows shut him out for ever. To the west, along the favoured shores of the Pacific, millions upon millions of the human race could find abundant sustenance.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

UPON the possession of Quebec and Canada, depends that of the vast territory of Hudson's Bay. The Lower Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Islands, will probably be the last strongholds of England's power in the West. Till her naval superiority is lost, they may be secure.

The capabilities of the maritime provinces deserve deep

attention. These contain a surface of forty-eight thousand square miles—more than half that of the British islands: and are able to maintain on the produce of their soil a population of six millions. The climate is highly favourable to health, and to the growth of nearly every tree and vegetable of the mother country. The harbours and internal water-communications are far more convenient by nature than those of any other country in the world. Numbers of rapid streams supply power a hundred times greater than the mills of Manchester; the mineral wealth in some districts equals that of Staffordshire and Durham; great forests of magnificent timber supply the materials for buildings, machinery, and for ships to bear the commerce to distant lands; the riches of the coast fisheries are another element of prosperity. They are, besides this, highly favoured in their position; between the old countries of Europe, and the new but mature States of the American Union, the great and rising districts of the valley of the St. Lawrence, the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay, and the dreary shores of Labrador—rich in furs and oil—and the beautiful but pestilential islands of the Caribbean Sea, with their abundant tropical productions. The inhabitants too, of that race whose destiny seems indeed a wide dominion, whose step of conquest—whether with sword or plough, whether against the feeble millions of China, or the warlike tribes of Northern India, the rich prairies along the Western Lakes, or the fertile regions of Southern Africa, the vast continent of Australia or the delightful islands of the South Seas—presses on with irresistible force.

This people start as it were into political life with the sober experience of centuries of freedom, with education widely diffused, the church as an anchor of religious faith, and yet with a perfect freedom of opinion and a generous tolerance: governed by the inestimable institutions and laws which the experience of our favoured land has proved to be so well suited to her sons; their numbers rapidly recruited from the adventurous and energetic spirits of our population, their early efforts nursed by the wealth and commerce of the older country, they must occupy an important place in the future history of the world.

Perhaps, at no very distant time—but long after he who now writes, and he who reads, shall have passed away—a great and industrious people will fill these lands. Cape Breton will be the seat of manufactures; where its forests now hide the deep veins of coal and iron, will rise the Birminghams and Wolverhamptons of the New World, and the waters of the "Golden Arm" be ploughed by steamers as numerous as those of the Mersey at this day. The rich inter-  
vales of New Brunswick will supply abundant corn for the



use of this population, and the soft pastoral undulations of Prince Edward's Island yield them plentifully, sheep and cattle. The coal-mines of Nova Scotia afford it a similar prospect, and railways will develop the various resources of its mineral and agricultural wealth. The inexhaustible supplies of fish from its waters, will be borne into the interior to add to its luxury and wealth; and thence, grain and manufactures to the fishers and traders of the coast. Steamers will pry into every nook and bay along the shores, and from their vivifying touch prosperous towns spring up on each accessible point. As the forest falls before the axe, and the labour of man drains the morasses and tills the wastes of the interior, the heavens will reflect the softened face of the earth, the frosts of winter relax their iron hold, and the gloomy curtains of the mist rise for ever from off the rocky shore.

These are no vague speculations, no mere probabilities, they are as certain as any human prospect can be. The experience of two hundred years in British colonization not varying as much as the crops of different seasons, the general progress is reduced to an absolute certainty. In a particular ratio the populations have increased, from the first men who trod these western shores to the millions of to-day. The general proportion of increase in these lower provinces since any census has been obtained, is that of doubling in twenty-five years; by this rate—to which there is scarcely an exception on the American Continent—in a hundred years they will contain more than six millions of souls. It is therefore of vast moment now to the Christian, the philanthropist, and the politician, to guard the infancy of such a people, to watch with paternal care the development of national character, to foster feelings of affection and respect for their mother-country, to observe with untiring eye the progress of religion and education.

There is no doubt or anxiety with respect to the progress to be made by these provinces in material prosperity; as certainly as years roll on they will become rich and populous. But on the events of the present day their moral progress must mainly depend. England is never backward in the cause of Christianity and enlightenment, but sometimes perhaps injudicious in her exertions. The noble courage and uncomplaining devotion of many of her sons among the dark and hopeless millions of the heathen, must ever be a source of pride, and a high example; but, had half these sacrifices been made in the wilds of North America, to retain the distant settlers in the faith and habits of their fathers, the result would have been infinitely more important.

I am rejoiced to say that lately much has been done, and

that much more is doing; that the "Spirit of the Age" now influencing the brightest minds and warmest hearts in Church and State—no matter by what nickname it may be called—purifies the blood which throbs in the heart of England's empire, and already the vigorous and healthy current reaches the most distant and the most humble portion of her wide dominions.

The Church of England is at present that of only one-fourth of the population of these provinces, but by far the most enlightened and wealthy portion of the community belong to it. Of late years, the class of men obtaining orders is very much improved, and their supply better adapted to the necessities of the congregations. The Bishop of Nova Scotia, who resides at Halifax, exercises ecclesiastical jurisdiction over them all except New Brunswick, which has one of its own. The Scottish Communion has the greatest number of members; the Roman Catholics are about the seventh part of the population.

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A voyage across the Atlantic in the autumn, on board a steamer, does not afford much variety of incident. Our prospect of pleasant society was spoiled by the effect of the sea, calm though it was, upon the health of some of our fellow-passengers. The first week was intensely dull; a little concert on the deck, and a rubber of whist, our only resources; there were indeed a few books, but of course they were not those we wanted, and besides, in no place is one so idle as on board a packet-ship. There is always some little interruption, some slight rut in the smooth road of monotony, to disturb the attention, and to prevent you from sitting down quietly to read.

One morning, earlier than the usual time of rising, the steward awakened us with the news that icebergs were close at hand. This was charming intelligence, for so late in the season they are but rarely met with; we were all soon on deck, and for a worthy object. One was a grand fellow, with two great domes, each as large as that of St. Paul's; the lower part was like frosted silver. Where the heat of the sun had melted the surface, and it had frozen again, in its gradual decay it had assumed all sorts of angular and fantastic shapes, reflecting from its green, transparent mass thousands of prismatic colours; while, below, the gentle swell dallied with its cliff-like sides. The action of the waves had worn away a great portion of the base over the water, into deep nooks and caves, destroying the balance of the mass; while we were passing, the crisis of this tedious process chanced to arrive; the huge white rock tottered for a

moment, then fell into the calm sea, with a sound like the roar of a thousand cannon; the spray rose to a great height into the air, and large waves rolled round, spreading their wide circles over the ocean, each ring diminishing till, at length, they sank to rest. When the spray had fallen again, the glittering domes had vanished, and a long, low island of rough snow and ice lay on the surface of the water.

There is something impressive and dismal in the fate of these cold and lonely wanderers of the deep. They break loose, by some great effort of nature, from the shores and rivers of the unknown regions of the north, where, for centuries perhaps, they have been accumulating, and commence their dreary voyage, which has no end but in annihilation. For years they may wander in the Polar Sea, till some strong gale or current bears them past its iron limits; then, by the predominance of winds and waters to the south, they float past the desolate coasts of Newfoundland. Already the summer sun makes sad havoc in their strength, melting their lofty heights; but each night's frost binds up what is left, and still on, on, glides the great mass, slowly, solemnly. You cannot perceive that it stirs, the greatest storm does not rock it, the keenest eye cannot discover a motion, but, moment by moment, day by day, it passes to the south, where it wastes away and vanishes at last.

In June and July they are most numerous in these seas, and there is often much danger from their neighbourhood in the dark moonless nights; but the thermometer, if consulted, will always indicate their approach; it fell eight degrees when we neared the iceberg which I have now described, and the cold was sensibly felt.

As the vessel became lighter, from the consumption of the coal, her speed increased, till we gained nearly three hundred miles a day. In an incredibly short time we had a view of the blue mountains of Ireland. There are few people in these days of general travel who have not enjoyed at some period of their lives the rapture of the first sight of the British Isles, after a long absence from their beloved shores; in that distant view the picture is filled up with happy memories and joyful anticipations. As you approach nearer, and the hills and valleys are distinguished, with their dark groves and rich verdure, the ruined tower, the humble cottage, the peaceful village, and the tall spire "pointing up to Heaven," the days of absence seem but a moment, and the recollection of parting grief yields to the joyful hope of the approaching meeting.

It was announced to us that the next morning we should be at Liverpool. On the concluding day of the voyage it is usual to prolong the dinner hour beyond the ordinary time;

a quantity of wine is put upon the table, and the gifted in song and eloquence edify the company by the exercise of their powers. The sea, by this time, has lost its horrors to even the most tender susceptibilities; every one is in high good-humour and excitement at the prospect of a speedy release from their confinement, and it is generally made the occasion of great rejoicing. Very flattering things are said of the qualities of the ship and the skill and virtues of the captain, and of the vast advantages of such speedy communication between the two greatest nations in the world—which is always a highly popular observation. Then the captain "is quite at a loss for words to express the deep sense he entertains of the honour conferred on himself and his ship by the gentleman who has just now so eloquently spoken." As soon as these agreeable subjects are exhausted, the passengers find it agreeable to walk on the deck a little and cool their heads, heated with champagne and eloquence.

At this unfortunate time, on the occasion I speak of, the negro Abolition preacher made his appearance on the quarter-deck and commenced a lecture on the evils of slavery, and the stain fixed by it on the character of the United States, using no measured terms of condemnation of that "free and enlightened" community. A large circle of his supporters gathered round him to hear his speech, those who differed from him also listened with great patience for some time, when, I must say, he became very abusive to Americans in general, trusting to being countenanced by a majority of the audience. A New Orleans man, the master of a ship in the China trade, and who had been, during the greater part of the voyage, and was more particularly on this occasion, very much intoxicated, poked himself into the circle, walked up to the speaker with his hands in his pockets, and a "quid" of tobacco in his mouth, looked at him steadily for a minute, and then said, "I guess you're a liar." The negro replied with something equally complimentary, and a loud altercation ensued between them. Two of the gentlemen in the circle stood forth at the same time to restore order, both beginning very mildly, but unfortunately suggesting different means of accomplishing the desired object.

After a few words had passed between them, they became a little heated, matters quickly grew worse, and in two minutes they were applying terms to each other quite as unequivocal as those used by the Chinaman and Negro. Mutual friends interfered, who immediately got up quarrels on their own account; and, in a shorter time than I have taken to describe it, the whole party—who had but half an hour before been drinking mutual good healths, and making all sorts of complimentary speeches, were scattered into a

dozen stormy groups on the deck. In the centre of each, stood two or three enraged disputants with their fists almost in each other's faces; while threats and curses were poured forth in all directions—"I'm an Englishman, I won't stand this." "I'm an American, I won't stand that!"—the English siding with the Negro, the Americans with the Chinaman. In the mean time, this demon of discord had vanished, and we saw or heard no more of him or his lectures. For at least an hour the dire tumult lasted; luckily, the better class of the passengers of both countries, and the military officers on board, kept clear of the squabble, and finally their good offices lulled the tempest, and separated the contending parties.

All the rest of the night was, however, passed in explanations and excitement. One very short man, of an immense rotundity of person, kept vehemently "guessing" that, if it had not been for some untimely interference of two of his friends, he would certainly have knocked down a broad-shouldered, good-humoured Englishman, about six feet high, who was standing by with his hands in his pockets, chuckling with the most unfeigned delight.

We entered the Mersey early the next morning, and all the men of angry passions were scattered about in an hour, perhaps never to meet again.

I landed on English soil. I have no more to say about what I have seen or heard in my travels, but I have endless subjects for thought, and am fully impressed with the importance of the Future in the land which I have just left. I went thither in ignorance and indifference, but return with an undying interest, and with a knowledge—imperfect though it may be—forced upon me by the scenes through which I have passed. Were it not for the noble stake we still hold in the destinies of the New World, I confess that my impression would be undivided anxiety. The progress is astounding, the geometric ratio of increase of wealth and numbers of this young people startles me by its enormous results. In a very few years they will exceed the population of the British islands; we cannot conceal from ourselves that in many of the most important points of national capabilities they beat us; they are more energetic, more enterprising, less embarrassed with class interests, less burdened by the legacy of debt. Their country, as a field for increase of power, is in every respect so infinitely beyond ours that comparison would be absurd. Their varieties of production, exuberant soil, extraordinary facilities of internal communication, their stimulating climate, the nature of their population, recruited constantly from the most stirring, though not always the *most virtuous* members of our community their institutions,

acting with steam-engine power in driving them on—all these qualifications combine to promise them, a few years hence, a degree of strength which may endanger the existing state of things in the world. They only wait for matured power, to apply the incendiary torch of Republicanism to the nations of Europe. No one can deny that their specious promises of equality, backed by the example of the prosperity and independence of the masses on their own fertile soil, will have a most disquieting effect upon the minds of the lower classes in the old monarchies. Who can say but that they may lead to results so terrible that the French Revolution will be forgotten in the history which is to come?

A member of the House of Representatives of the United States, brought forward a motion, in the year 1846, to request that the President would take steps to relieve the suffering people of Ireland from the pressure of British tyranny, and bestow on them the inestimable benefit of American institutions. His motion, it is true, was not entertained, but no one rebuked him for it. It is impossible to doubt their intention of obtaining complete dominion over the North American Continent: in a State paper addressed by Mr. Buchanan, the American Secretary of State, to Mr. Pakenham, the English minister, in reference to Oregon, this paragraph appears—"To England, a few years hence, in the natural course of events, it will be of but little importance." A large proportion of their press advocates this system of universal spoliation. Kings and nobles, the law and constitutions of Europe, are perpetually held up to the people as objects of hatred and contempt. They sum up all the darkest feelings of the human mind, place them in a mean and feeble body, actuate it by low, selfish, and sensual motives, and, when the picture is complete, they place a crown or coronet upon the head. But too often, even the pulpit is made a means of spreading these ideas.

With a more than jesuitical perseverance, all this is instilled into the minds of their youth: their spelling-books, their histories, the press and the pulpit, confirm these impressions, and the young American is ready to go forth to the world to spread his political faith with fire and sword. It is impossible to give a full idea of the manner in which history—ay, and the interpretation of the Bible itself—is perverted, for the sake of biassing the tone of feeling in the young. Not only do they indulge in the most bombastic and extravagant praises of the civil and military achievements of their fellow-countrymen, but in the greatest depreciation of every other people. You will find this in every publication, from the halfpenny newspaper to the grave history.

Were an English boy to receive his first impressions from these sources, he could not think of his country without horror; such records of tyranny, cowardice, treachery, and dishonesty were never before accumulated against a single people. At first, these extravagances are rather amusing to an English traveller; but after a while, when they are kept continually in his ears and eyes, they become irritating and obnoxious; for he cannot but see that they influence the American mind, and produce in the lower and governing class an undisguised hatred and contempt for England. The intelligent and wealthy people of the community will tell you that this sort of thing is mere flourish on the part of their countrymen—that they do not mean what they say—that it is but a habit of speaking. But the habit of speaking becomes a habit of thinking, and thinking, sooner or later will become acting.

For many years to come, there is but little to dread from the open aggressive efforts of America: any long-continued exertion or sacrifice is next to impossible, under their present constitution. The short but soiled records of their national existence, show them rushing into war against their kindred people, as soon as a favourable opportunity of injuring them appeared to arrive; but, when they felt its harassing results, they rushed out of it again, without the grace of having gained a single point for which they contended, and having wretchedly failed in their attempts upon a remote, and at first almost unassisted colony—their capital taken, their commerce destroyed, and the stability of their Federal Union threatened. The stern lesson has had its effect, but, unfortunately for the interests of humanity, it seems by this time well-nigh forgotten.

Now we part, kind reader. May sorrow be a stranger to your blessed English home!

These pages have been an occupation and interest to me during many dark days. They were written when a shadow was upon me, in a lonely room, thousands of miles away. In brighter times, to come, they may be a source of pleasure to me, if I find that you were not wearied with my by-gone tales of Hochelaga, or imperfect sketch of England in the New World.

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